THE NEW EVANGEL

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The New Evangel.

No. 1. Jesus, Savior, Friend of Sinners.

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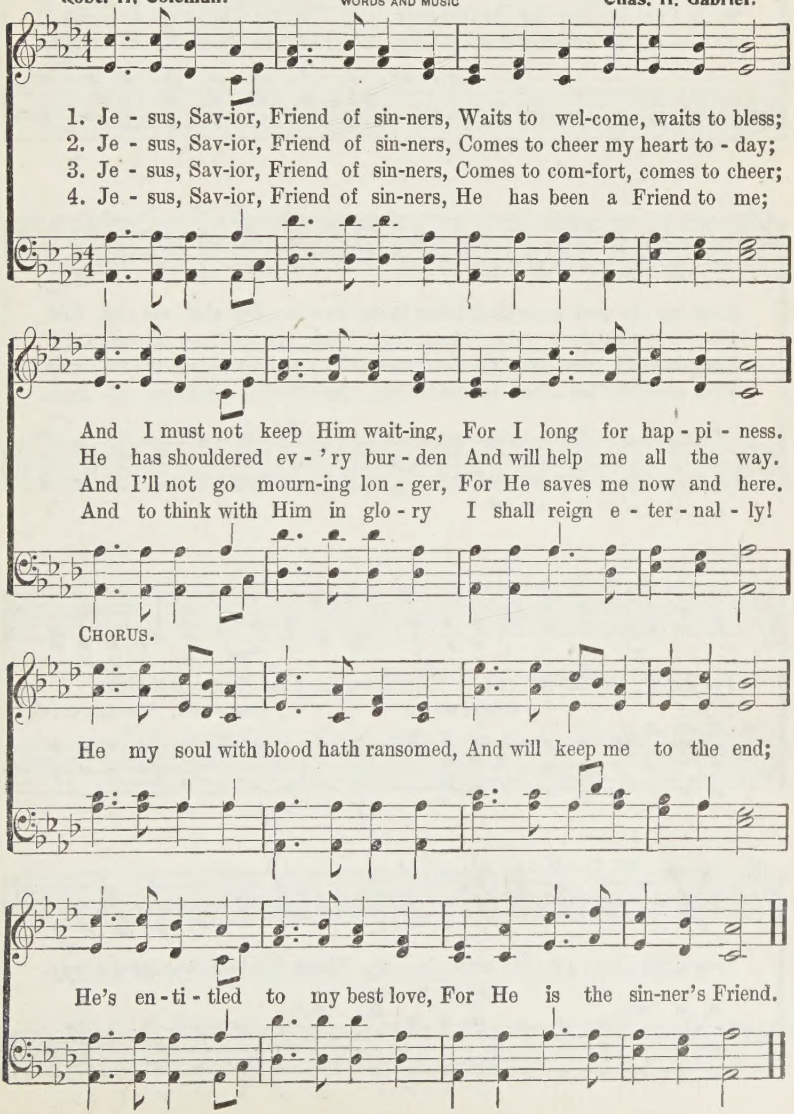
Robt. H. Coleman. WORDS AND MUSIC Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend of sin-ners, Waits to wel-come, waits to bless;
2. Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend of sin-ners, Comes to cheer my heart to - day;
3. Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend of sin-ners, Comes to com-fort, comes to cheer;
4. Je - sus, Sav-ior, Friend of sin-ners, He has been a Friend to me;
And I must not keep Him wait-ing, For I long for hap - pi - ness.
He has shouldered ev - 'ry bur - den And will help me all the way.
And I'll not go mourn-ing lon - ger, For He saves me now and here.
And to think with Him in glo - ry I shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!
CHORUS.
He my soul with blood hath ransomed, And will keep me to the end;
He's en - ti - tled to my best love, For He is the sin-ner's Friend.

No. 2. Jesus is Seeking.

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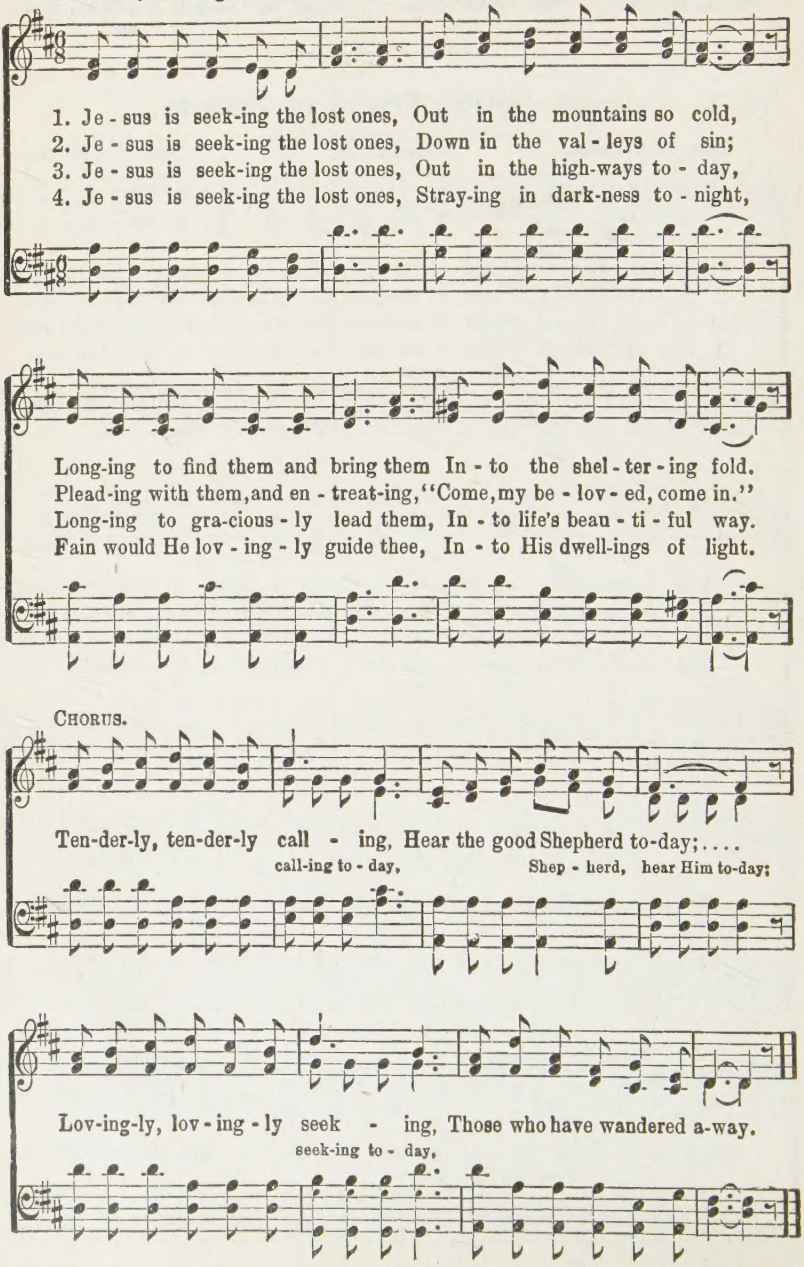
Minnie A. G. Edington. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Out in the mountains so cold,
2. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Down in the val - leys of sin;
3. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Out in the high-ways to - day,
4. Je - sus is seek-ing the lost ones, Stray-ing in dark-ness to - night,
Long-ing to find them and bring them In - to the shel - ter - ing fold.
Plead-ing with them, and en - treat-ing, "Come, my be - lov - ed, come in."
Long-ing to gra-cious - ly lead them, In - to life's beau - ti - ful way.
Fain would He lov - ing - ly guide thee, In - to His dwell-ings of light.
CHORUS.
Ten-der-ly, ten-der-ly call - ing, Hear the good Shepherd to-day;....
call-ing to - day, Shep - herd, hear Him to-day;
Lov-ing-ly, lov - ing - ly seek - ing, Those who have wandered a-way.
seek-ing to - day,

No. 3. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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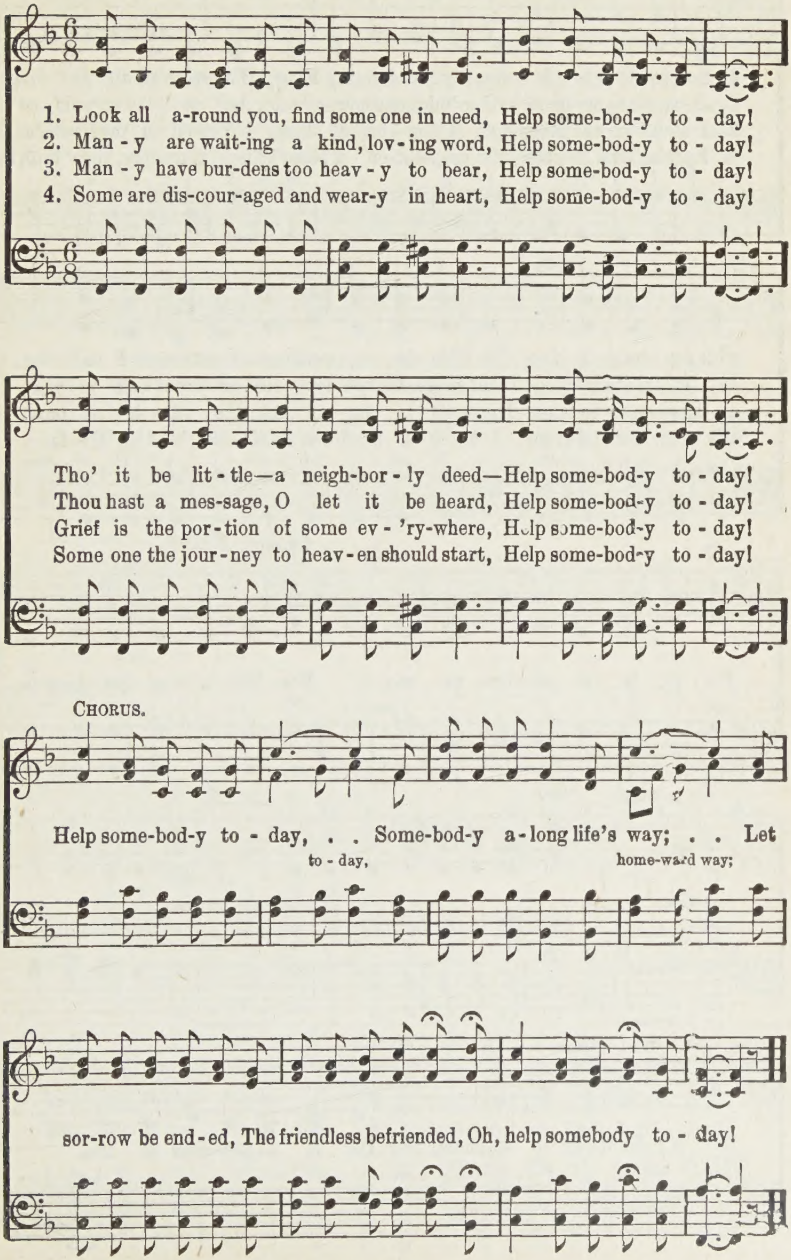
1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day, home-ward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 4. He is So Precious to Me.

C. H. G.

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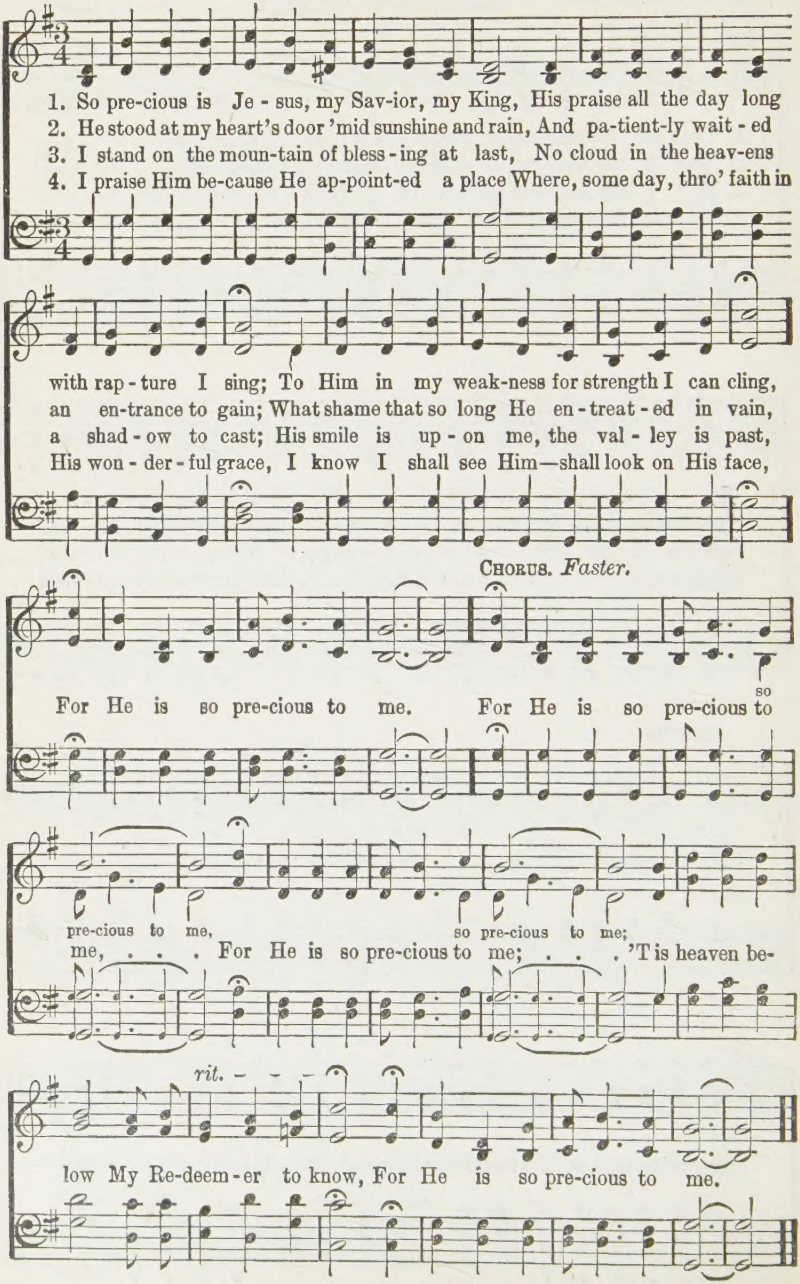
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. So pre-cious is Je - sus, my Sav-ior, my King, His praise all the day long
2. He stood at my heart's door 'mid sunshine and rain, And pa-tient-ly wait - ed
3. I stand on the moun-tain of bless - ing at last, No cloud in the heav-ens
4. I praise Him be-cause He ap-point-ed a place Where, some day, thro' faith in
with rap - ture I sing; To Him in my weak-ness for strength I can cling,
an en-trance to gain; What shame that so long He en - treat - ed in vain,
a shad - ow to cast; His smile is up - on me, the val - ley is past,
His won - der - ful grace, I know I shall see Him—shall look on His face,
Chorus. Faster.
For He is so pre-cious to me. For He is so pre-cious to
so
pre-cious to me, so pre-cious to me;
me, . . . For He is so pre-cious to me; . . . 'T is heaven be-
rit. - - -
low My Re-deem - er to know, For He is so pre-cious to me.

No. 5. The Hope Set Before You.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. Lay hold on the hope set before you, And let not a moment be lost,
2. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of life that you now may receive,
3. Lay hold on the hope set before you, Of joy that no mortal can speak;
4. Lay hold on the hope set before you, A hope that is steadfast and sure:

The Sav-ior has purchased your ransom, But think what a price it hath cost!
If, glad - ly His mer-cy ac - cept-ing, You tru - ly re-pent and be-lieve.
It tell - eth of rest for the wear-y, Thro' Je - sus, the low-ly and meek.
O haste to the bless-ed Re-deem-er, The lov - ing, the perfect and pure.

CHORUS.

Lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - - tion, Lay
Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . on e - ter - nal sal - va - tion, Lay

hold . . . . on the gift of God's on - ly Son; Lay hold . . . . on His in-
hold, lay hold . . . . . on God's on - ly Son; Lay hold, lay hold . . . . . .

fi - nite mer - cy, Lay hold . . . . . on the Might - y One!
on His mer - cy, Lay hold, lay hold on the Might - y One!

No. 6. Nobody Told Me of Jesus.

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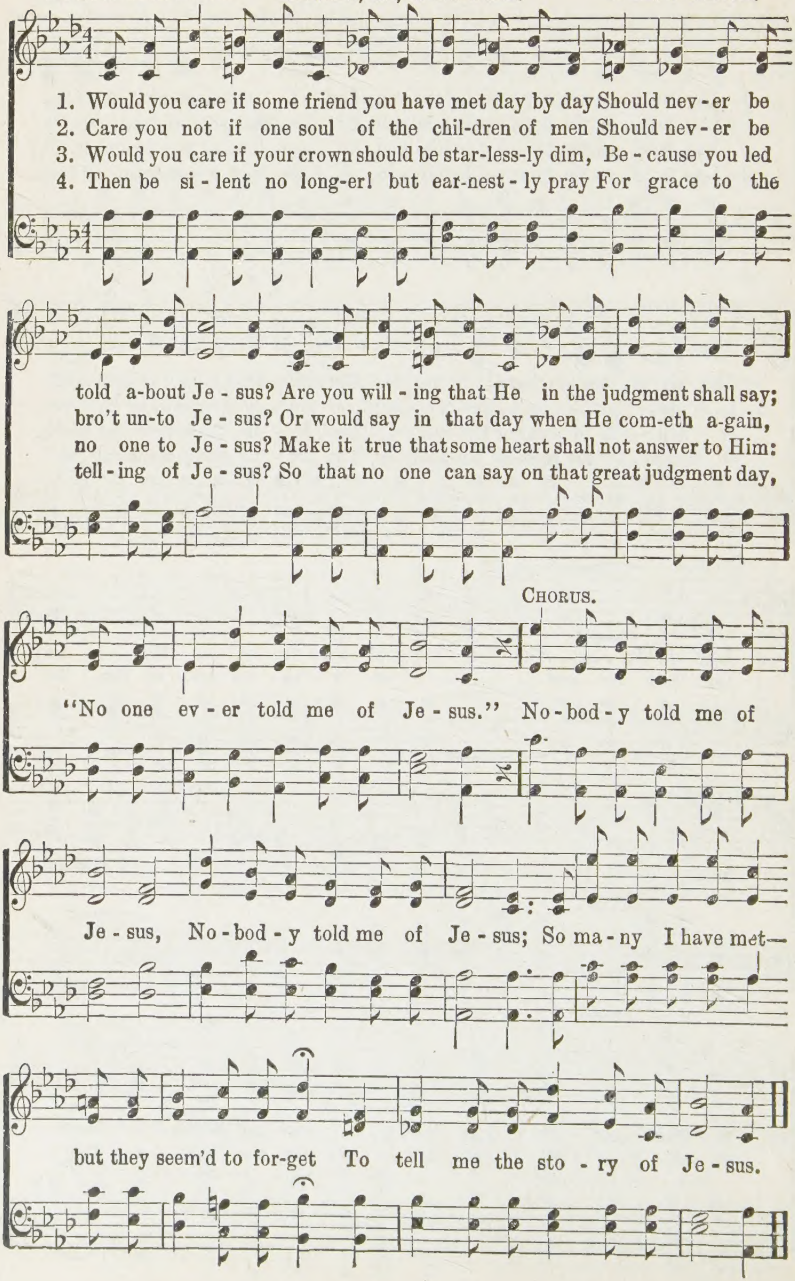
Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you care if some friend you have met day by day Should nev-er be told a-bout Je-sus? Are you will-ing that He in the judgment shall say;
2. Care you not if one soul of the chil-dren of men Should nev-er be bro't un-to Je-sus? Or would say in that day when He com-eth a-gain,
3. Would you care if your crown should be star-less-ly dim, Be-cause you led no one to Je-sus? Make it true that some heart shall not answer to Him:
4. Then be si-lent no long-er! but ear-nest-ly pray For grace to the tell-ing of Je-sus? So that no one can say on that great judgment day,
CHORUS.
"No one ev-er told me of Je-sus." No-bod-y told me of
Je-sus, No-bod-y told me of Je-sus; So ma-ny I have met—
but they seem'd to for-get To tell me the sto-ry of Je-sus.

No. 7. Because I Love Jesus.

James Rowe.

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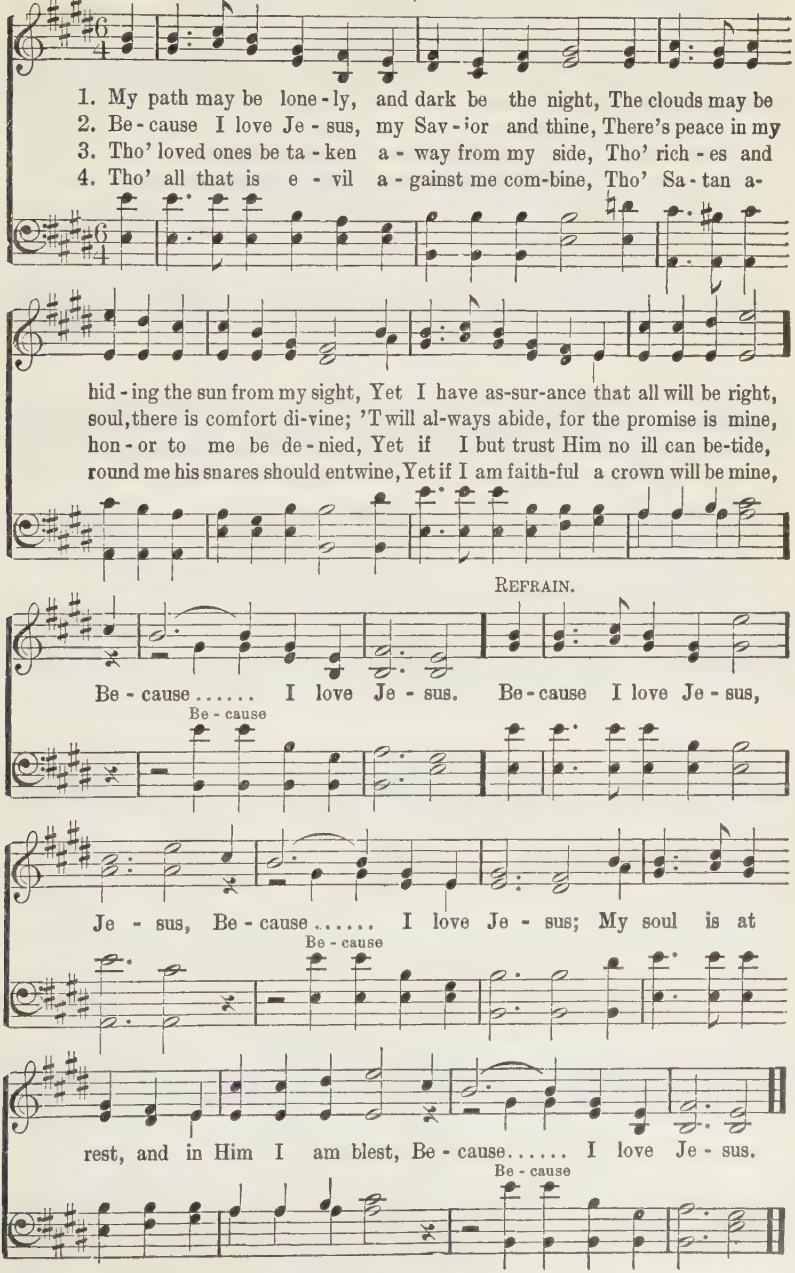
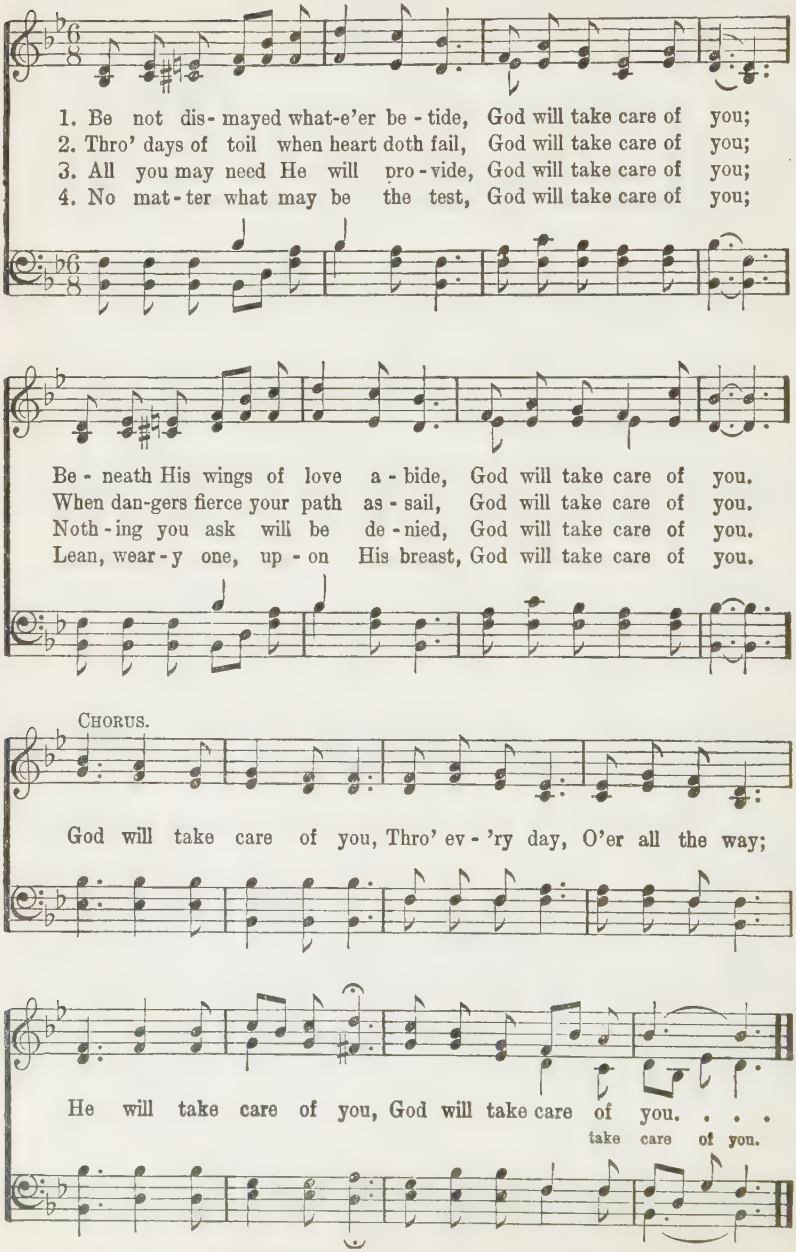
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My path may be lone-ly, and dark be the night, The clouds may be
2. Be-cause I love Je-sus, my Sav-ior and thine, There's peace in my
3. Tho' loved ones be ta-ken a-way from my side, Tho' rich-es and
4. Tho' all that is e-vil a-gainst me com-bine, Tho' Sa-tan a-
hid-ing the sun from my sight, Yet I have as-sur-ance that all will be right,
soul, there is comfort di-vine; 'T will al-ways abide, for the promise is mine,
hon-or to me be de-nied, Yet if I but trust Him no ill can be-tide,
round me his snares should entwine, Yet if I am faith-ful a crown will be mine,
REFRAIN.
Be-cause..... I love Je-sus. Be-cause I love Je-sus,
Be-cause
Je-sus, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus; My soul is at
Be-cause
rest, and in Him I am blest, Be-cause..... I love Je-sus.
Be-cause

No. 8. God Will Take Care of You.

Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS. USED BY PERMISSION. W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dis- mayed what-e'er be - tide, God will take care of you;
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you;
3. All you may need He will pro - vide, God will take care of you;
4. No mat - ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;
Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wear - y one, up - on His breast, God will take care of you.
CHORUS.
God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, O'er all the way;
He will take care of you, God will take care of you. . . .
take care of you.

No. 9. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

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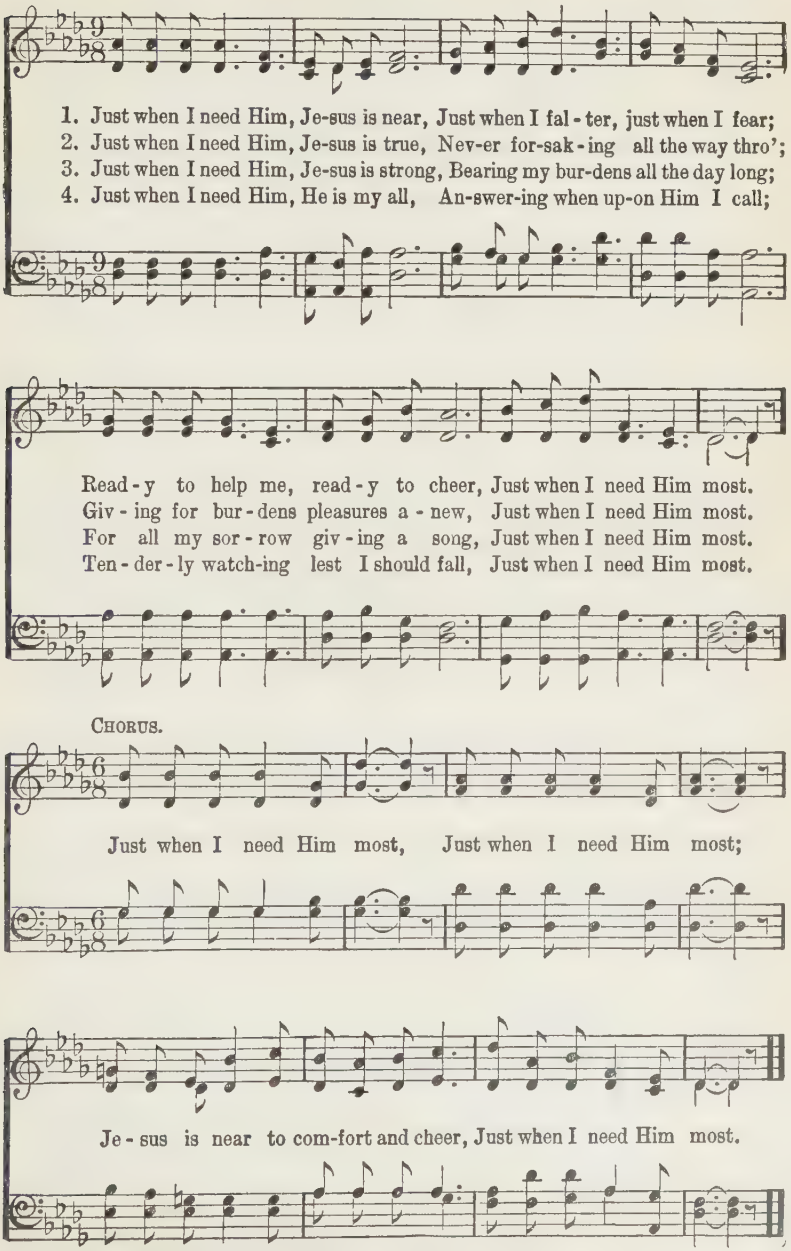
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;
Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

No. 10. Wonderful Jesus.

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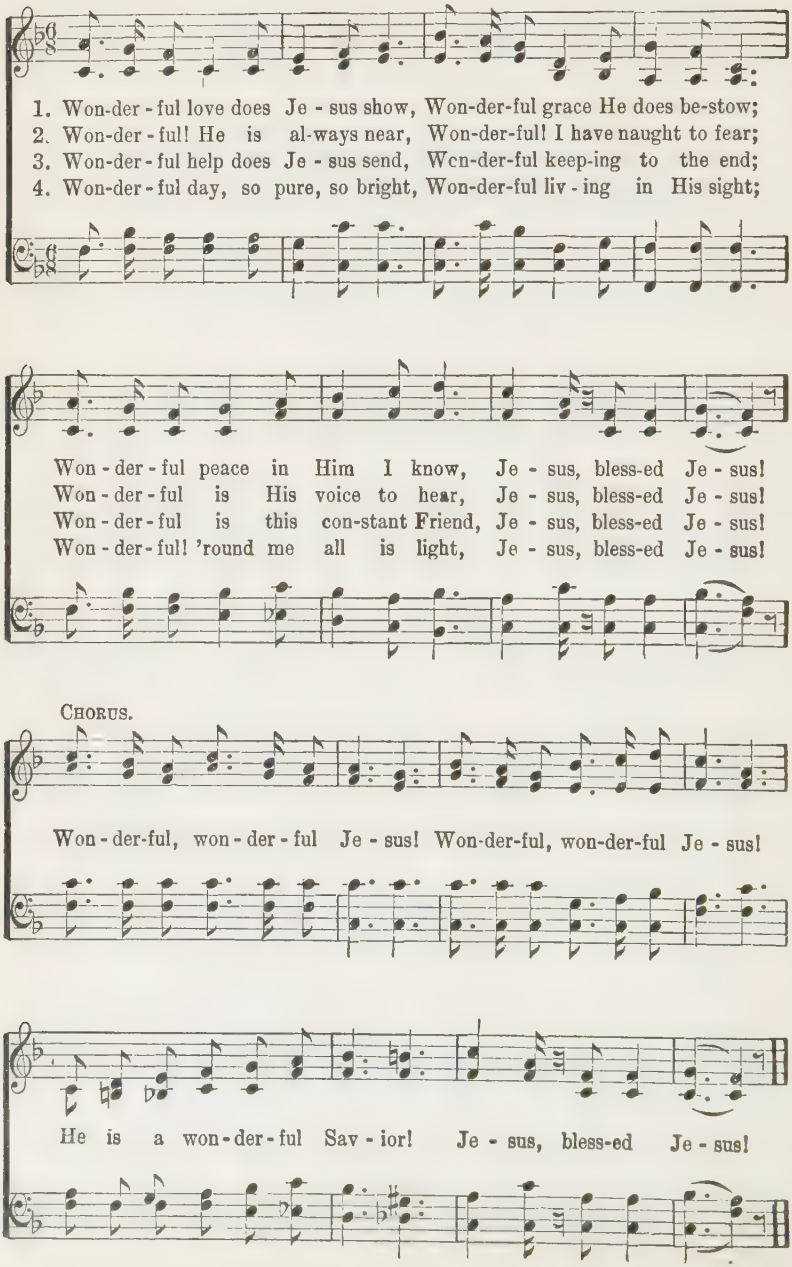
Rev. W. J. Stuart. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Won-der-ful love does Je-sus show, Won-der-ful grace He does be-stow;
2. Won-der-ful! He is al-ways near, Won-der-ful! I have naught to fear;
3. Won-der-ful help does Je-sus send, Won-der-ful keep-ing to the end;
4. Won-der-ful day, so pure, so bright, Won-der-ful liv-ing in His sight;
Won-der-ful peace in Him I know, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful is His voice to hear, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful is this con-stant Friend, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
Won-der-ful! 'round me all is light, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!
CHORUS.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je-sus! Won-der-ful, won-der-ful Je-sus!
He is a won-der-ful Sav-ior! Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus!

No. 11. Higher Ground.

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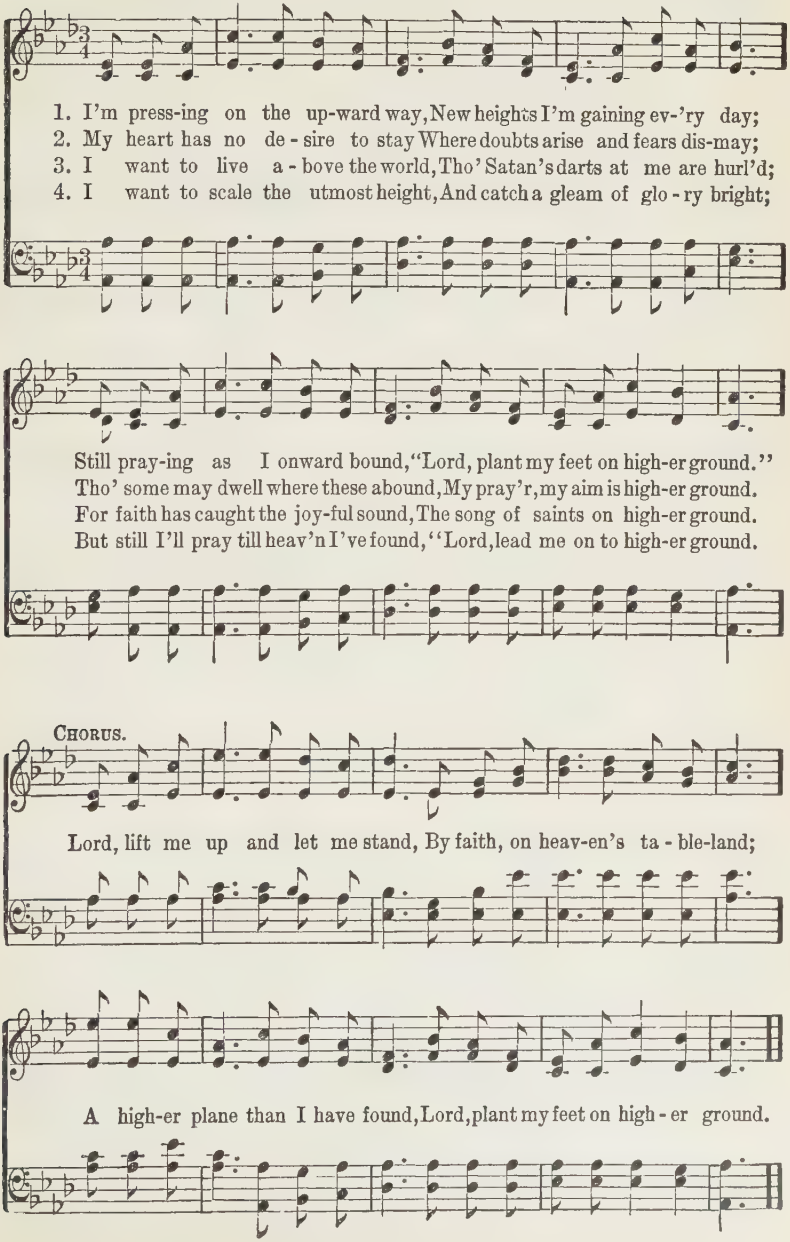
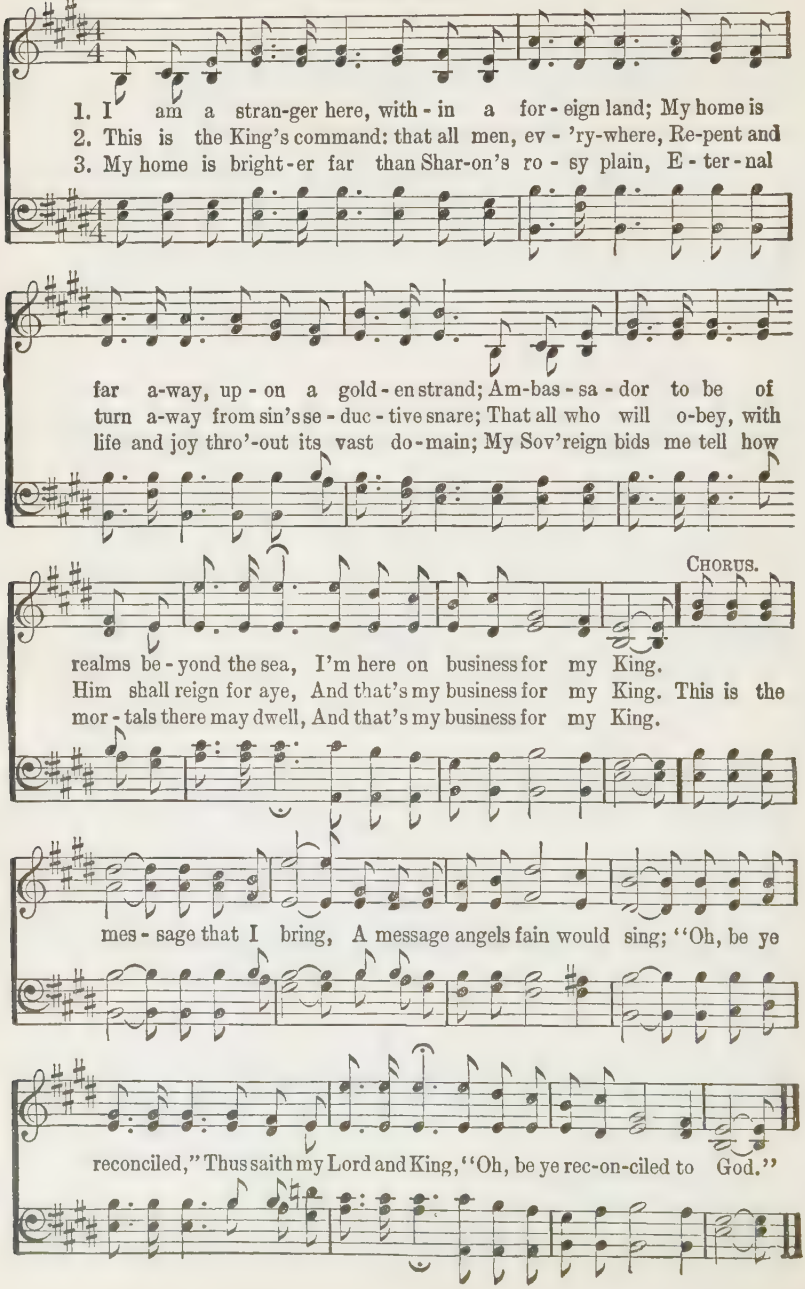
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I'm press-ing on the up-ward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de - sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a - bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo - ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is high-er ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to high-er ground.
Chorus.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta - ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high - er ground.

No. 12. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL
WORDS AND MUSIC. Flora H. Cassel.

1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
CHORUS.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 13. Lighten the Way With a Song.

Julia H. Johnston.

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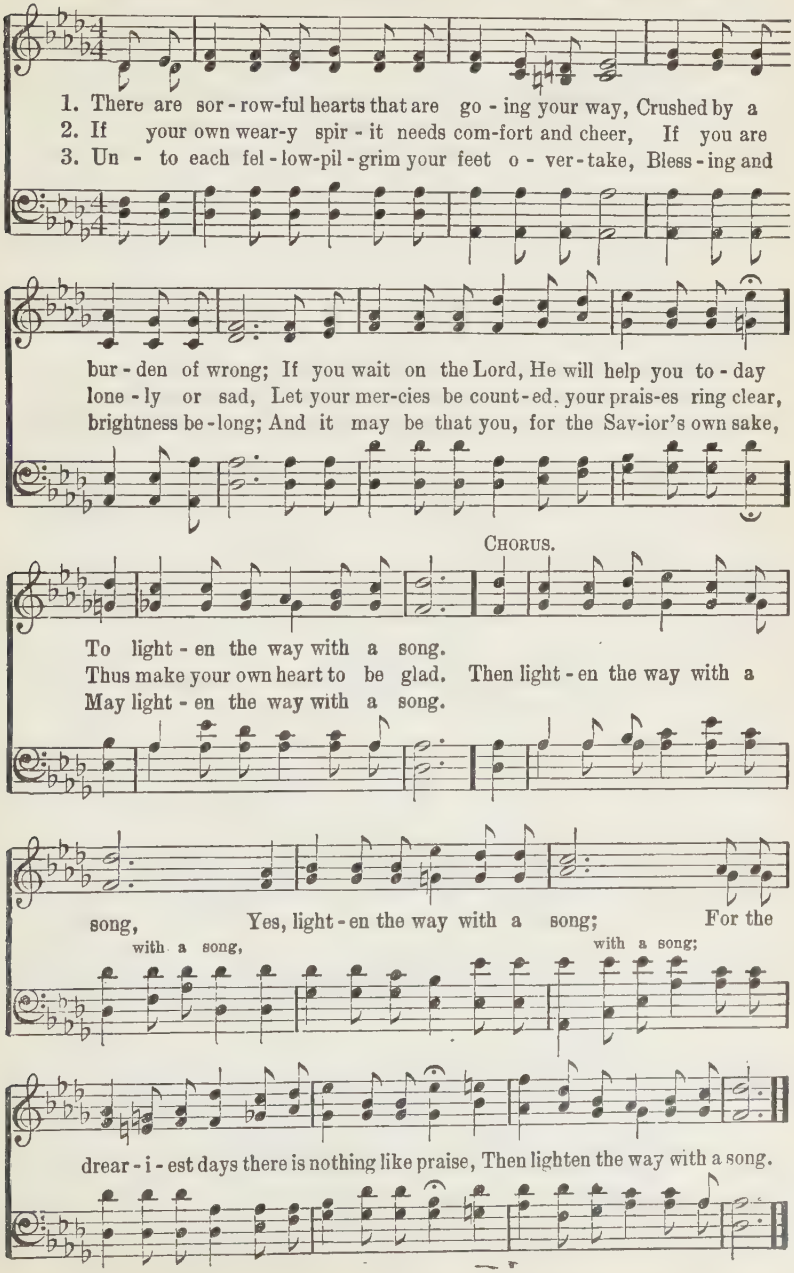
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Joshua H. Roberts.


1. There are sor - row-ful hearts that are go - ing your way, Crushed by a
2. If your own wear-y spir - it needs com-fort and cheer, If you are
3. Un - to each fel - low-pil - grim your feet o - ver-take, Bless - ing and
bur - den of wrong; If you wait on the Lord, He will help you to - day
lone - ly or sad, Let your mer-cies be count - ed, your prais-es ring clear,
brightness be - long; And it may be that you, for the Sav-ior's own sake,
CHORUS.
To light - en the way with a song.
Thus make your own heart to be glad. Then light - en the way with a
May light - en the way with a song.
song, Yes, light - en the way with a song; For the
with a song,
with a song;
drear - i - est days there is nothing like praise, Then lighten the way with a song.

No. 14. We'll Never Grow Weary.

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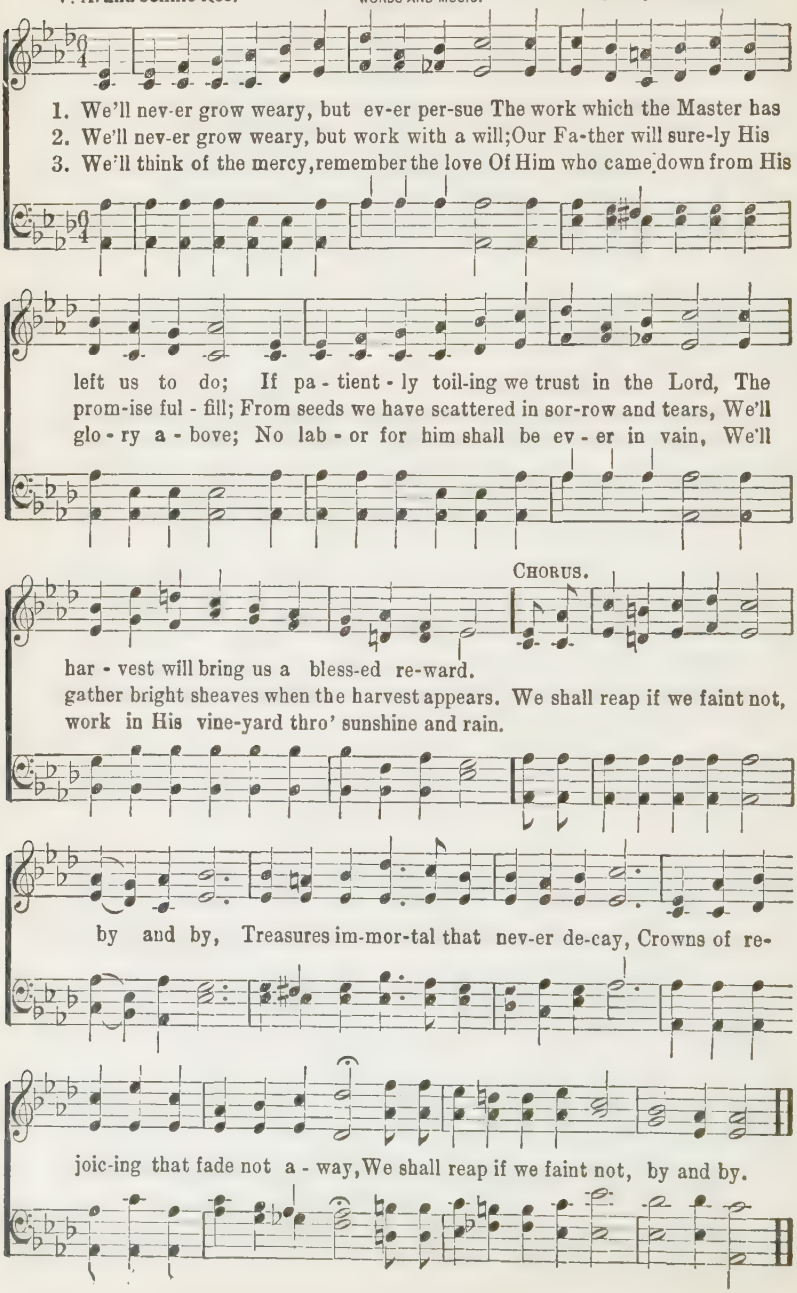
V. A. and Jennie Ree. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We'll nev-er grow weary, but ev-er per-sue The work which the Master has
2. We'll nev-er grow weary, but work with a will; Our Fa-ther will sure-ly His
3. We'll think of the mercy, remember the love Of Him who came down from His
left us to do; If pa-tient-ly toil-ing we trust in the Lord, The
prom-ise ful-fill; From seeds we have scattered in sor-row and tears, We'll
glo-ry a-bove; No lab-or for him shall be ev-er in vain, We'll
CHORUS.
har-vest will bring us a bless-ed re-ward.
gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears. We shall reap if we faint not,
work in His vine-yard thro' sunshine and rain.
by and by, Treasures im-mor-tal that nev-er de-cay, Crowns of re-
joic-ing that fade not a-way, We shall reap if we faint not, by and by.

No. 15. Make Him Yours.

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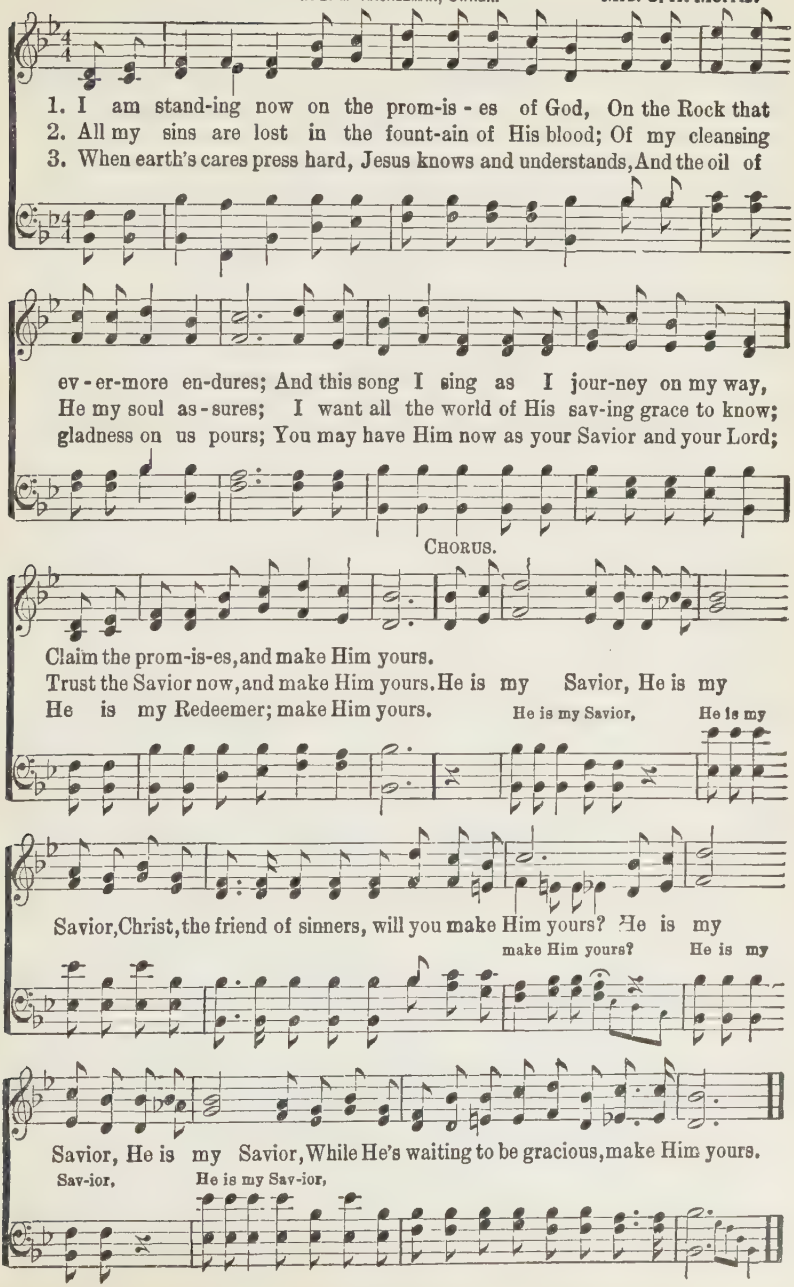
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I am stand-ing now on the prom-is - es of God, On the Rock that
2. All my sins are lost in the fount-ain of His blood; Of my cleansing
3. When earth's cares press hard, Jesus knows and understands, And the oil of
ev - er-more en-dures; And this song I sing as I jour-ney on my way,
He my soul as - sures; I want all the world of His sav-ing grace to know;
gladness on us pours; You may have Him now as your Savior and your Lord;
CHORUS.
Claim the prom-is-es, and make Him yours.
Trust the Savior now, and make Him yours. He is my Savior, He is my
He is my Redeemer; make Him yours.
He is my Savior,
He is my
Savior, Christ, the friend of sinners, will you make Him yours? He is my
make Him yours?
He is my
Savior, He is my Savior, While He's waiting to be gracious, make Him yours.
Sav-ior,
He is my Sav-ior,

No. 16. The Other Fellow.

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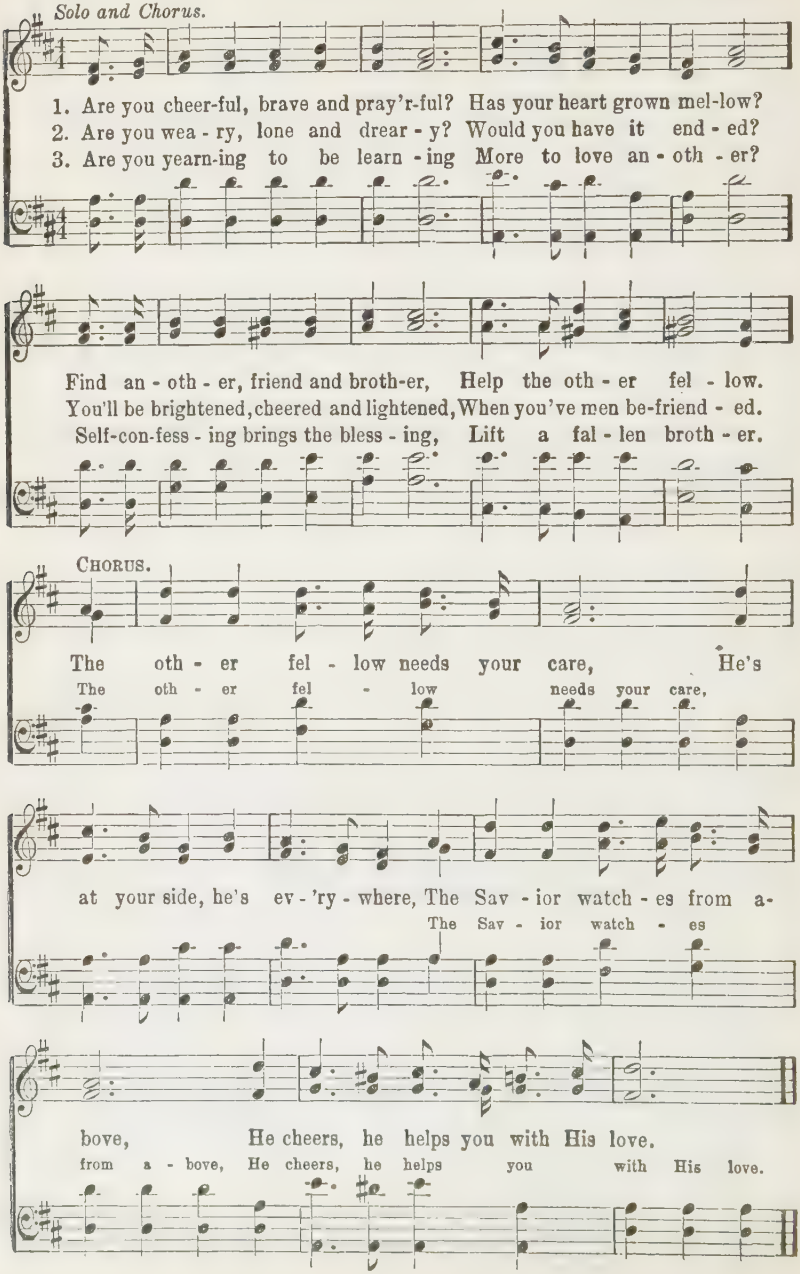
Robt. H. Coleman. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

Solo and Chorus.

1. Are you cheer-ful, brave and pray'r-ful? Has your heart grown mel-low?
2. Are you wea - ry, lone and drear - y? Would you have it end - ed?
3. Are you yearn-ing to be learn - ing More to love an - oth - er?
Find an - oth - er, friend and broth-er, Help the oth - er fel - low.
You'll be brightened, cheered and lightened, When you've men be-friend - ed.
Self-con-fess - ing brings the bless - ing, Lift a fal - len broth - er.
CHORUS.
The oth - er fel - low needs your care, He's
The oth - er fel - low needs your care,
at your side, he's ev - 'ry - where, The Sav - ior watch - es from a-
The Sav - ior watch - es
bove, He cheers, he helps you with His love.
from a - bove, He cheers, he helps you with His love.

No. 17. With Me All the Way.

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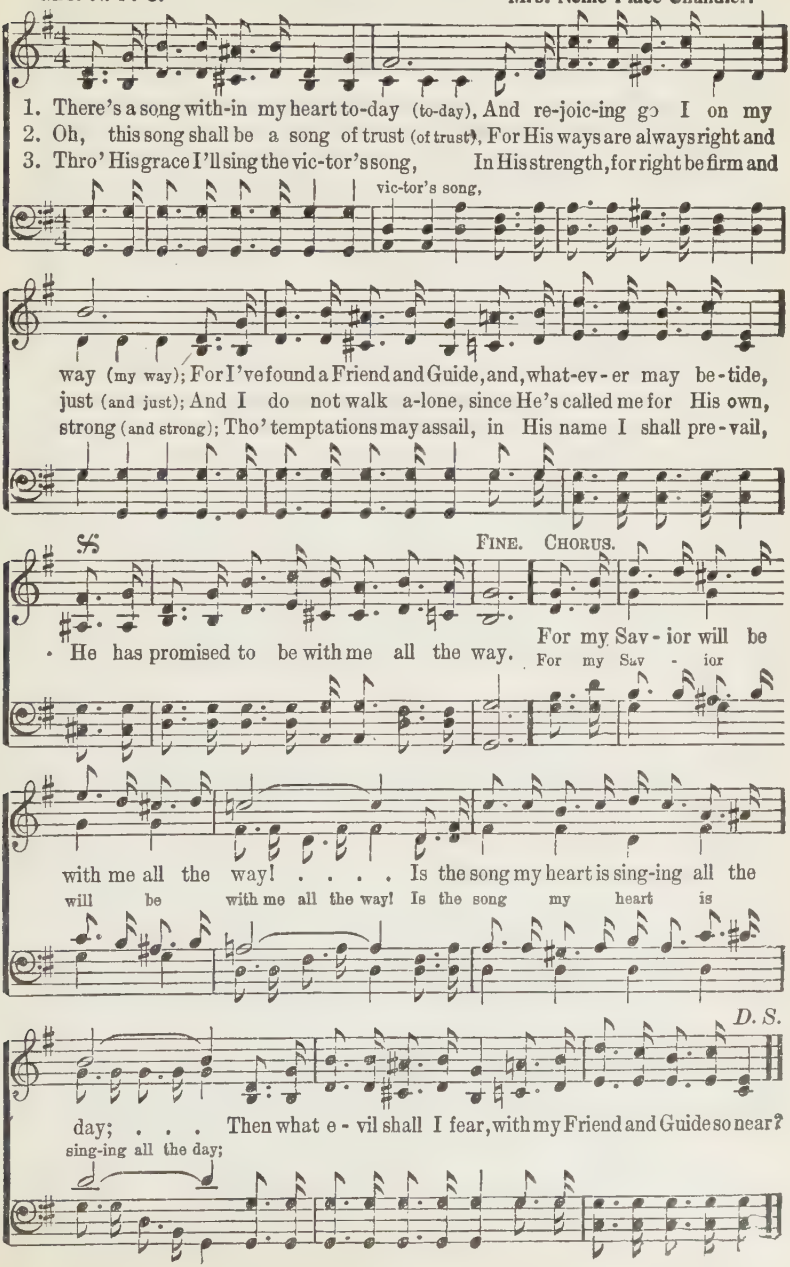
Mrs. N. P. C. Mrs. Nellie Place Chandler.

1. There's a song with-in my heart to-day (to-day), And re-joic-ing go I on my
2. Oh, this song shall be a song of trust (of trust), For His ways are always right and
3. Thro' His grace I'll sing the vic-tor's song, In His strength, for right be firm and
vic-tor's song,
way (my way); For I've found a Friend and Guide, and, what-ev-er may be-tide,
just (and just); And I do not walk a-lone, since He's called me for His own,
strong (and strong); Tho' temptations may assail, in His name I shall pre-vail,
FINE. CHORUS.
He has promised to be with me all the way. For my Sav-ior will be
For my Sav - ior
with me all the way! . . . . Is the song my heart is sing-ing all the
will be with me all the way! Is the song my heart is
D. S.
day; . . . Then what e-vil shall I fear, with my Friend and Guide so near?
sing-ing all the day;

No. 18. He Will not Turn You Away.

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E. E. Hewitt. H. N. Lincoln.

Not too fast.

1. Come free - ly to Je - sus and tell Him your need, He will not turn you a - way; Your sins He will par-don, your soul He will feed,
2. "E - nough and to spare" in His boun - ti - ful hand, He will not turn you a - way; "The God of all grace" will His bless-ing com-mand,
3. Come tell Him the sor - row that bur-dens your heart, He will not turn you a - way; Peace, com-fort and cour - age are His to im - part,
4. When soon-er or lat - er the night shad-ows fall, He will not turn you a - way; "Come, dwell in His pres-ence" bright an-gels will call,

REFRAIN.

He will not turn you a - way. He will not turn you a - way, ...

a - way,

He will not turn you a - way; . . . . Come, trust in His name, He is

a - way;

rit.

ev - er the same, He will not turn you a - way. . . . . .

will not turn you a - way.

No. 19. Somebody Loves You: 'Tis Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY S. W. BEAZLEY.
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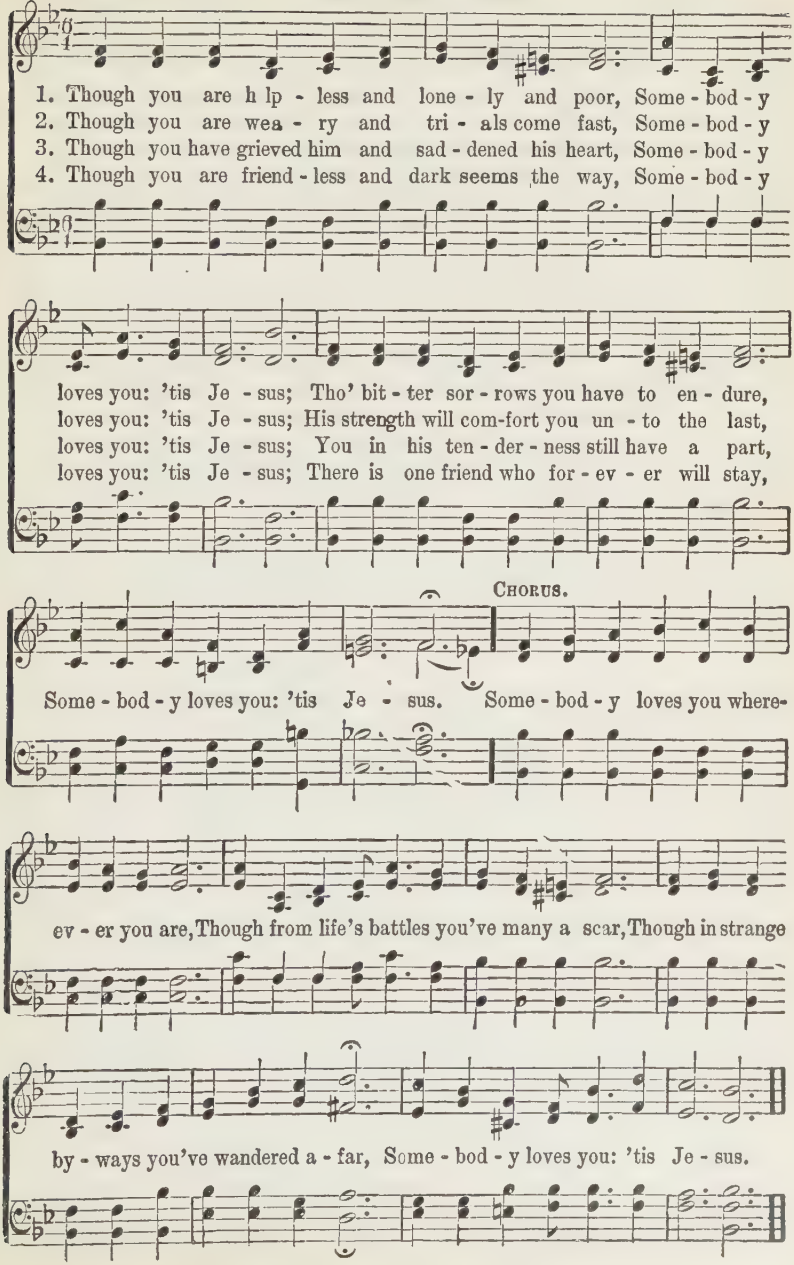
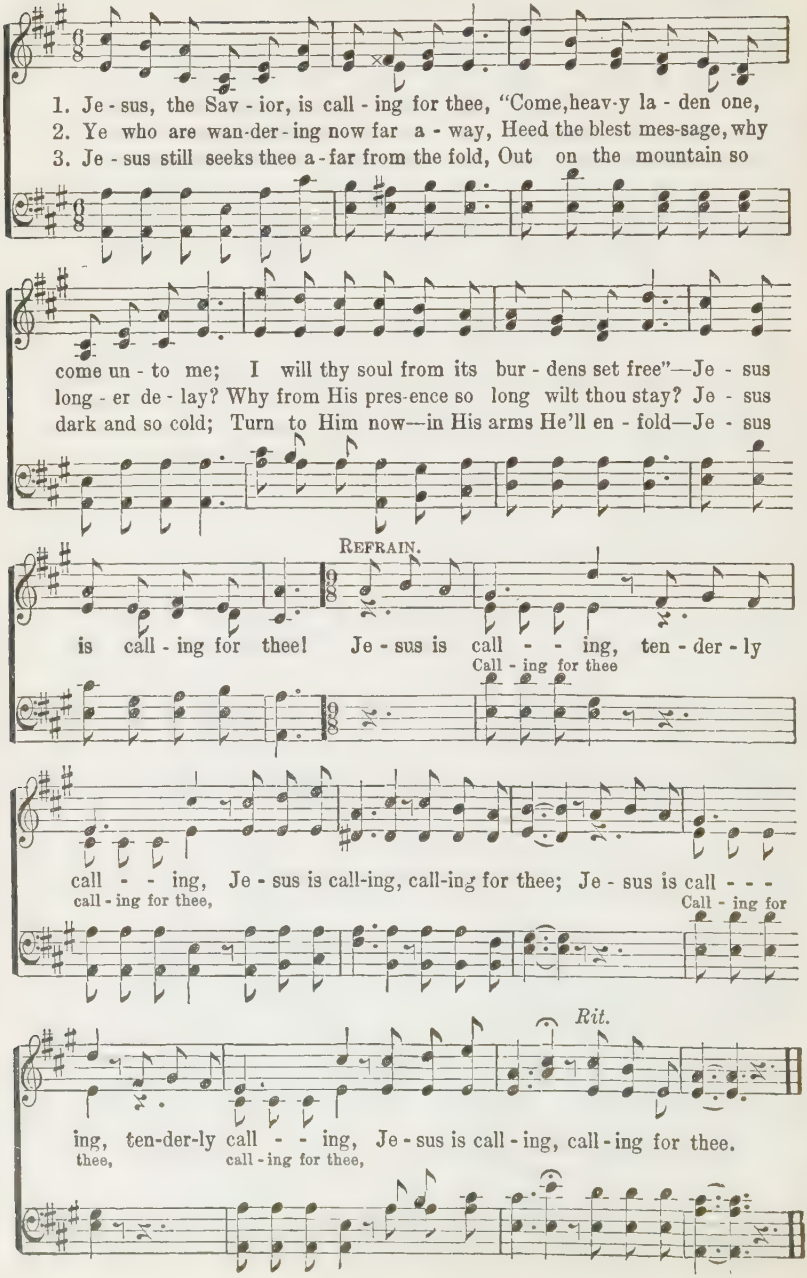
Laurene Highfield. Samuel W. Beazley.

1. Though you are h lp - less and lone - ly and poor, Some - bod - y
2. Though you are wea - ry and tri - als come fast, Some - bod - y
3. Though you have grieved him and sad - dened his heart, Some - bod - y
4. Though you are friend - less and dark seems the way, Some - bod - y
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; Tho' bit - ter sor - rows you have to en - dure,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; His strength will com-fort you un - to the last,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; You in his ten - der - ness still have a part,
loves you: 'tis Je - sus; There is one friend who for - ev - er will stay,
CHORUS.
Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus. Some - bod - y loves you where-
ev - er you are, Though from life's battles you've many a scar, Though in strange
by - ways you've wandered a - far, Some - bod - y loves you: 'tis Je - sus.

No. 20. Jesus is Calling.

F. S. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC.

F. S. Shepard.


1. Je - sus, the Sav - ior, is call - ing for thee, "Come, heav-y la - den one,
2. Ye who are wan-der - ing now far a - way, Heed the blest mes-sage, why
3. Je - sus still seeks thee a - far from the fold, Out on the mountain so
come un - to me; I will thy soul from its bur - dens set free"—Je - sus
long - er de - lay? Why from His pres-ence so long wilt thou stay? Je - sus
dark and so cold; Turn to Him now—in His arms He'll en - fold—Je - sus
REFRAIN.
is call - ing for thee! Je - sus is call - - ing, ten - der - ly
Call - ing for thee
call - - ing, Je - sus is call-ing, call-ing for thee; Je - sus is call - - -
call - ing for thee,
Call - ing for
Rit.
ing, ten-der-ly call - - ing, Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing for thee.
thee,
call - ing for thee,

No. 21. My Father Leads Me.

L. G. P.

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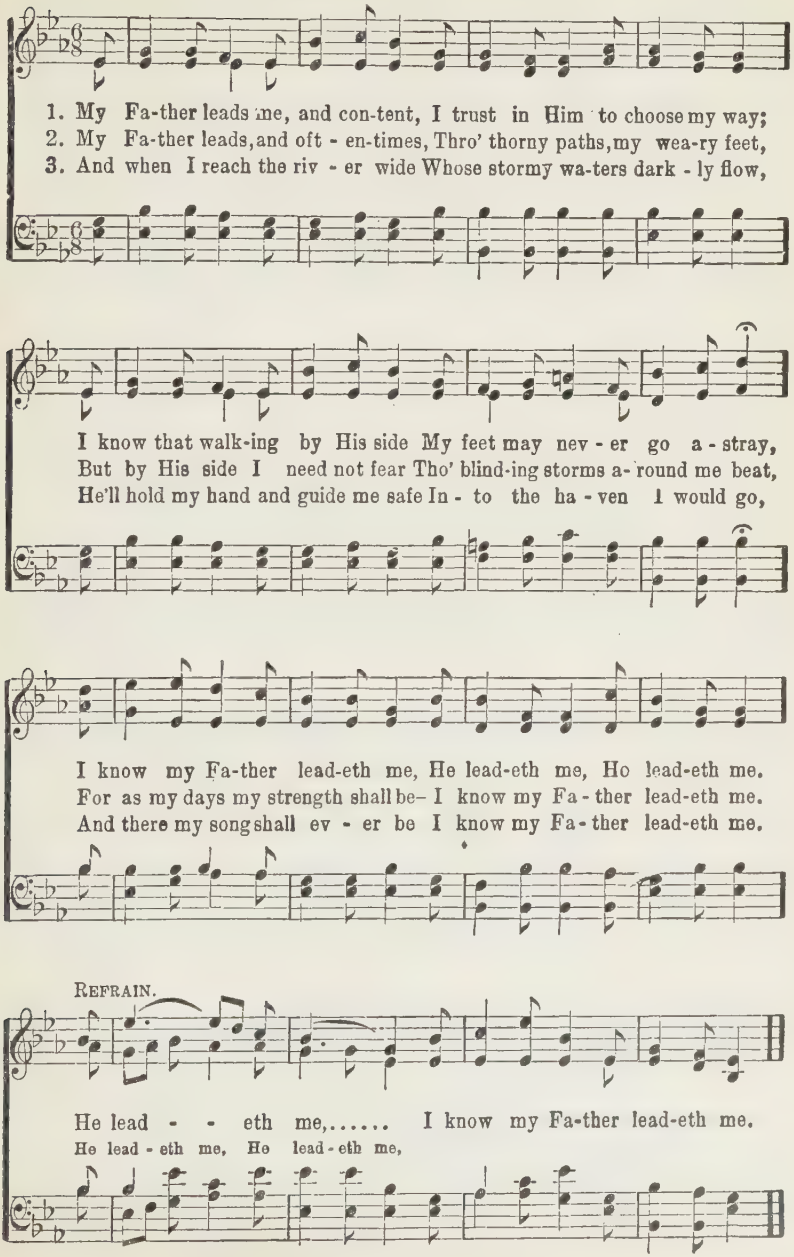
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. My Fa-ther leads me, and con-tent, I trust in Him to choose my way;
2. My Fa-ther leads, and oft - en-times, Thro' thorny paths, my wea-ry feet,
3. And when I reach the riv - er wide Whose stormy wa-ters dark - ly flow,
I know that walk-ing by His side My feet may nev - er go a - stray,
But by His side I need not fear Tho' blind-ing storms a-round me beat,
He'll hold my hand and guide me safe In - to the ha - ven I would go,
I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me.
For as my days my strength shall be– I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.
And there my song shall ev - er be I know my Fa - ther lead-eth me.
REFRAIN.
He lead - - eth me,..... I know my Fa-ther lead-eth me.
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me,

No. 22. Whom, Having Not Seen, I Love.

Maud Frazer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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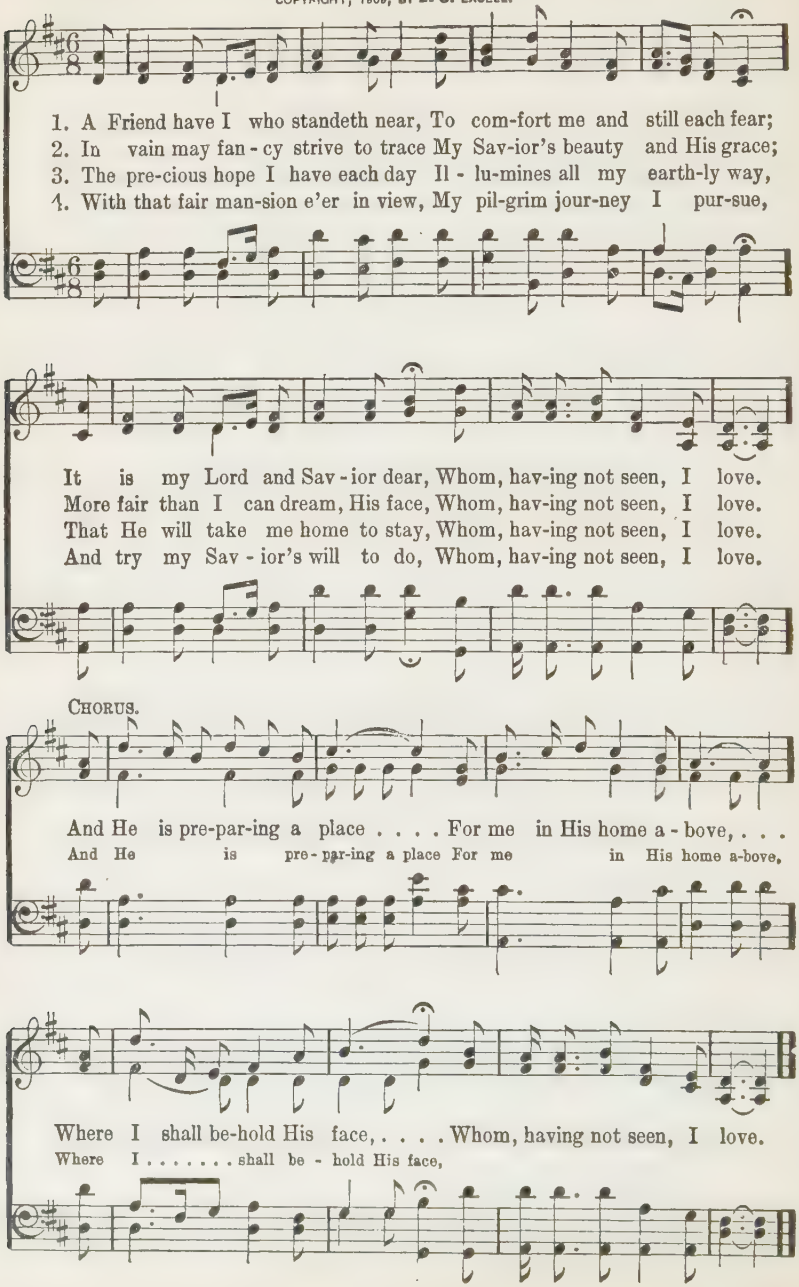
1. A Friend have I who standeth near, To com-fort me and still each fear;
2. In vain may fan-cy strive to trace My Sav-ior's beauty and His grace;
3. The pre-cious hope I have each day Il-lu-mines all my earth-ly way,
4. With that fair man-sion e'er in view, My pil-grim jour-ney I pur-sue,
It is my Lord and Sav-ior dear, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
More fair than I can dream, His face, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
That He will take me home to stay, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
And try my Sav-ior's will to do, Whom, hav-ing not seen, I love.
CHORUS.
And He is pre-par-ing a place . . . . For me in His home a-bove, . . .
And He is pre-par-ing a place For me in His home a-bove,
Where I shall be-hold His face, ... Whom, having not seen, I love.
Where I . . . . . shall be-hold His face,

No. 23. Grace, Enough for Me.

E. O. E.

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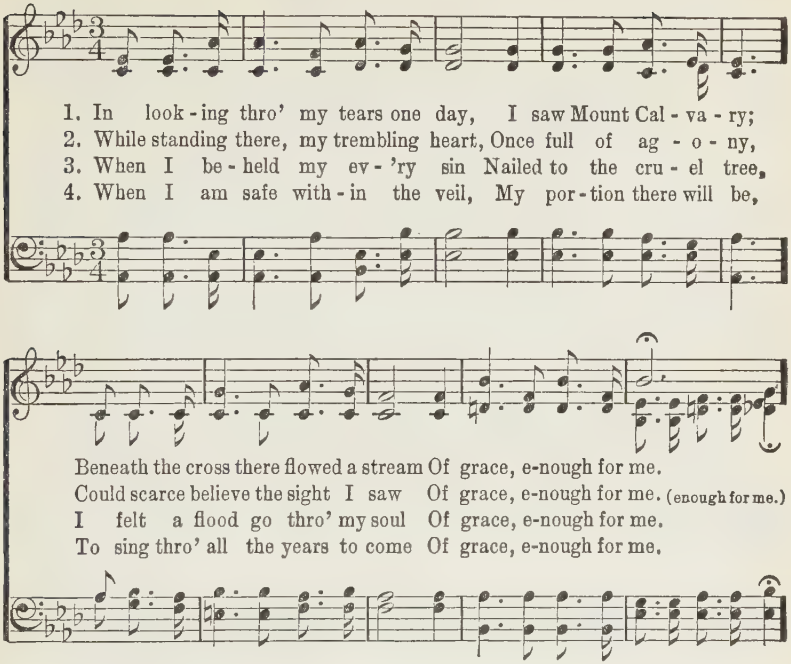
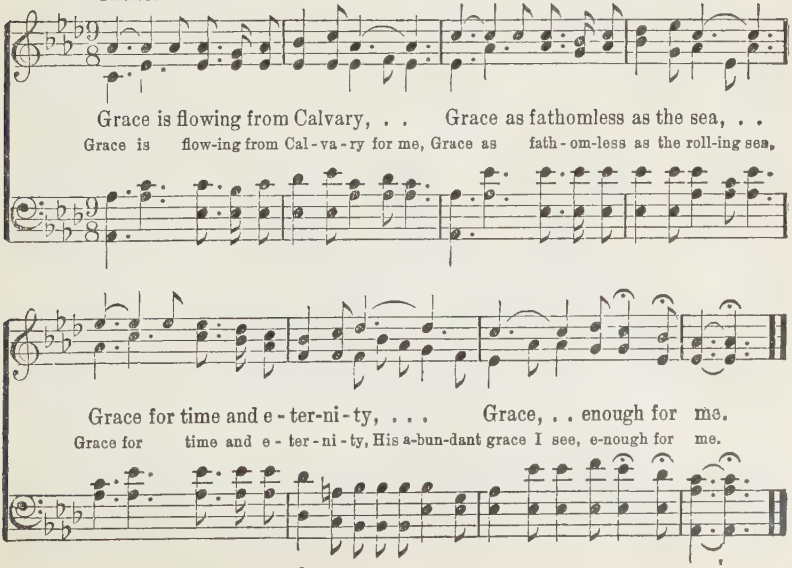
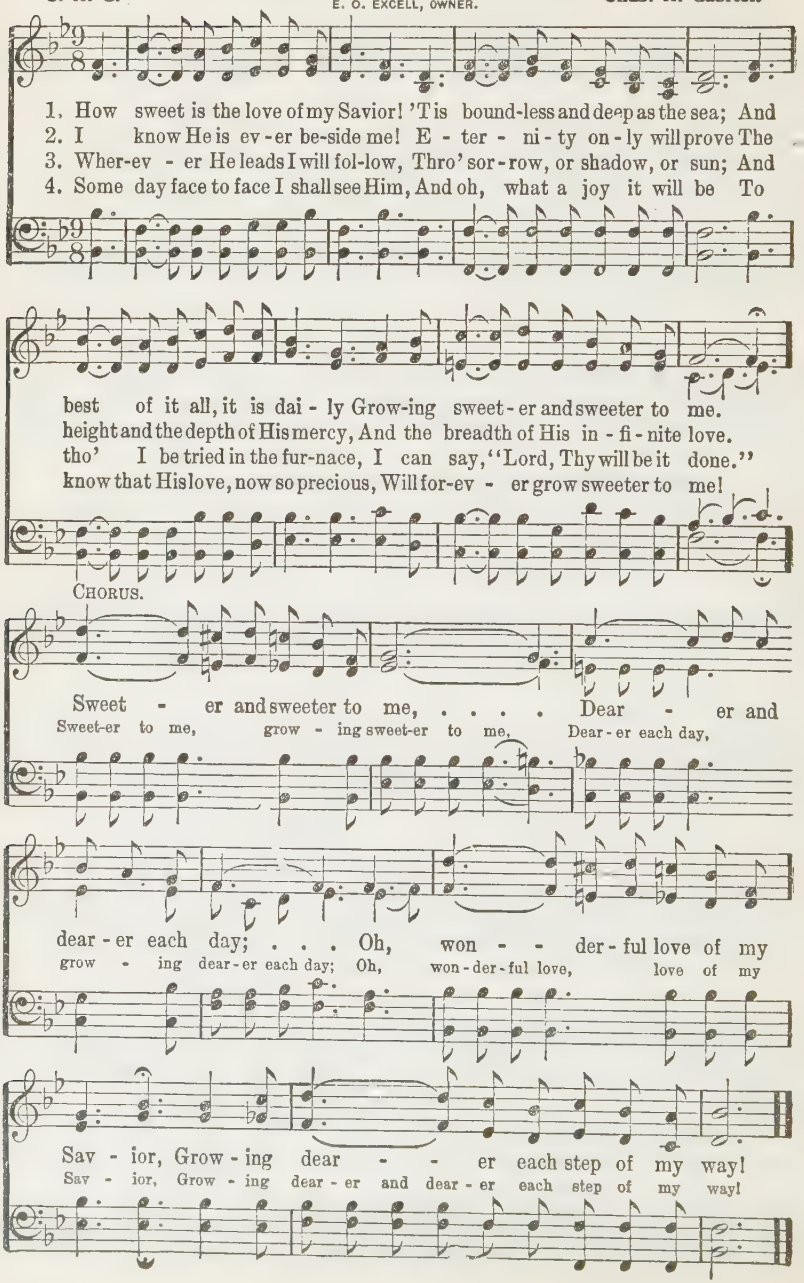
E. O. Excell.


1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,
Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

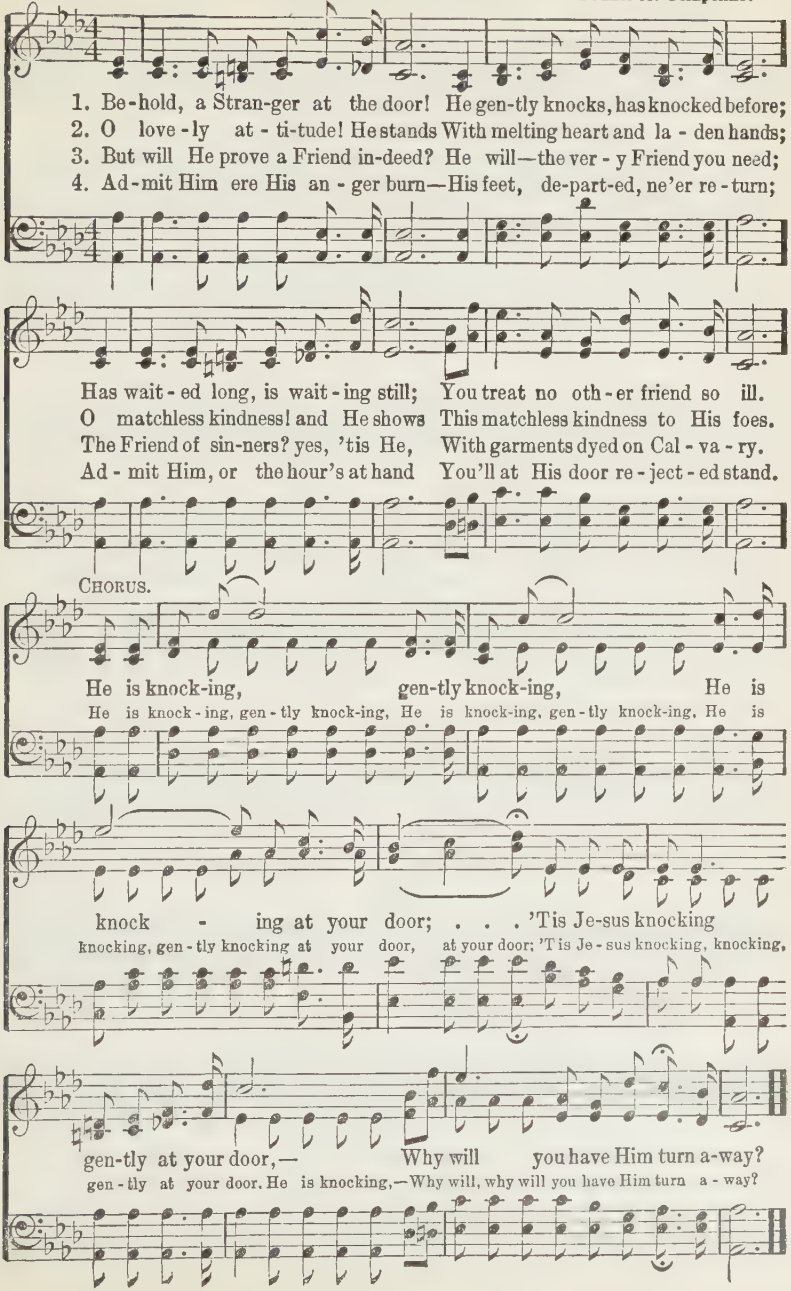
CHORUS.


Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 24. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'T is bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear-er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der-ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

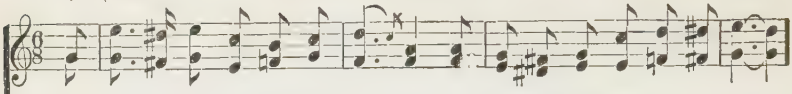
No. 25. Christ at the Door.

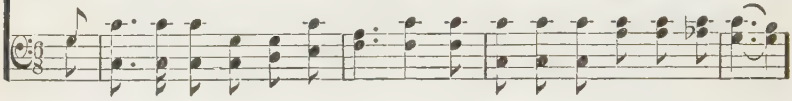
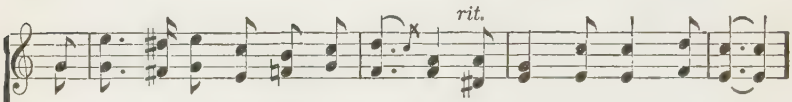
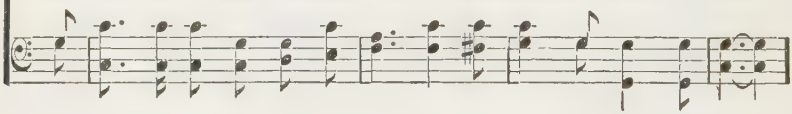
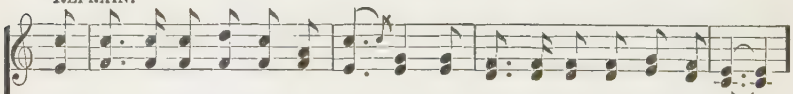
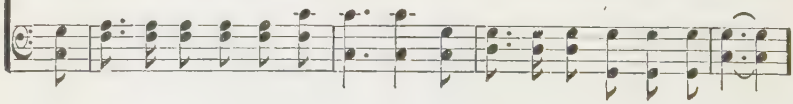
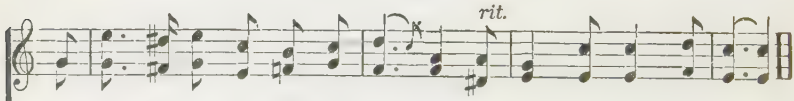
J. Grigg. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank A. Simpkins.

1. Be-hold, a Stran-ger at the door! He gen-tly knocks, has knocked before;
2. O love-ly at-ti-tude! He stands With melting heart and la-den hands;
3. But will He prove a Friend in-deed? He will—the ver-y Friend you need;
4. Ad-mit Him ere His an-ger burn—His feet, de-part-ed, ne'er re-turn;
Has wait-ed long, is wait-ing still; You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
O matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes.
The Friend of sin-ners? yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.
Ad-mit Him, or the hour's at hand You'll at His door re-ject-ed stand.
CHORUS.
He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is
He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is knock-ing, gen-tly knock-ing, He is
knock - ing at your door; . . . 'Tis Je-sus knocking
knocking, gen-tly knocking at your door, at your door; 'T is Je-sus knocking, knocking,
gen-tly at your door,— Why will you have Him turn a-way?
gen-tly at your door. He is knocking,—Why will, why will you have Him turn a-way?

No. 26. I Want to Do Something for Jesus.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WOODIE W. SMITH.

S. W. Jones. Woodie W. Smith.



1. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, He suf-fer'd and died on the tree;
2. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, Be-cause He from sin made me free;
3. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, His servant I'm will-ing to be;
4. I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, That others His great love may see;

That I thro' His death might have par-don—He's done so much for me!
He res-cued my soul from all dan-ger, He's done so much for me!
I'll tell of His love and His mer - cy, He's done so much for me!
For - ev - er I'll sing the sweet sto - ry, He's done so much for me!

REFRAIN.

I want to do some-thing for Je - sus, Tho' weak and un-wor-thy I be;



I'll la - bor for Him, my dear Sav - ior—He's done so much for me!

No. 27. Blessed Friend.

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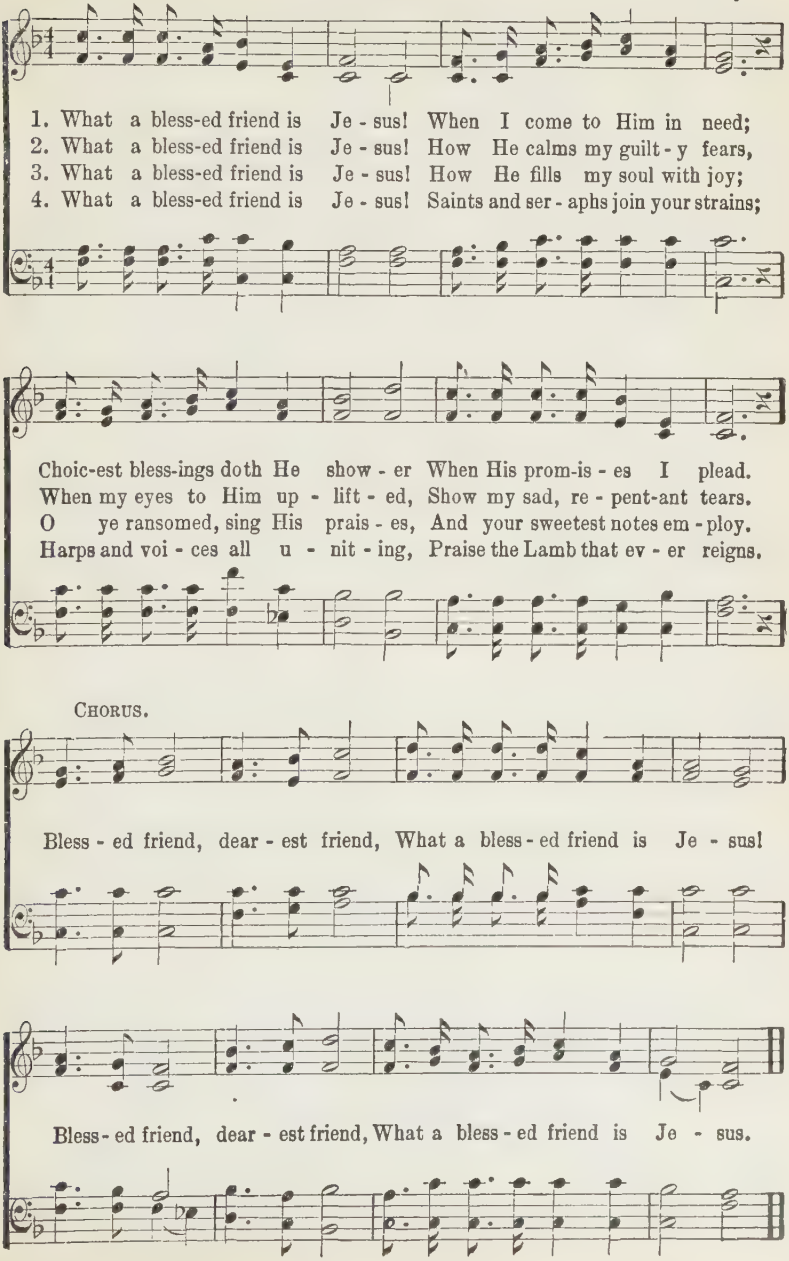
Wm. Stevenson. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. What a bless-ed friend is Je - sus! When I come to Him in need;
2. What a bless-ed friend is Je - sus! How He calms my guilt - y fears,
3. What a bless-ed friend is Je - sus! How He fills my soul with joy;
4. What a bless-ed friend is Je - sus! Saints and ser - aphs join your strains;
Choic-est bless-ings doth He show - er When His prom-is - es I plead.
When my eyes to Him up - lift - ed, Show my sad, re - pent-ant tears.
O ye ransomed, sing His prais - es, And your sweetest notes em - ploy.
Harps and voi - ces all u - nit - ing, Praise the Lamb that ev - er reigns.
CHORUS.
Bless - ed friend, dear - est friend, What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus!
Bless - ed friend, dear - est friend, What a bless - ed friend is Je - sus.

No. 28. "Christ Jesus Died for Sinners."

W. A. O.

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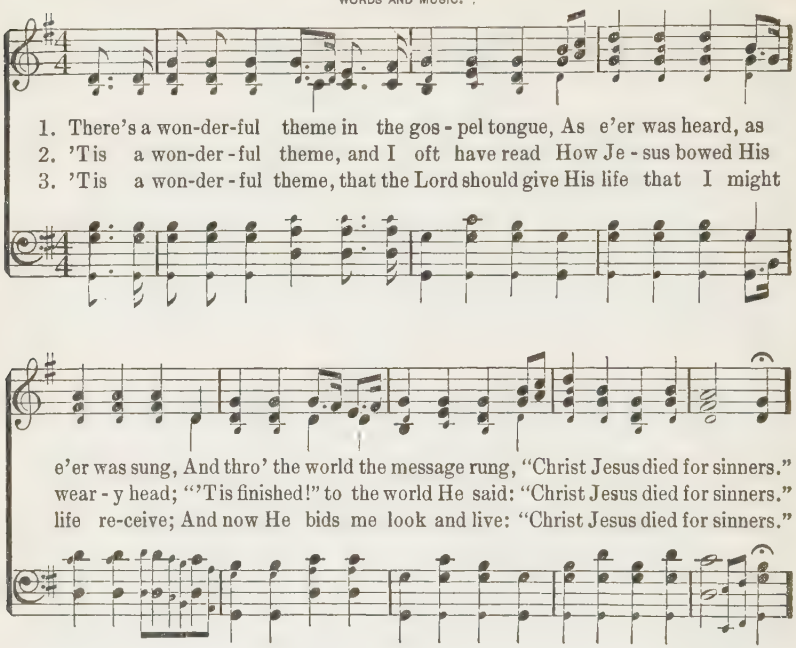
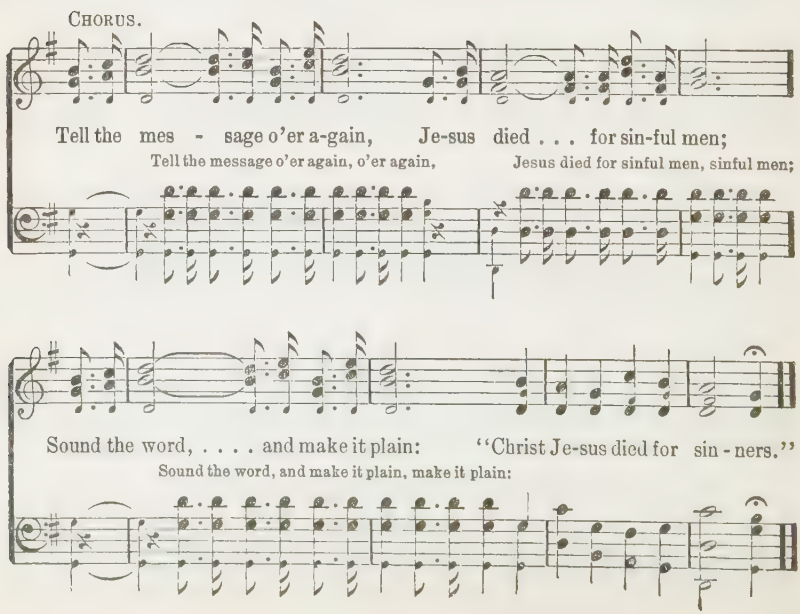
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A Ogden.


1. There's a won-der-ful theme in the gos - pel tongue, As e'er was heard, as
2. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, and I oft have read How Je - sus bowed His
3. 'Tis a won-der - ful theme, that the Lord should give His life that I might
e'er was sung, And thro' the world the message rung, "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
wear - y head; "'Tis finished!" to the world He said: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."
life re-ceive; And now He bids me look and live: "Christ Jesus died for sinners."


CHORUS.
Tell the mes - sage o'er a-gain, Je-sus died . . . for sin-ful men;
Tell the message o'er again, o'er again, Jesus died for sinful men, sinful men;
Sound the word, ... and make it plain: "Christ Je-sus died for sin - ners."
Sound the word, and make it plain, make it plain:

No. 29. Be A Shining Light.

W. H. O. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Do you try to tell the sto - ry, Of the Sav-ior's precious love?
2. Are you seek-ing out the lost ones Whom the Sav-ior died to win?
3. Have you made a con - se - cra - tion Of your time and earth-ly store?

Are you hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing Ev - er-more your love to prove?
Are you show - ing them the fount - ain That can wash a - way all sin?
If your all is on the al - tar, Then the Mas-ter asks no more.

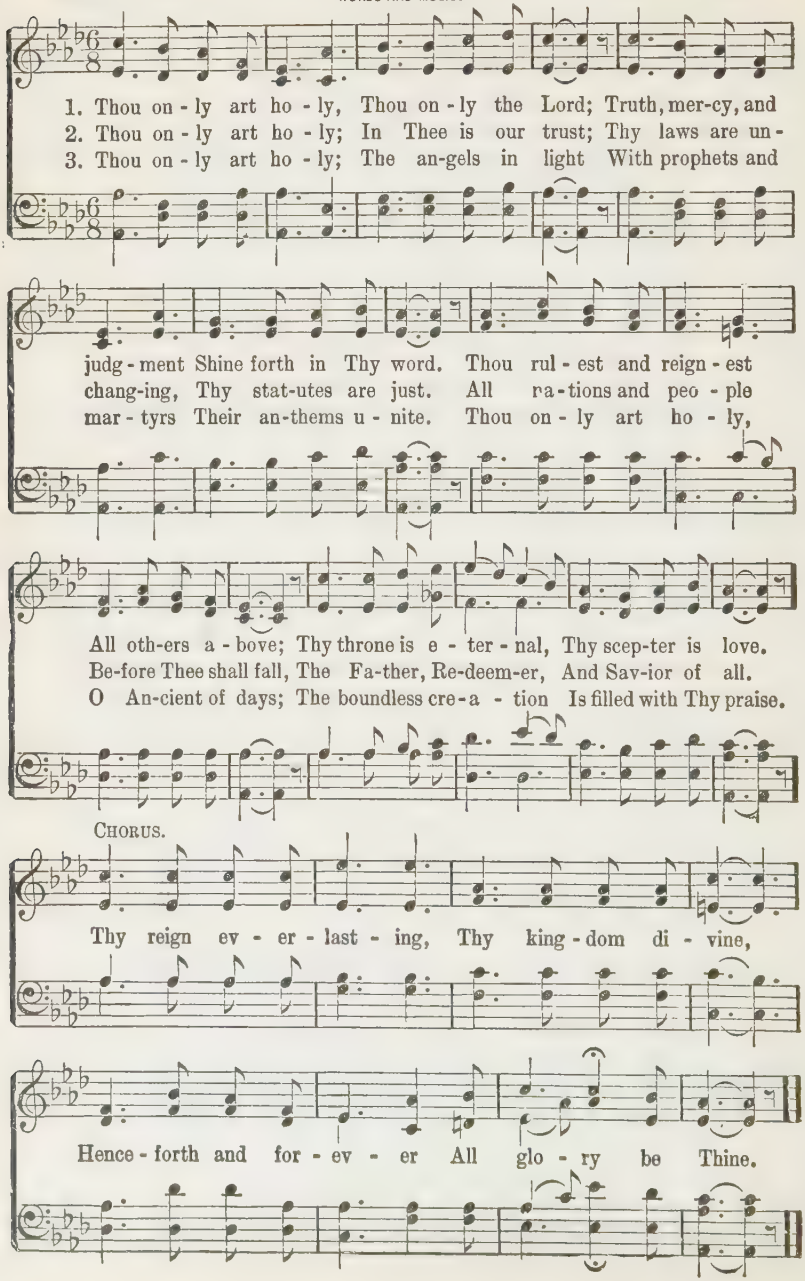
CHORUS.

Be a shin - - - - ing light for Je - - sus! Speak of
Be a shin-ing light, a shin-ing light for Je - sus!

Him..... wher-e'er you go;..... Be a wit - - - - ness
Speak in praise of Him where ev - er you may go; Be a dai - ly wit-

of the Mas - ter That His love the world may learn to know.
ness for the blessed Mas-ter That His love the

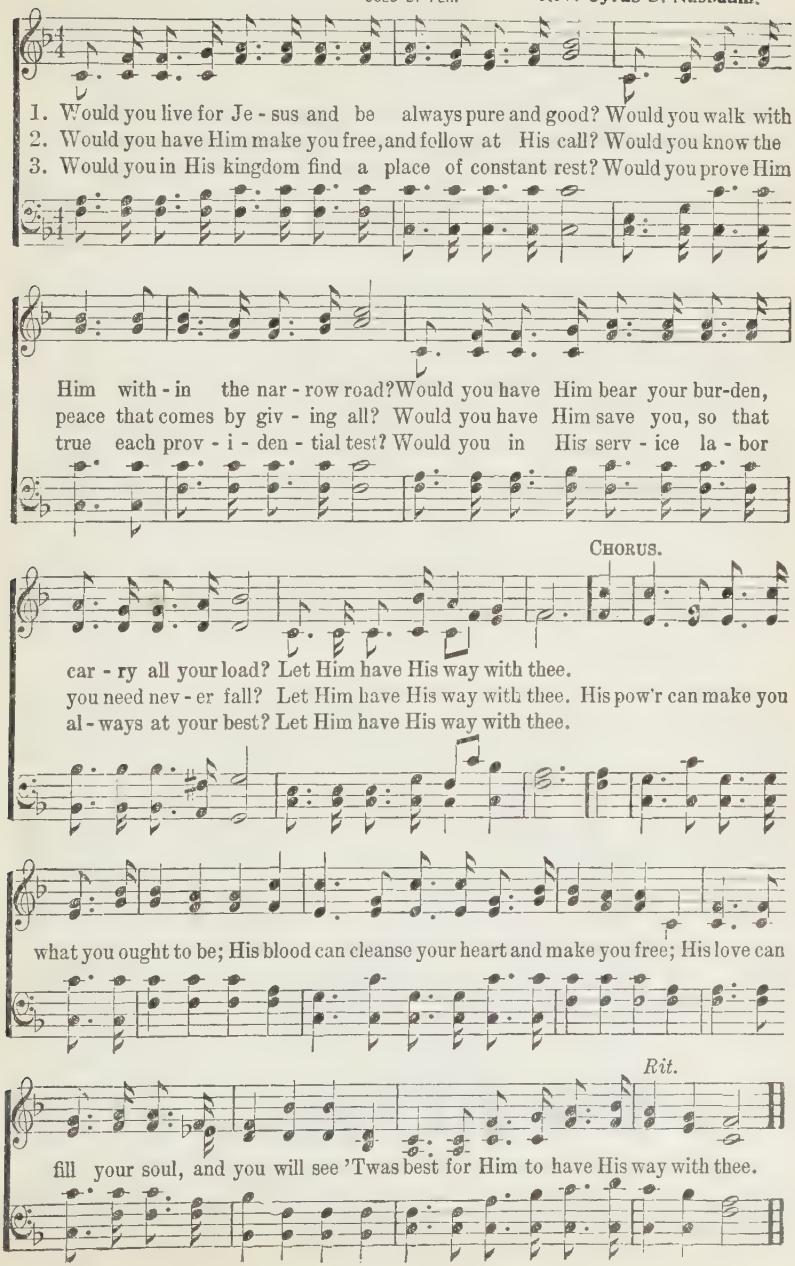
No. 30. All Glory Be Thine.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Jno. R. Sweney.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Thou on - ly art ho - ly, Thou on - ly the Lord; Truth, mer-cy, and
2. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; In Thee is our trust; Thy laws are un -
3. Thou on - ly art ho - ly; The an-gels in light With prophets and
judg - ment Shine forth in Thy word. Thou rul - est and reign - est
chang-ing, Thy stat-utes are just. All ra-tions and peo - ple
mar - tyrs Their an-thems u - nite. Thou on - ly art ho - ly,
All oth-ers a - bove; Thy throne is e - ter - nal, Thy scep-ter is love.
Be-fore Thee shall fall, The Fa-ther, Re-deem-er, And Sav-ior of all.
O An-cient of days; The boundless cre-a - tion Is filled with Thy praise.
CHORUS.
Thy reign ev - er - last - ing, Thy king - dom di - vine,
Hence - forth and for - ev - er All glo - ry be Thine.

No. 31. His Way With Thee.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

C. S. N. USED BY PER. Rev. Cyrus S. Nusbaum.


1. Would you live for Je - sus and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
2. Would you have Him make you free, and follow at His call? Would you know the
3. Would you in His kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove Him
Him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have Him bear your bur-den,
peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have Him save you, so that
true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in His serv - ice la - bor
CHORUS.
car - ry all your load? Let Him have His way with thee.
you need nev - er fall? Let Him have His way with thee. His pow'r can make you
al - ways at your best? Let Him have His way with thee.
what you ought to be; His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can
Rit.
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for Him to have His way with thee.

No. 32. O That Will Be Glory.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-

beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,

Rit. - - - - - - - - - CHORUS.

Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will

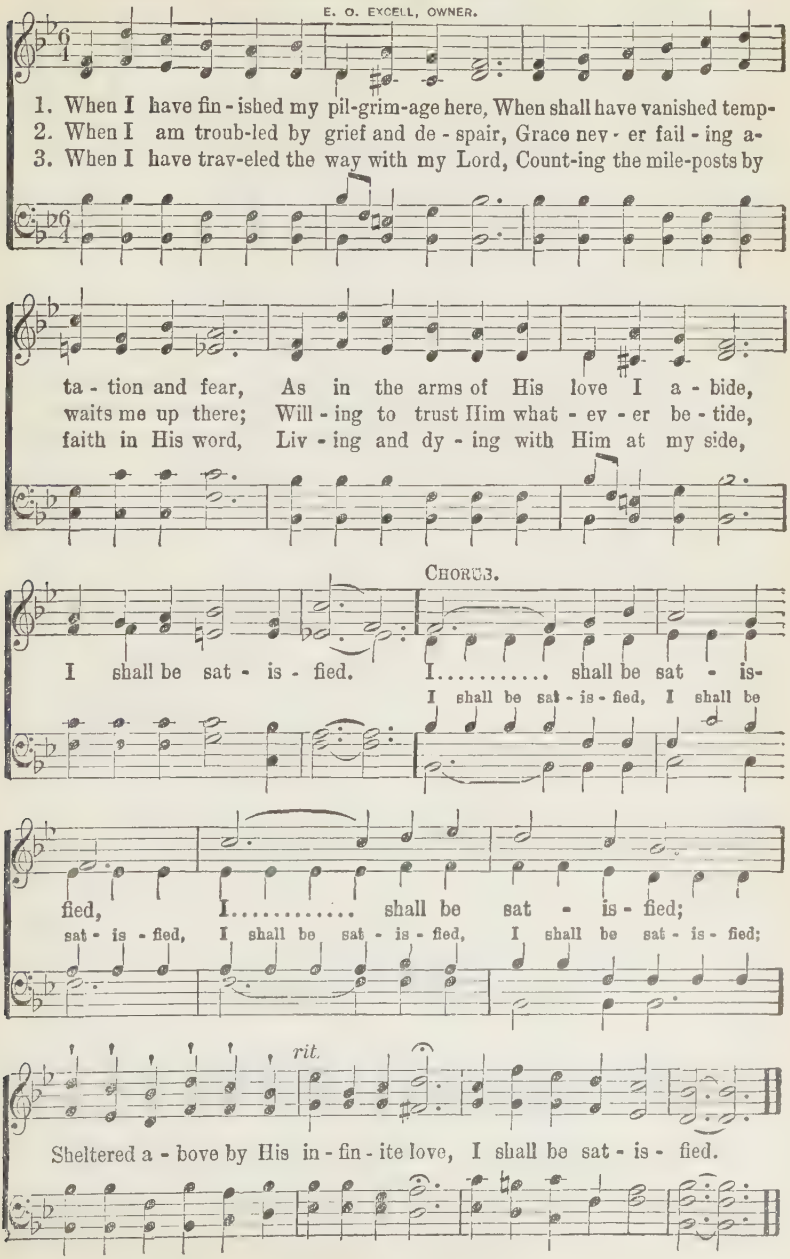
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .

rit.

I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 33.

Satisfied.

A. H. Ackley. WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. B. D. Ackley,

1. When I have fin - ished my pil-grim-age here, When shall have vanished temp-
2. When I am troub-led by grief and de - spair, Grace nev - er fail - ing a-
3. When I have trav-eled the way with my Lord, Count-ing the mile-posts by
ta - tion and fear, As in the arms of His love I a - bide,
waits me up there; Will - ing to trust Him what - ev - er be - tide,
faith in His word, Liv - ing and dy - ing with Him at my side,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I..... shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I..... shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;
rit.
Sheltered a - bove by His in - fin - ite love, I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 34. "Whosoever Will."

THE JOHN CHURCH CO., OWNERS OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PBR.

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Who-so-ev - er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Spread the bless-ed ti - dings
2. Who-so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who - so - ev - er will," for

all the world a - round; Spread the joy - ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Liv - ing Way:
ev - er must en-dure; "Who - so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er-more:

CHORUS.

"Who - so - ev - er will may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so-ev-er will,"

Send the proc-la - ma - tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa-ther

calls the wan - d'rer home: "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

No. 35. A Sinner Made Whole.

W. M. Lighthall. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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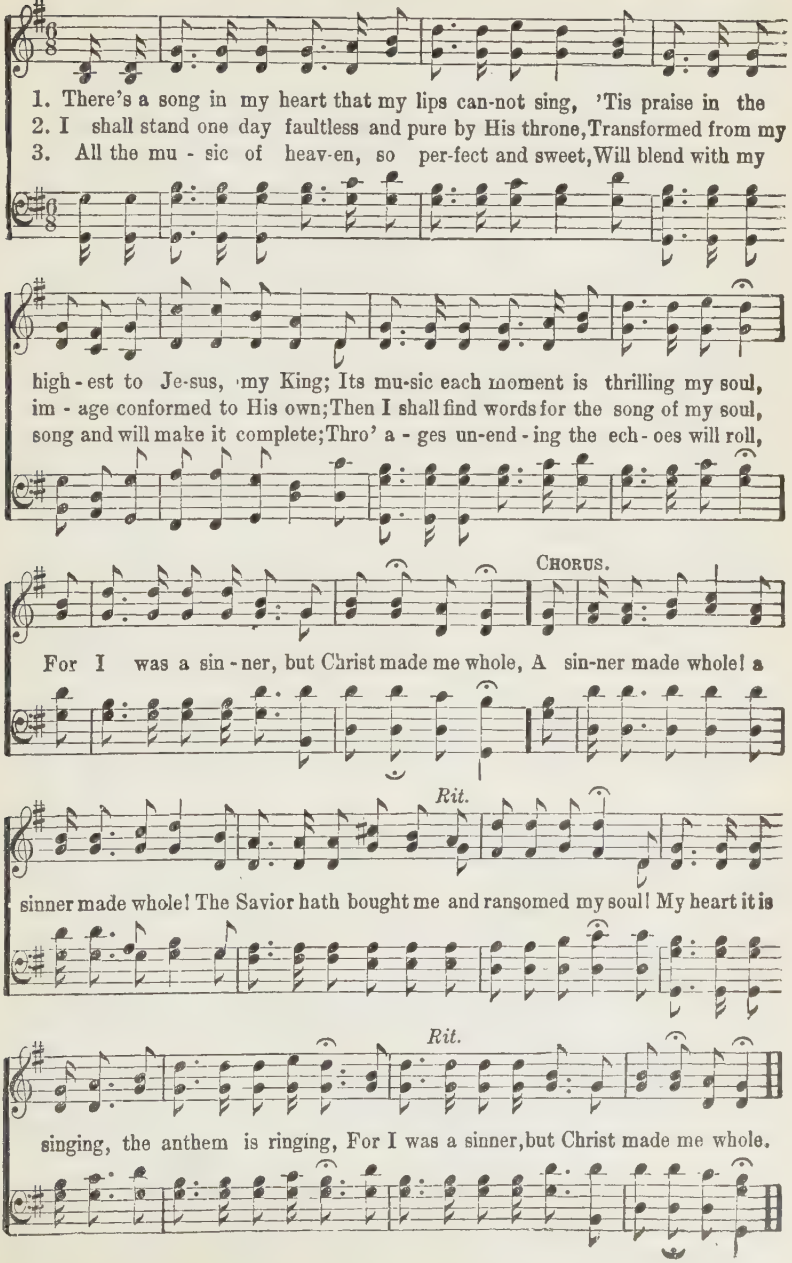
1. There's a song in my heart that my lips can-not sing, 'Tis praise in the
2. I shall stand one day faultless and pure by His throne, Transformed from my
3. All the mu - sic of heav-en, so per-fect and sweet, Will blend with my
high - est to Je-sus, my King; Its mu-sic each moment is thrilling my soul,
im - age conformed to His own; Then I shall find words for the song of my soul,
song and will make it complete; Thro' a - ges un-end - ing the ech - oes will roll,
CHORUS.
For I was a sin - ner, but Christ made me whole, A sin-ner made whole! a
Rit.
sinner made whole! The Savior hath bought me and ransomed my soul! My heart it is
Rit.
singing, the anthem is ringing, For I was a sinner, but Christ made me whole.

6. I Cannot Help but Love Him.

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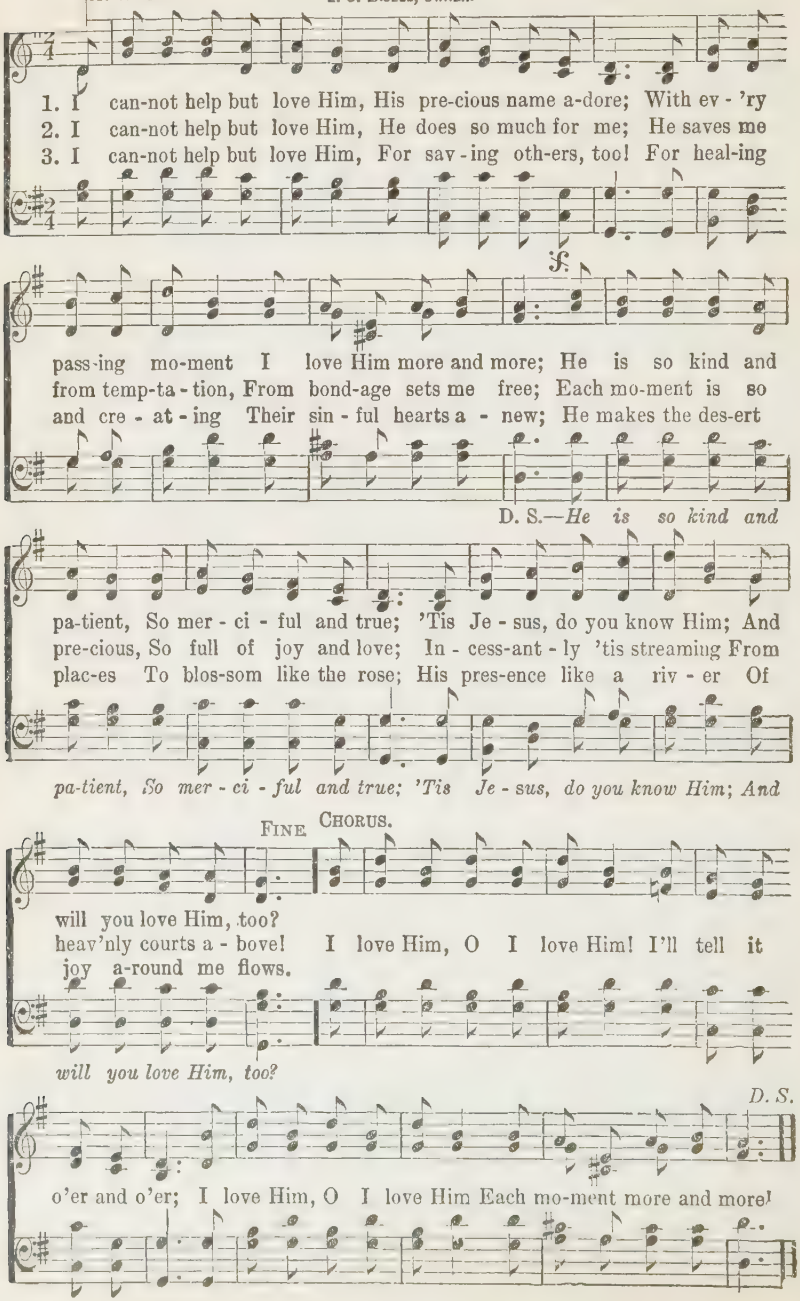
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

A. Williams. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I can-not help but love Him, His pre-cious name a-dore; With ev - 'ry
2. I can-not help but love Him, He does so much for me; He saves me
3. I can-not help but love Him, For sav - ing oth-ers, too! For heal-ing
pass-ing mo-ment I love Him more and more; He is so kind and
from temp-ta - tion, From bond-age sets me free; Each mo-ment is so
and cre - at - ing Their sin - ful hearts a - new; He makes the des-ert
D. S.—He is so kind and
pa-tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And
pre-cious, So full of joy and love; In - cess-ant - ly 'tis streaming From
plac-es To blos-som like the rose; His pres-ence like a riv - er Of
pa-tient, So mer - ci - ful and true; 'Tis Je - sus, do you know Him; And
FINE
CHORUS.
will you love Him, too?
heav'nly courts a - bove! I love Him, O I love Him! I'll tell it
joy a-round me flows.
will you love Him, too?
D. S.
o'er and o'er; I love Him, O I love Him Each mo-ment more and more!

No. 37. On to Victory.

F. D. M.

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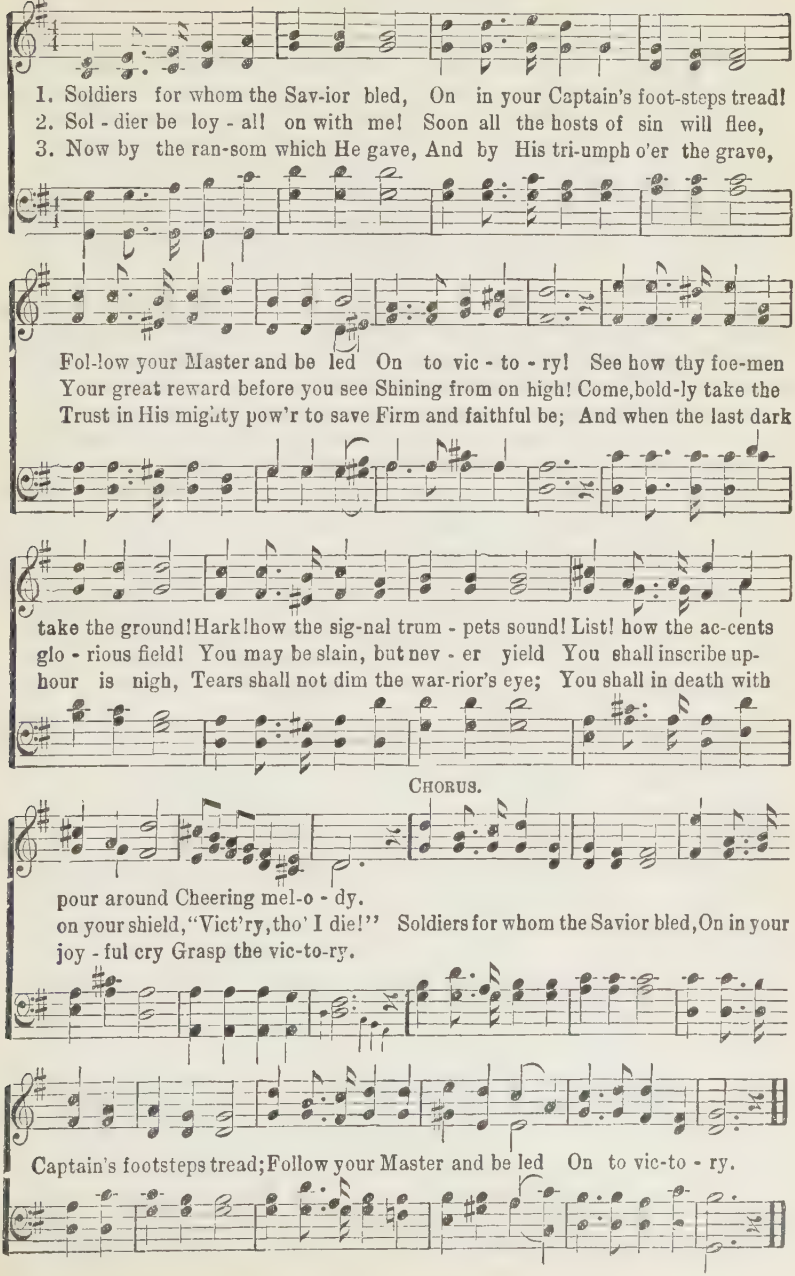
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Soldiers for whom the Sav-ior bled, On in your Captain's foot-steps tread!
2. Sol - dier be loy - al! on with me! Soon all the hosts of sin will flee,
3. Now by the ran-som which He gave, And by His tri-umph o'er the grave,
Fol-low your Master and be led On to vic - to - ry! See how thy foe-men
Your great reward before you see Shining from on high! Come, bold-ly take the
Trust in His mighty pow'r to save Firm and faithful be; And when the last dark
take the ground! Hark! how the sig-nal trum - pets sound! List! how the ac-cents
glo - rious field! You may be slain, but nev - er yield You shall inscribe up-
hour is nigh, Tears shall not dim the war-rior's eye; You shall in death with
CHORUS.
pour around Cheering mel-o - dy.
on your shield, "Vict'ry, tho' I die!" Soldiers for whom the Savior bled, On in your
joy - ful cry Grasp the vic-to-ry.
Captain's footsteps tread; Follow your Master and be led On to vic-to - ry.

No. 38.

Coming to Thee,

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Too long have I wandered, too long roamed afar, Un-heeding the beams of
2. Thy sweet in - vi - ta - tion is cheer-ing my soul, Like music from heav-en
3. I need the full cleans-ing of Cal - va - ry's tide; The robe, fair and spotless,
4. Oh, make me so steadfast, so true and sin - cere, I'll fol-low Thee whol-ly,

the bright Morning Star; But still its fair beau-ty is shin - ing for me, So
the soft ech-oes roll; Thy cross in my ref - uge, Thy promise my plea, For
Thy grace will pro-vide; Thy riches are boundless, Thy mer - cy is free, So
dis - miss - ing all fear; My strength and salvation, my vic - to - ry be, For

CHORUS.

now I am com-ing, my Sav - ior, to Thee. Com - - ing to
Com-ing to Thee, I am

Thee, . . . Com - - ing to Thee; . . . . Whilst
com - ing to Thee, Com - ing to Thee, I am com - ing to Thee; Whilst Thou art

Thou art call - - ing me, I'm com-ing my Sav - ior, to Thee.
call - ing, art call - ing for me,

No. 39. May I be Faithful.

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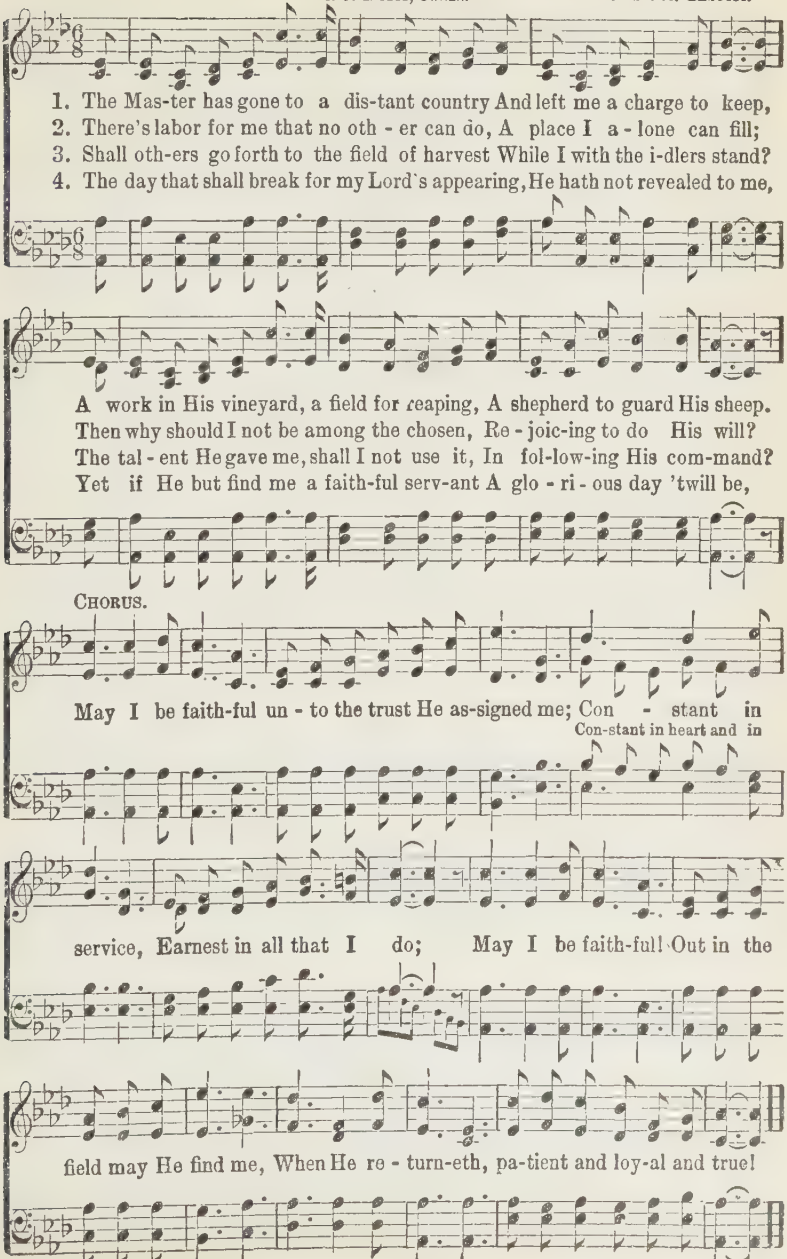
S. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The Mas-ter has gone to a dis-tant country And left me a charge to keep,
2. There's labor for me that no oth - er can do, A place I a - lone can fill;
3. Shall oth-ers go forth to the field of harvest While I with the i-dlers stand?
4. The day that shall break for my Lord's appearing, He hath not revealed to me,
A work in His vineyard, a field for reaping, A shepherd to guard His sheep.
Then why should I not be among the chosen, Re - joic-ing to do His will?
The tal - ent He gave me, shall I not use it, In fol-low-ing His com-mand?
Yet if He but find me a faith-ful serv-ant A glo - ri - ous day 'twill be,
CHORUS.
May I be faith-ful un - to the trust He as-signed me; Con - stant in
Con-stant in heart and in
service, Earnest in all that I do; May I be faith-full Out in the
field may He find me, When He re - turn-eth, pa-tient and loy-al and true!

No. 40. The Answering Time Will Come.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY JAMES M. BLACK.
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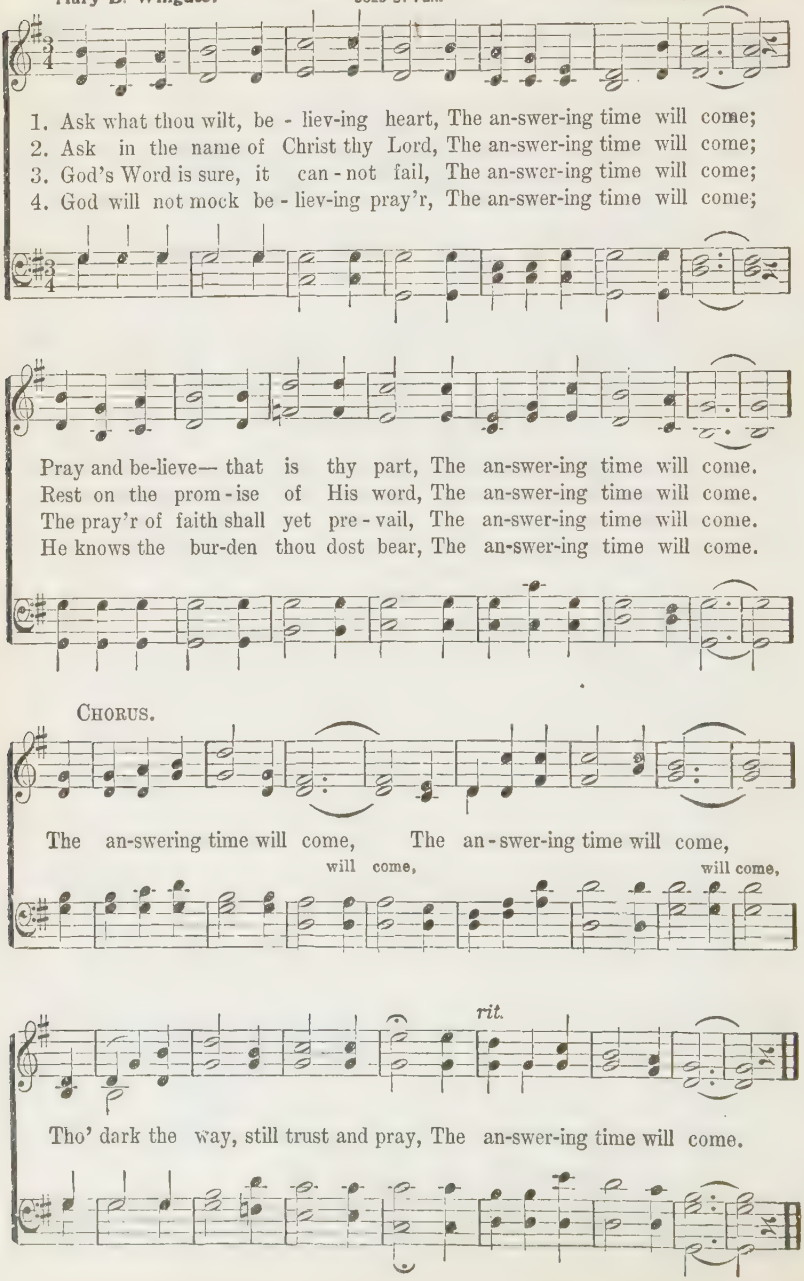
Mary B. Wingate. James M. Black.


1. Ask what thou wilt, be - liev-ing heart, The an-swer-ing time will come;
2. Ask in the name of Christ thy Lord, The an-swer-ing time will come;
3. God's Word is sure, it can - not fail, The an-swer-ing time will come;
4. God will not mock be - liev-ing pray'r, The an-swer-ing time will come;
Pray and be-lieve— that is thy part, The an-swer-ing time will come.
Rest on the prom - ise of His word, The an-swer-ing time will come.
The pray'r of faith shall yet pre - vail, The an-swer-ing time will come.
He knows the bur-den thou dost bear, The an-swer-ing time will come.
CHORUS.
The an-swering time will come, The an - swer-ing time will come,
will come, will come,
rit.
Tho' dark the way, still trust and pray, The an-swer-ing time will come.

No. 41. What Have You Done for Jesus?

K. C. H.

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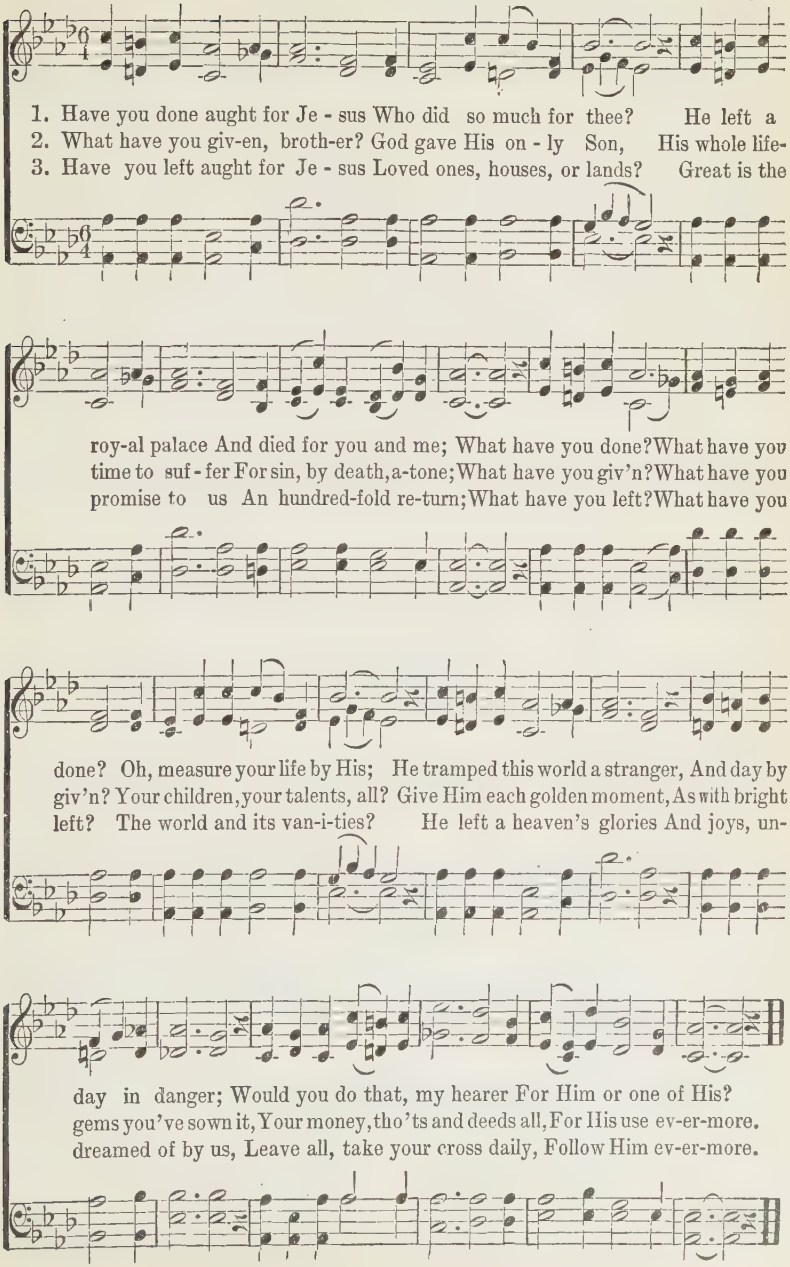
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. Kate C. Hinkle.

1. Have you done aught for Je - sus Who did so much for thee? He left a
2. What have you giv-en, broth-er? God gave His on - ly Son, His whole life-
3. Have you left aught for Je - sus Loved ones, houses, or lands? Great is the
roy-al palace And died for you and me; What have you done? What have you
time to suf - fer For sin, by death, a-tone; What have you giv'n? What have you
promise to us An hundred-fold re-turn; What have you left? What have you
done? Oh, measure your life by His; He tramped this world a stranger, And day by
giv'n? Your children, your talents, all? Give Him each golden moment, As with bright
left? The world and its van-i-ties? He left a heaven's glories And joys, un-
day in danger; Would you do that, my hearer For Him or one of His?
gems you've sown it, Your money, tho'ts and deeds all, For His use ev-er-more.
dreamed of by us, Leave all, take your cross daily, Follow Him ev-er-more.

No. 42.

Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

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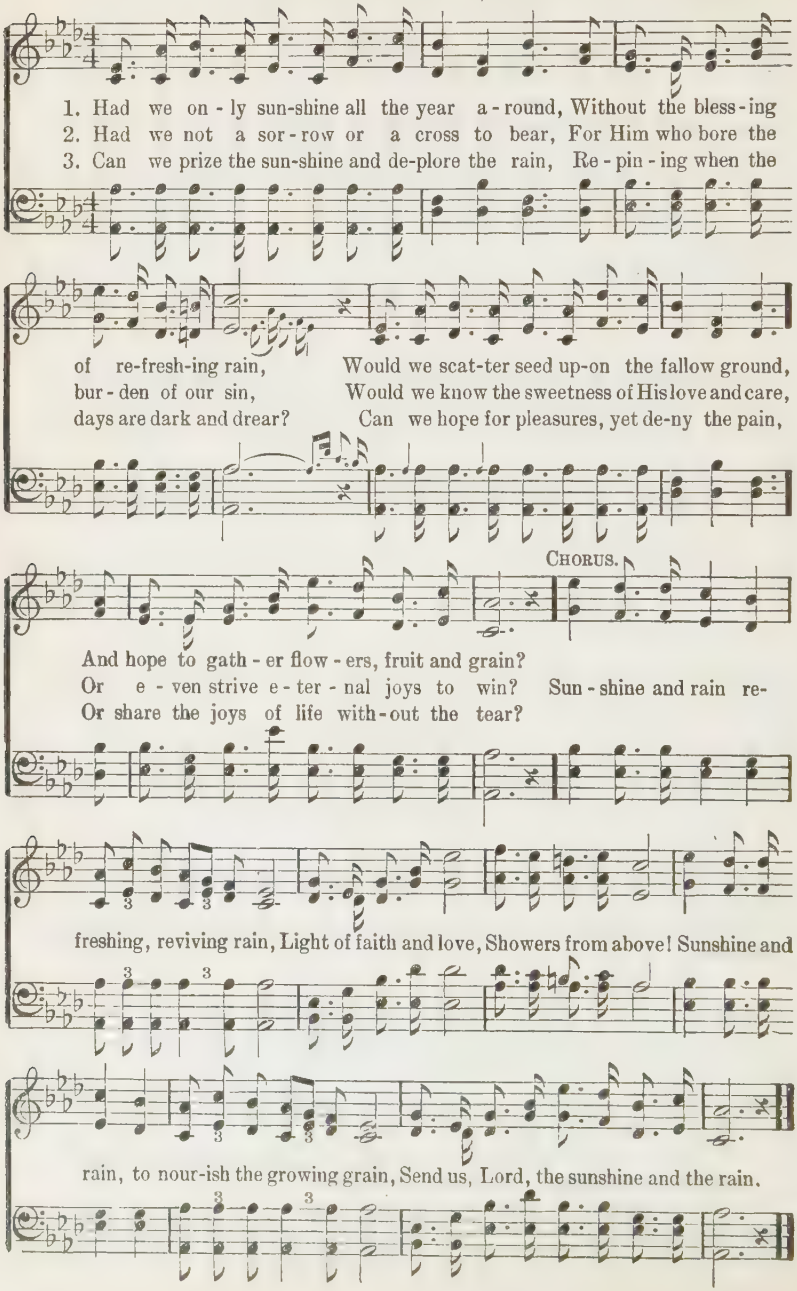
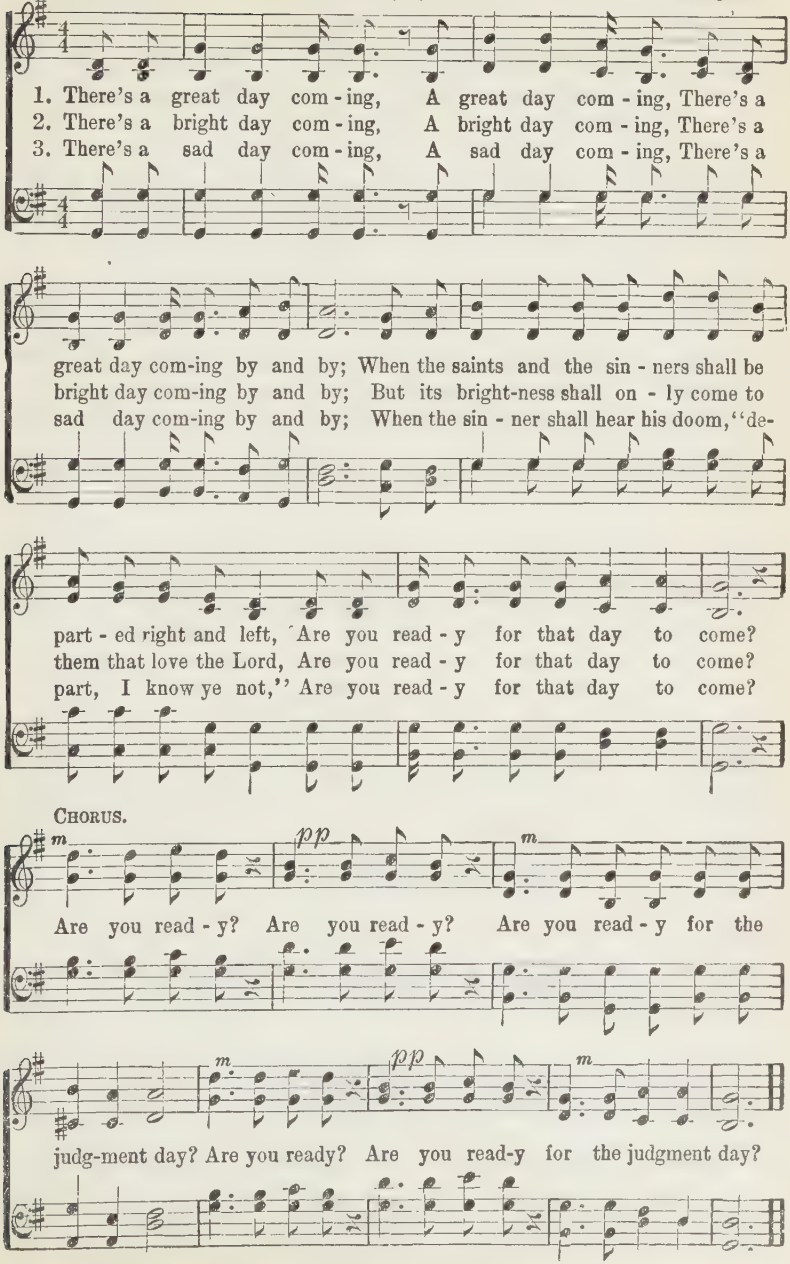
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a - round, Without the bless - ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3. Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
bur - den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun - shine and rain re-
Or share the joys of life with - out the tear?
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and
rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 43. There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T. USED BY PER W. L. THOMPSON & CO. EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND CHICAGO. **Will L. Thompson**

1. There's a great day com - ing, A great day com - ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com - ing, A bright day com - ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com - ing, A sad day com - ing, There's a
great day com-ing by and by; When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
bright day com-ing by and by; But its bright-ness shall on - ly come to
sad day com-ing by and by; When the sin - ner shall hear his doom, "de-
part - ed right and left, Are you read - y for that day to come?
them that love the Lord, Are you read - y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not," Are you read - y for that day to come?
CHORUS.
pp
Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are you read - y for the
judg-ment day? Are you ready? Are you read-y for the judgment day?

No. 44. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
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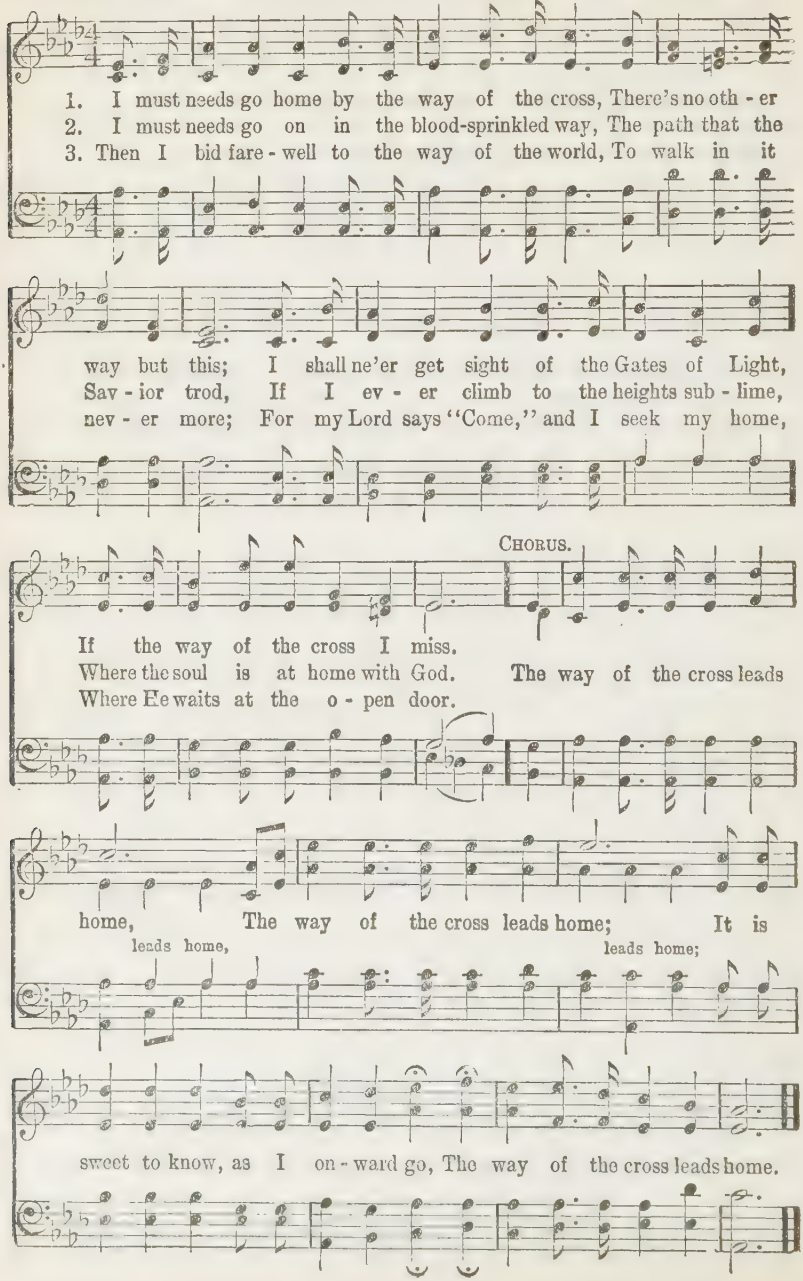
1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home, The way of the cross leads home; It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 45. I Want to Live Closer to Jesus.

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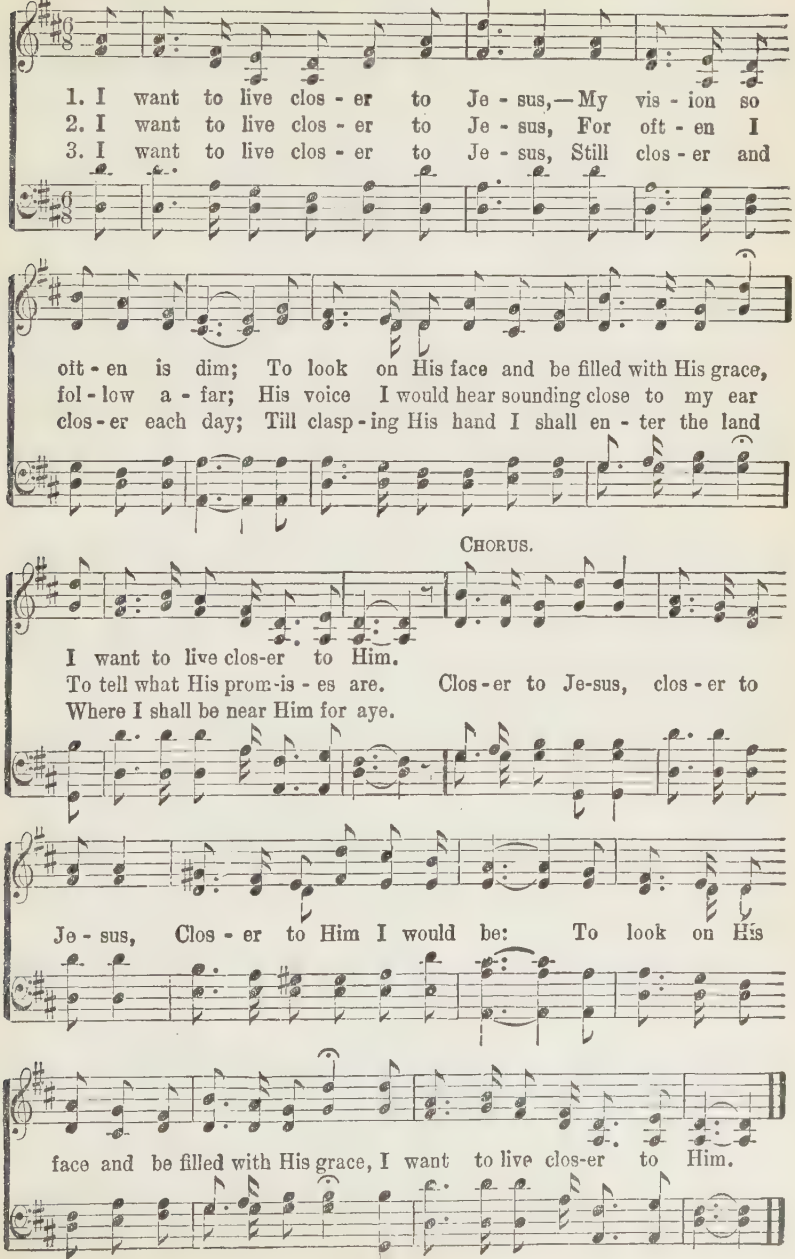
Jessie Brown Pounds. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus,—My vis - ion so
2. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, For oft - en I
3. I want to live clos - er to Je - sus, Still clos - er and
oft - en is dim; To look on His face and be filled with His grace,
fol - low a - far; His voice I would hear sounding close to my ear
clos - er each day; Till clasp - ing His hand I shall en - ter the land
CHORUS.
I want to live clos-er to Him.
To tell what His prom-is - es are. Clos - er to Je-sus, clos - er to
Where I shall be near Him for aye.
Je - sus, Clos - er to Him I would be: To look on His
face and be filled with His grace, I want to live clos-er to Him.

No. 46.

I Will Not Forget Thee.

C. H. G.

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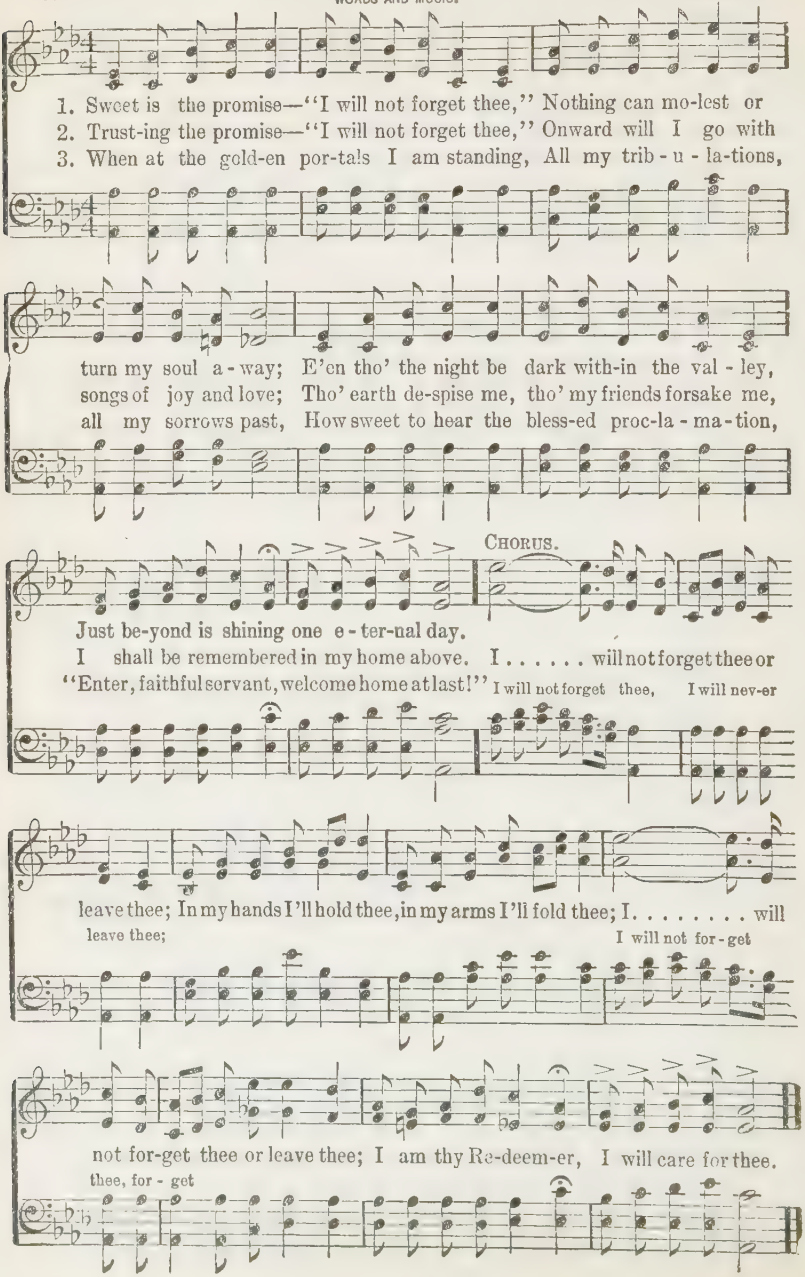
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Sweet is the promise—"I will not forget thee," Nothing can mo-lest or
2. Trust-ing the promise—"I will not forget thee," Onward will I go with
3. When at the gold-en por-tals I am standing, All my trib-u-la-tions,
turn my soul a-way; E'en tho' the night be dark with-in the val-ley,
songs of joy and love; Tho' earth de-spise me, tho' my friends forsake me,
all my sorrows past, How sweet to hear the bless-ed proc-la-ma-tion,
CHORUS.
Just be-yond is shining one e-ter-nal day.
I shall be remembered in my home above. I . . . . . will not forget thee or
"Enter, faithful servant, welcome home at last!" I will not forget thee, I will nev-er
leave thee; In my hands I'll hold thee, in my arms I'll fold thee; I. . . . . will
leave thee; I will not for-get
not for-get thee or leave thee; I am thy Re-deem-er, I will care for thee.
thee, for-get

No. 47. Will There be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

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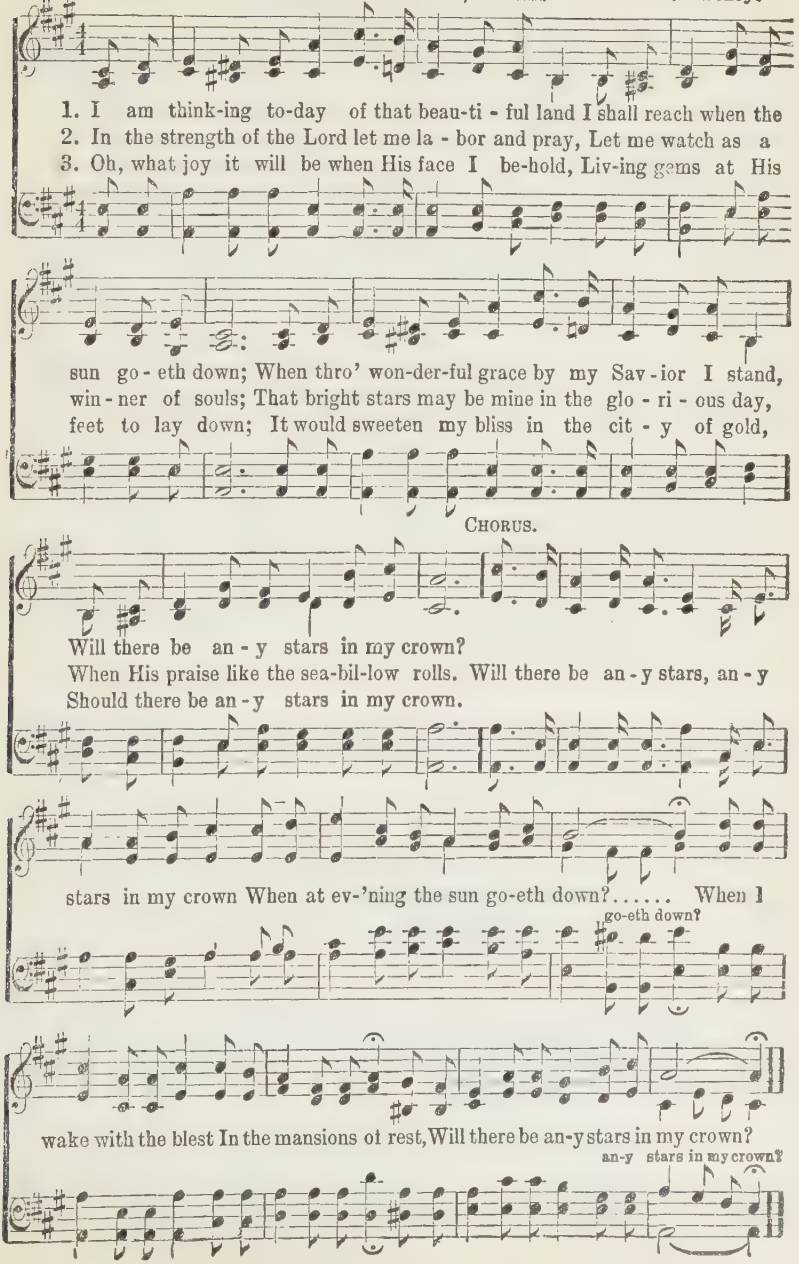
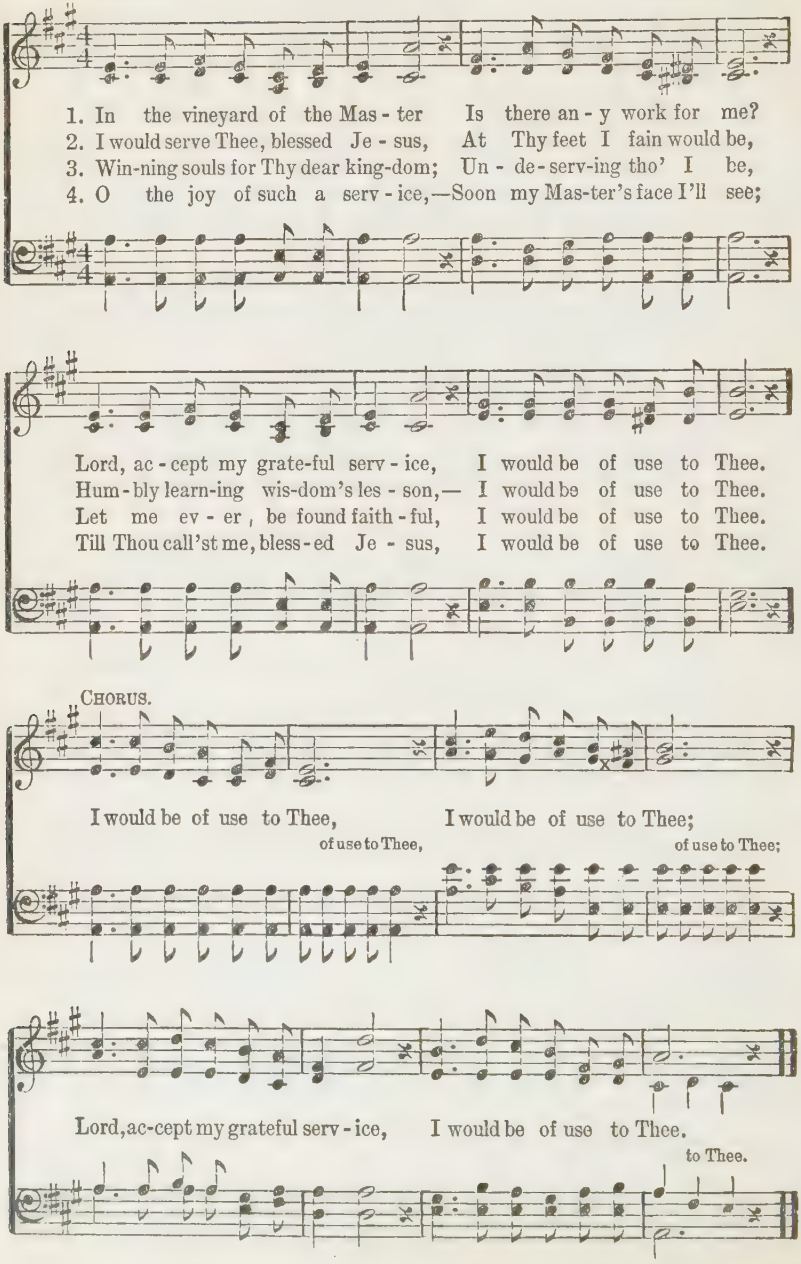
Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti - ful land I shall reach when the
sun go - eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav - ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me watch as a
win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo - ri - ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit - y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an - y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an - y stars, an - y
Should there be an - y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at ev-'ning the sun go-eth down?..... When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 48. I Would be of Use to Thee.

H. N. Lincoln. USED BY PERMISSION OF H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. F. A. Blackmer.

1. In the vineyard of the Mas - ter Is there an - y work for me?
2. I would serve Thee, blessed Je - sus, At Thy feet I fain would be,
3. Win-ning souls for Thy dear king-dom; Un - de-serv-ing tho' I be,
4. O the joy of such a serv - ice,—Soon my Mas-ter's face I'll see;
Lord, ac - cept my grate-ful serv - ice, I would be of use to Thee.
Hum - bly learn-ing wis-dom's les - son,— I would be of use to Thee.
Let me ev - er, be found faith - ful, I would be of use to Thee.
Till Thou call'st me, bless - ed Je - sus, I would be of use to Thee.
CHORUS.
I would be of use to Thee, I would be of use to Thee;
of use to Thee, of use to Thee;
Lord, ac-cept my grateful serv - ice, I would be of use to Thee.
to Thee.

No. 49. 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

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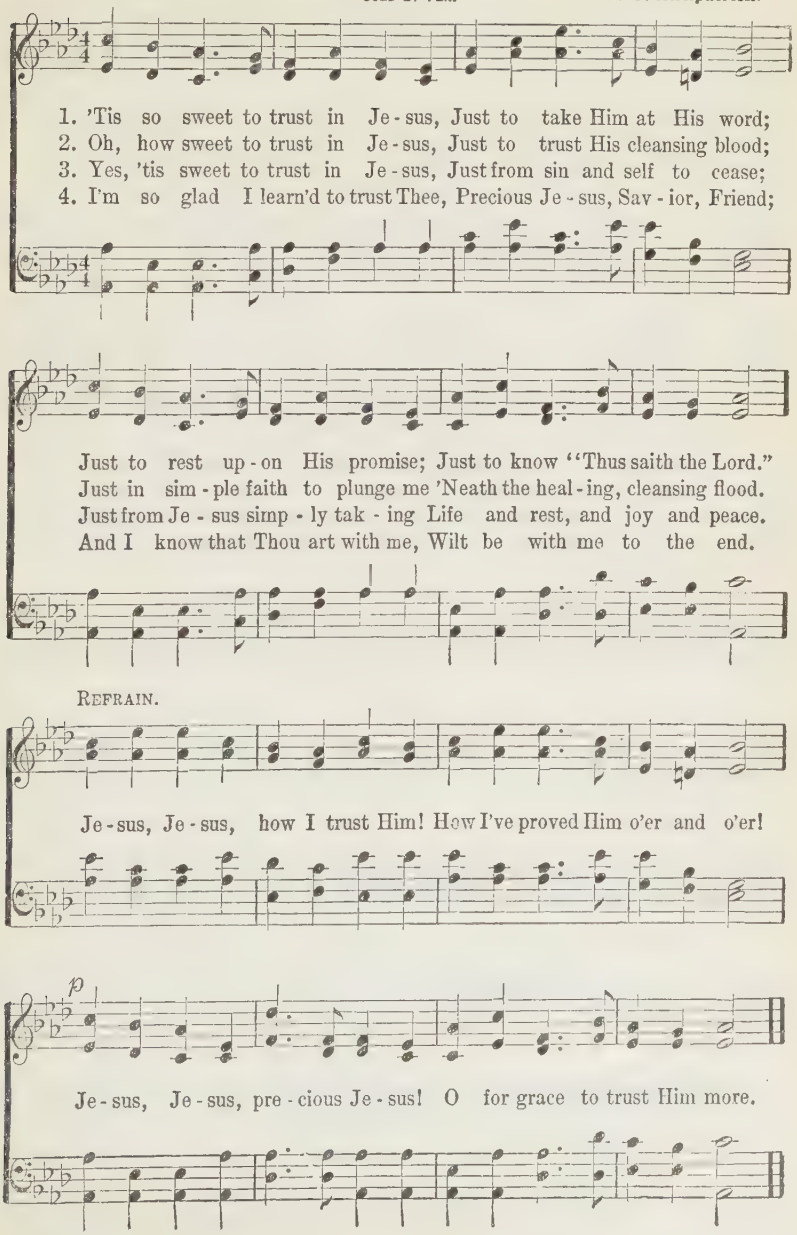
Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
2. Oh, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleansing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust Thee, Precious Je - sus, Sav - ior, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His promise; Just to know "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus simp - ly tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
REFRAIN.
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

No. 50. Just the Love of Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Wm. Edie Marks.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. What is mak-ing life so sweet and bright to me? Just the love of Je-sus,
2. What af-fords me shel-ter when the tempest sweeps? Just the love of Je-sus,
3. What will help me tri-umph in this earth-ly strife? Just the love of Je-sus,
4. What will lead me safe a-cross the si-lent sea? Just the love of Je-sus,

just the love of Je-sus! What has made my soul so peaceful, pure, and free?
just the love of Je-sus! What, from day to day, my soul from e-vil keeps?
just the love of Je-sus! What is more to me than wealth, or fame, or life?
just the love of Je-sus! What will be my song thro' all e-ter-ni-ty?

CHORUS.

Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior! Just the love of Je-sus,

O how sweet! Just the love of Je-sus makes my joy complete; What will guide my

soul to that safe re-treat? Just the love of Je-sus, my Sav-ior!

No. 51. Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

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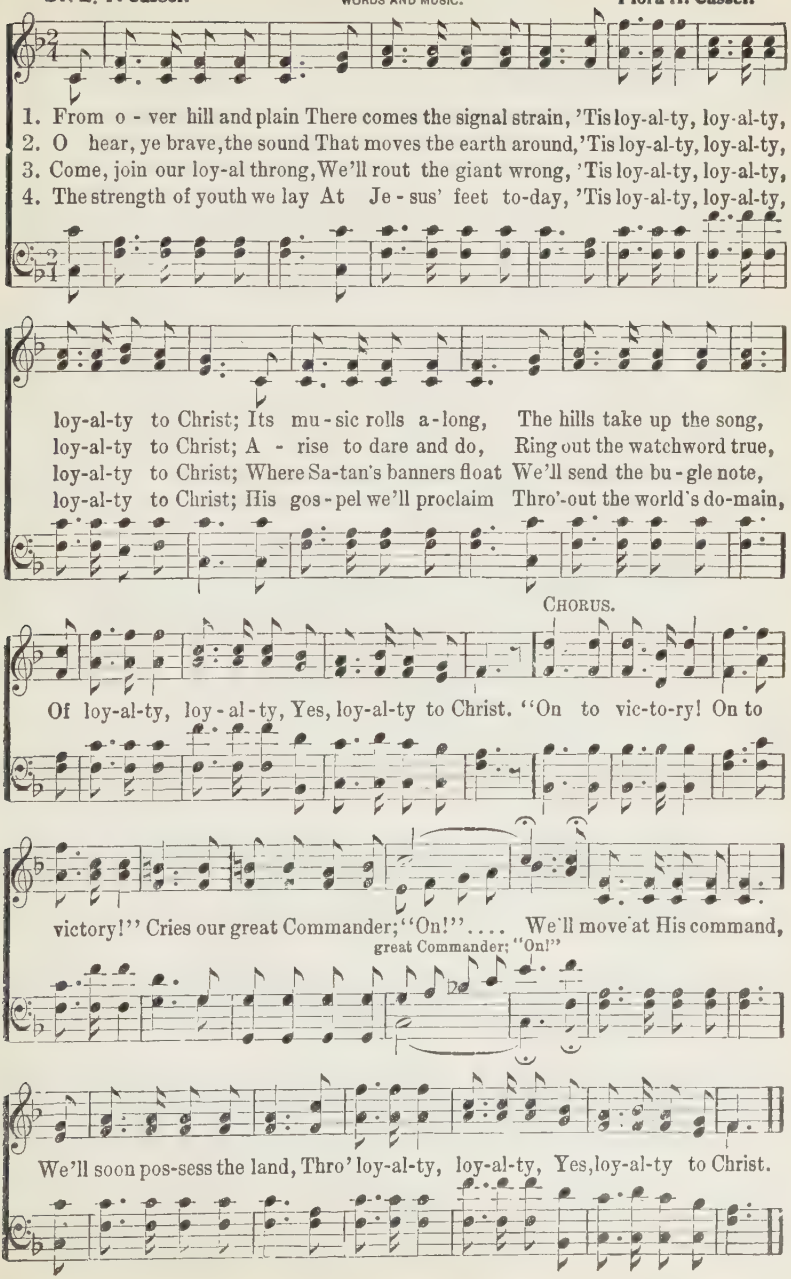
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.


1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loy-al throng, We'll rout the giant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je - sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy-al-ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watchword true,
loy-al-ty to Christ; Where Sa-tan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy-al-ty to Christ; His gos - pel we'll proclaim Thro'-out the world's do-main,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy - al - ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
victory!" Cries our great Commander; "On!" .... We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

No. 52. Living in the Sunshine.

Mrs. W. J. Kennedy.

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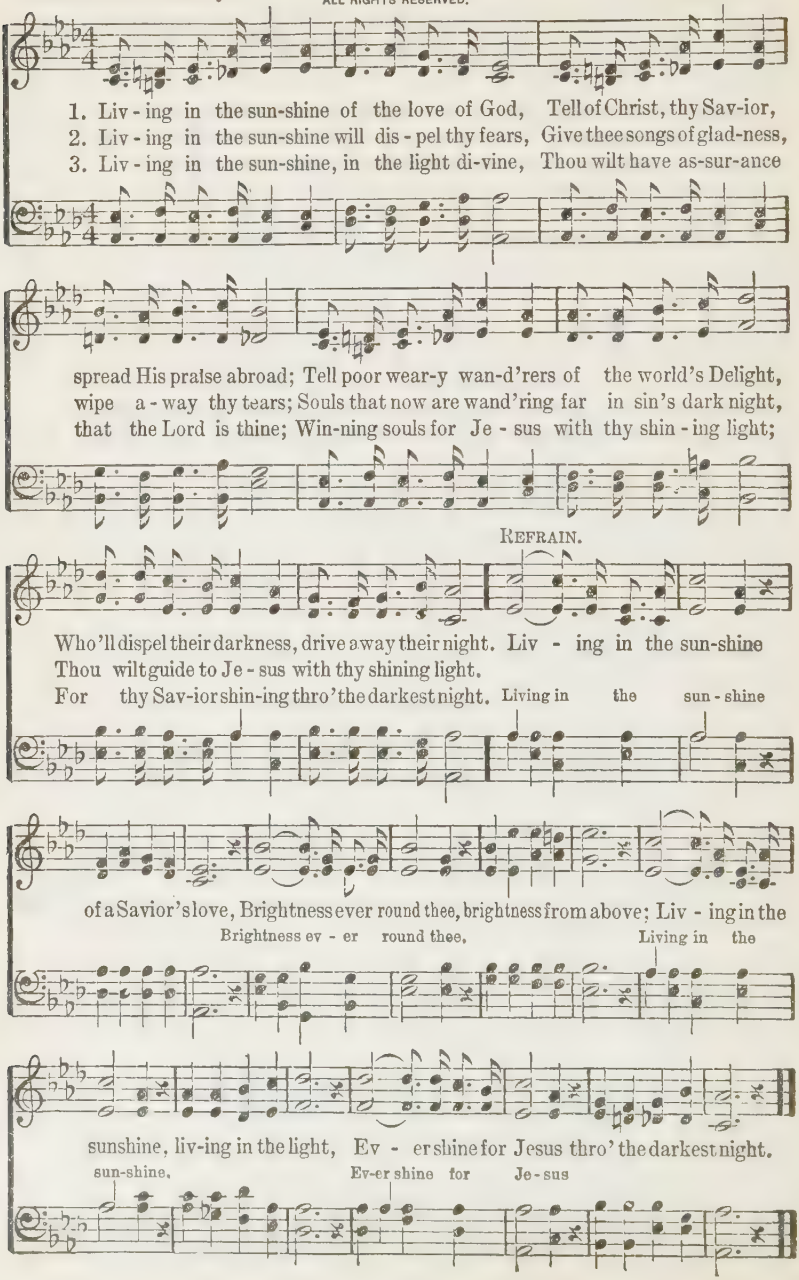
J. F. Connell.

1. Liv - ing in the sun-shine of the love of God, Tell of Christ, thy Sav-ior,
2. Liv - ing in the sun-shine will dis - pel thy fears, Give thee songs of glad-ness,
3. Liv - ing in the sun-shine, in the light di-vine, Thou wilt have as-sur-ance
spread His praise abroad; Tell poor wear-y wan-d'rers of the world's Delight,
wipe a - way thy tears; Souls that now are wand'ring far in sin's dark night,
that the Lord is thine; Win-ning souls for Je - sus with thy shin - ing light;
REFRAIN.
Who'll dispel their darkness, drive away their night. Liv - ing in the sun-shine
Thou wilt guide to Je - sus with thy shining light.
For thy Sav-ior shin-ing thro' the darkest night. Living in the sun - shine
of a Savior's love, Brightness ever round thee, brightness from above; Liv - ing in the
Brightness ev - er round thee, Living in the
sunshine, liv-ing in the light, Ev - er shine for Jesus thro' the darkest night.
sun-shine. Ev-er shine for Je-sus

No. 53. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

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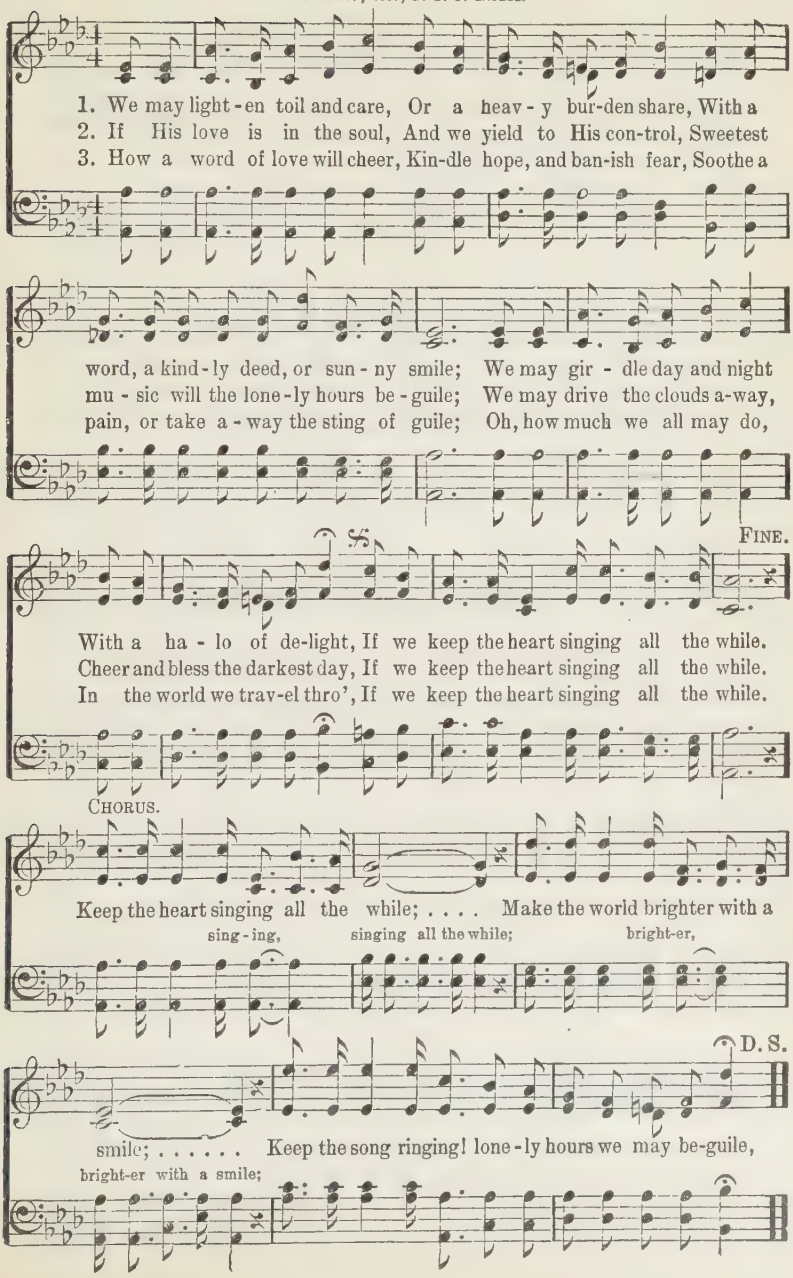
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while; . . . . Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing,
singing all the while;
bright-er,
D. S.
smile; . . . . . Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

No. 54. Nothing Satisfies but Jesus.

C. H. M.

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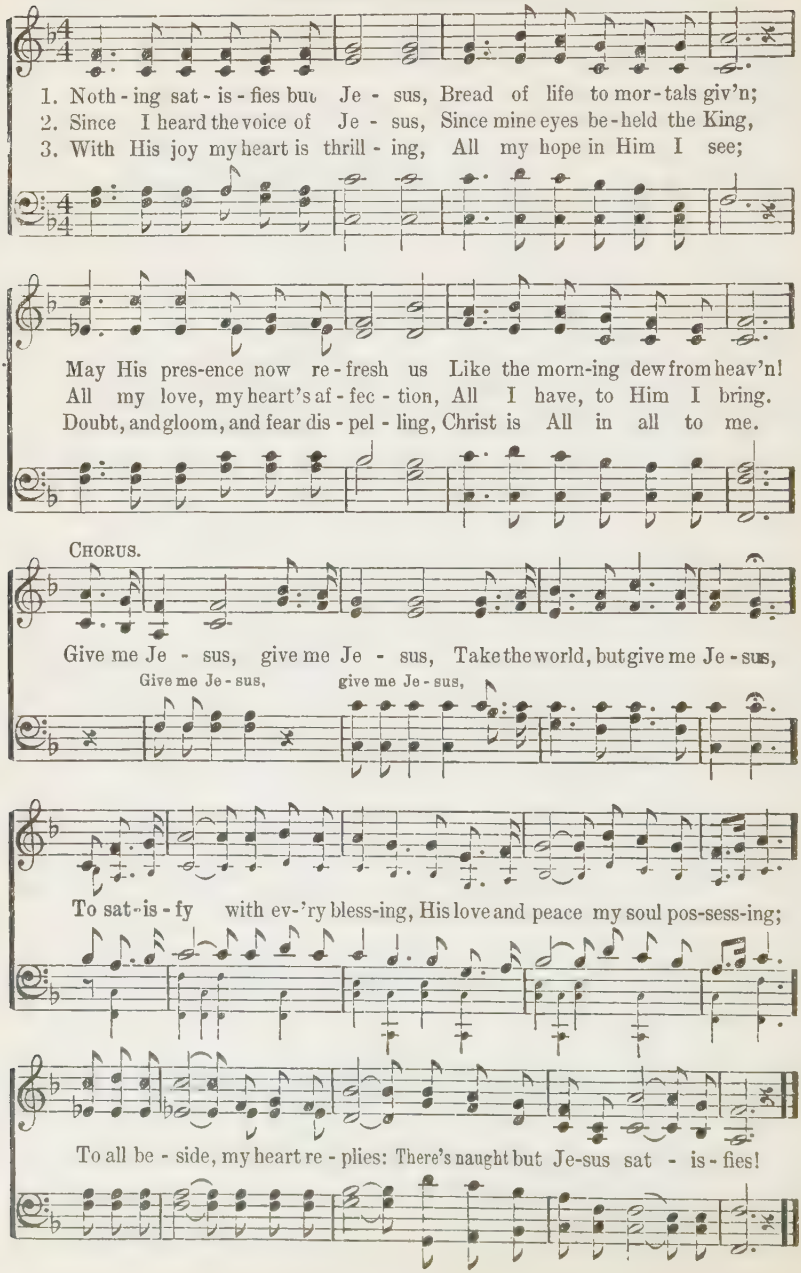
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Bread of life to mor - tals giv'n;
2. Since I heard the voice of Je - sus, Since mine eyes be - held the King,
3. With His joy my heart is thrill - ing, All my hope in Him I see;
May His pres-ence now re - fresh us Like the morn-ing dew from heav'n!
All my love, my heart's af - fec - tion, All I have, to Him I bring.
Doubt, and gloom, and fear dis - pel - ling, Christ is All in all to me.
Chorus.
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus, Take the world, but give me Je - sus,
Give me Je - sus, give me Je - sus,
To sat - is - fy with ev - 'ry bless-ing, His love and peace my soul pos-sess-ing;
To all be - side, my heart re - plies: There's naught but Je-sus sat - is - fies!

No. 55. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

W. A. O.

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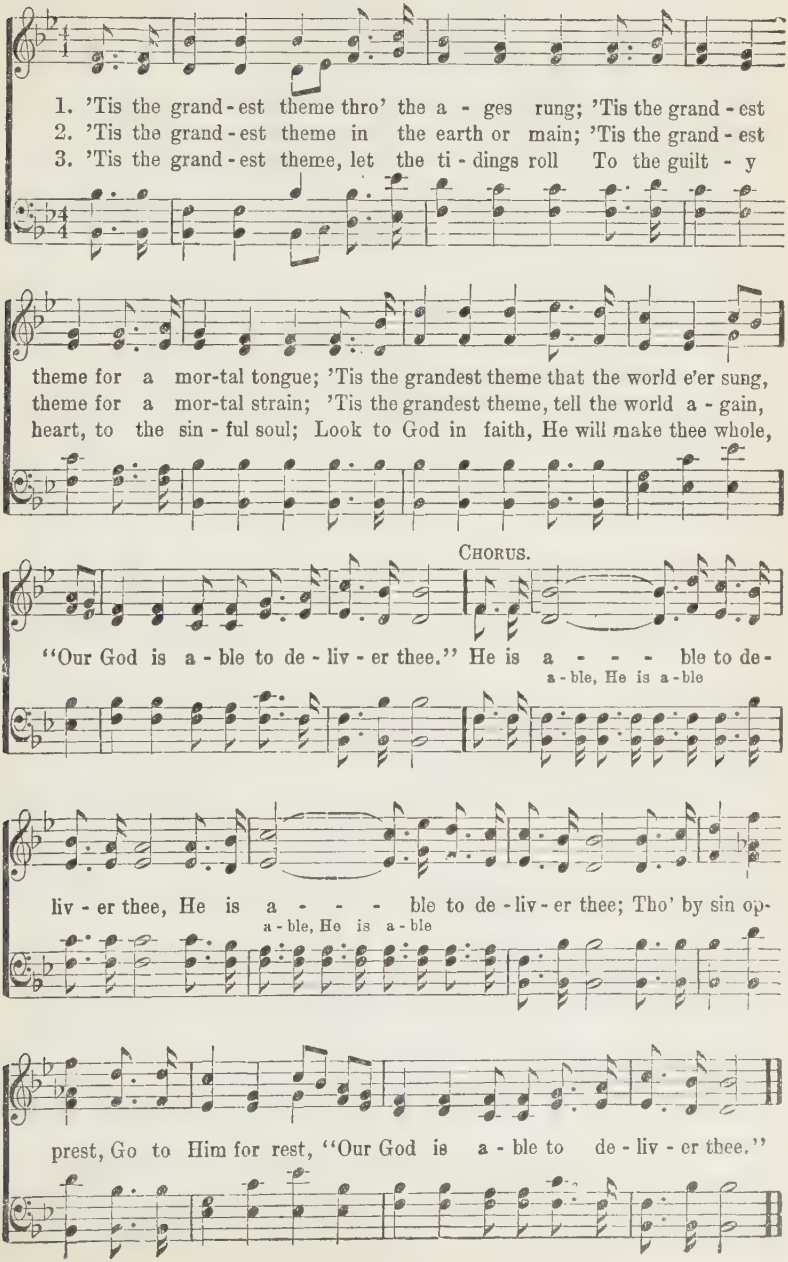
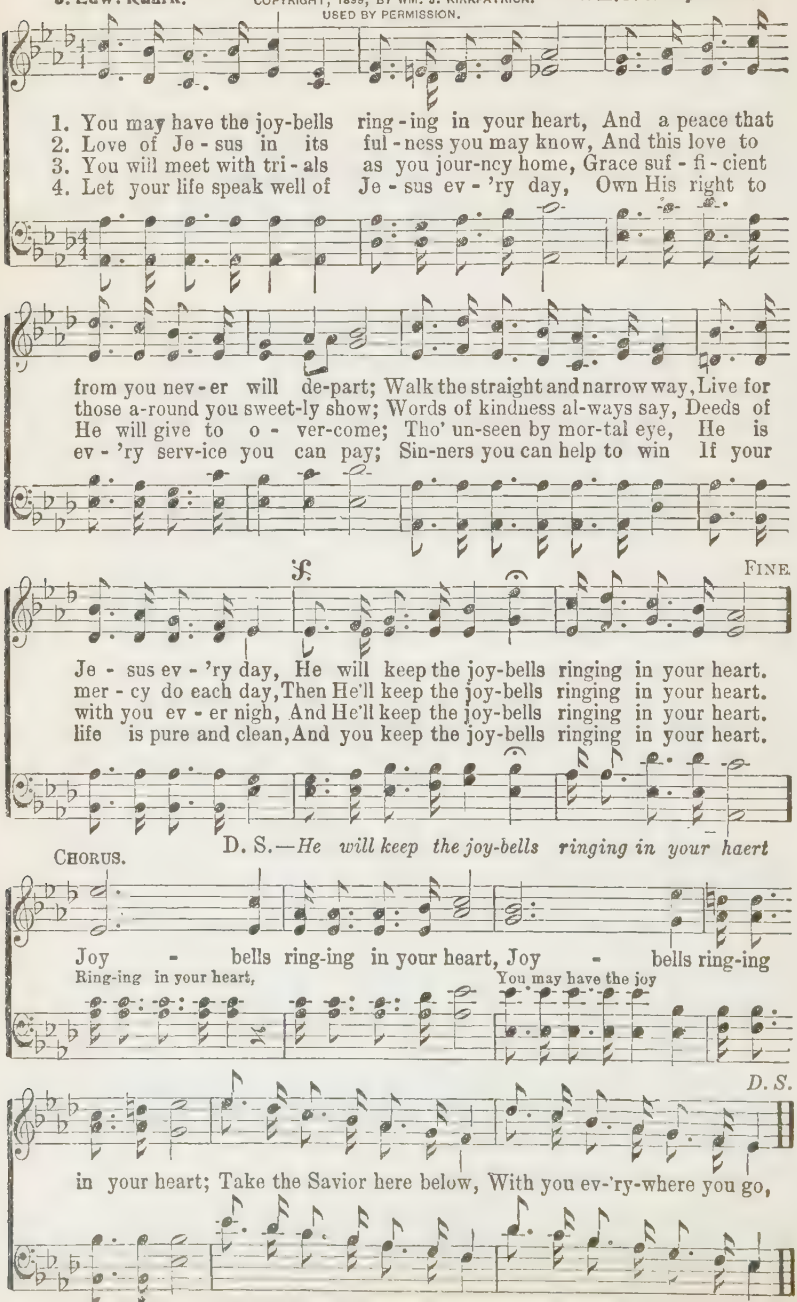
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.

1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y
theme for a mor-tal tongue; 'Tis the grandest theme that the world e'er sung,
theme for a mor-tal strain; 'Tis the grandest theme, tell the world a - gain,
heart, to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,
CHORUS.
"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de -
a - ble, He is a - ble
liv - er thee, He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-
a - ble, He is a - ble
prest, Go to Him for rest, "Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee."

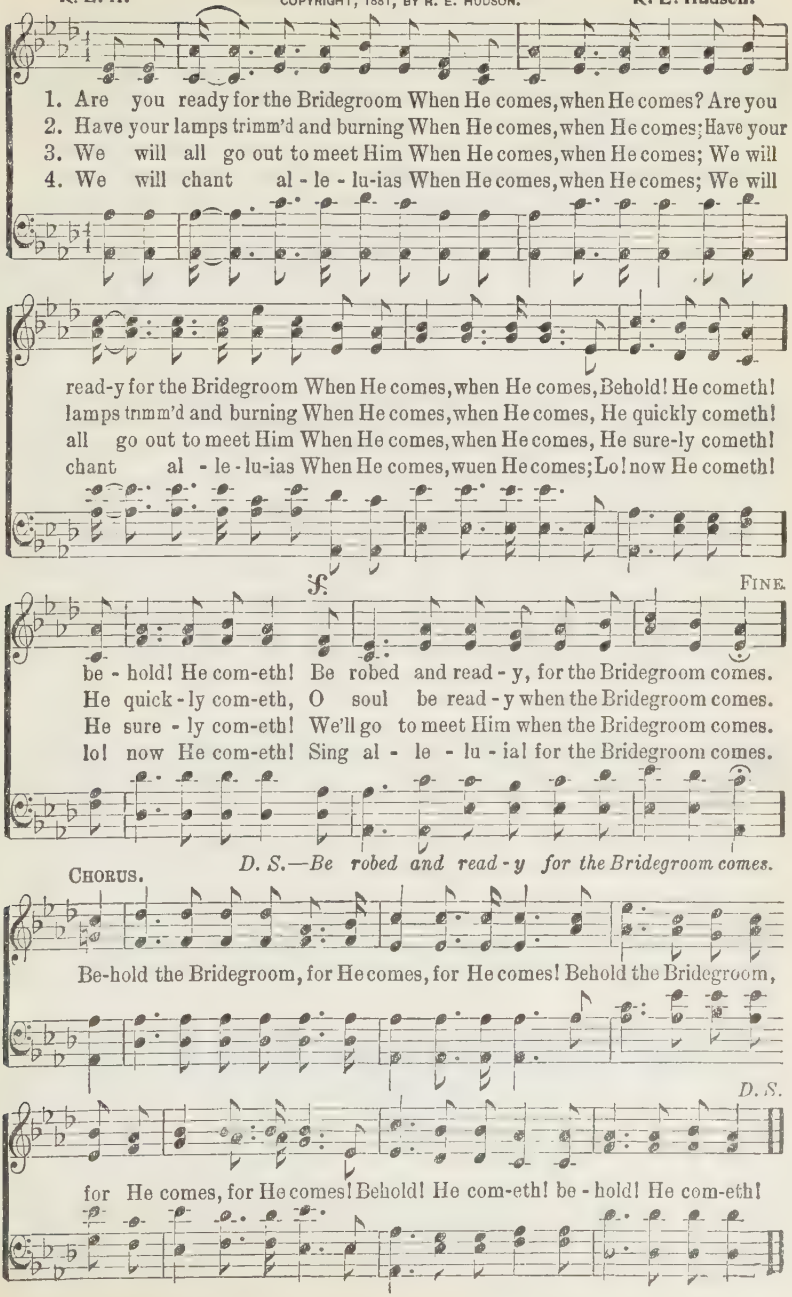
No. 56. You May Have the Joybells.

J. Edw. Ruark. COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. You may have the joy-bells ring-ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je-sus in its ful-ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri-als as you jour-ney home, Grace suf-fi-cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je-sus ev-'ry day, Own His right to
from you nev-er will de-part; Walk the straight and narrow way, Live for
those a-round you sweet-ly show; Words of kindness al-ways say, Deeds of
He will give to o-ver-come; Tho' un-seen by mor-tal eye, He is
ev-'ry serv-ice you can pay; Sin-ners you can help to win If your
Fine
Je-sus ev-'ry day, He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
mer-cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
with you ev-er nigh, And He'll keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
life is pure and clean, And you keep the joy-bells ringing in your heart.
D. S.—He will keep the joy-bells ringing in your haert
Chorus.
Joy - bells ring-ing in your heart, Joy - bells ring-ing
Ring-ing in your heart, You may have the joy
D. S.
in your heart; Take the Savior here below, With you ev-'ry-where you go,

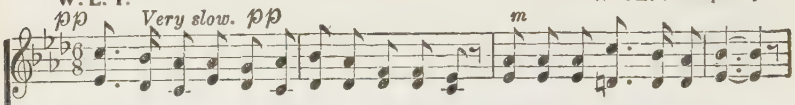
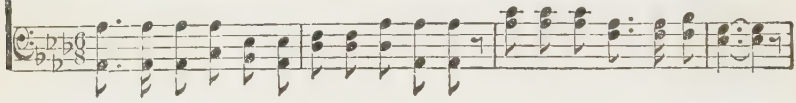
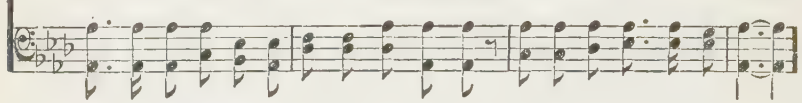
No. 57. Behold the Bridegroom.

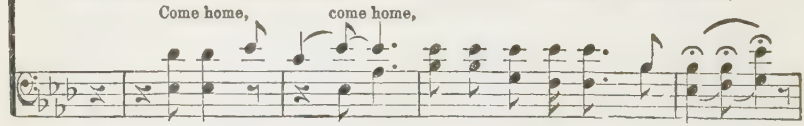
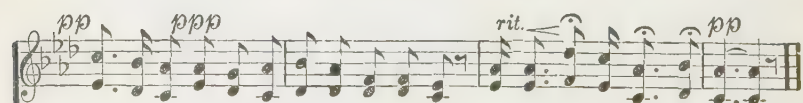
R. E. H. COPYRIGHT, 1881, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.

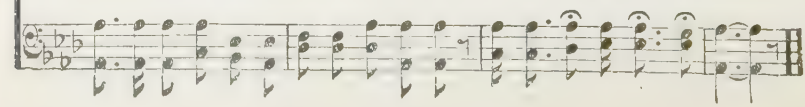

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes? Are you
2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes; Have your
3. We will all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes; We will
4. We will chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, when He comes; We will
read-y for the Bridegroom When He comes, when He comes, Behold! He cometh!
lamps trimm'd and burning When He comes, when He comes, He quickly cometh!
all go out to meet Him When He comes, when He comes, He sure-ly cometh!
chant al - le - lu-ias When He comes, wuen He comes; Lo! now He cometh!
f.
FINE.
be - hold! He com-eth! Be robed and read - y, for the Bridegroom comes.
He quick - ly com-eth, O soul be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
He sure - ly com-eth! We'll go to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes.
lo! now He com-eth! Sing al - le - lu - ia! for the Bridegroom comes.
D. S.—Be robed and read - y for the Bridegroom comes.
CHORUS.
Be-hold the Bridegroom, for He comes, for He comes! Behold the Bridegroom,
D. S.
for He comes, for He comes! Behold! He com-eth! be - hold! He com-eth!

No. 58. Softly and Tenderly.

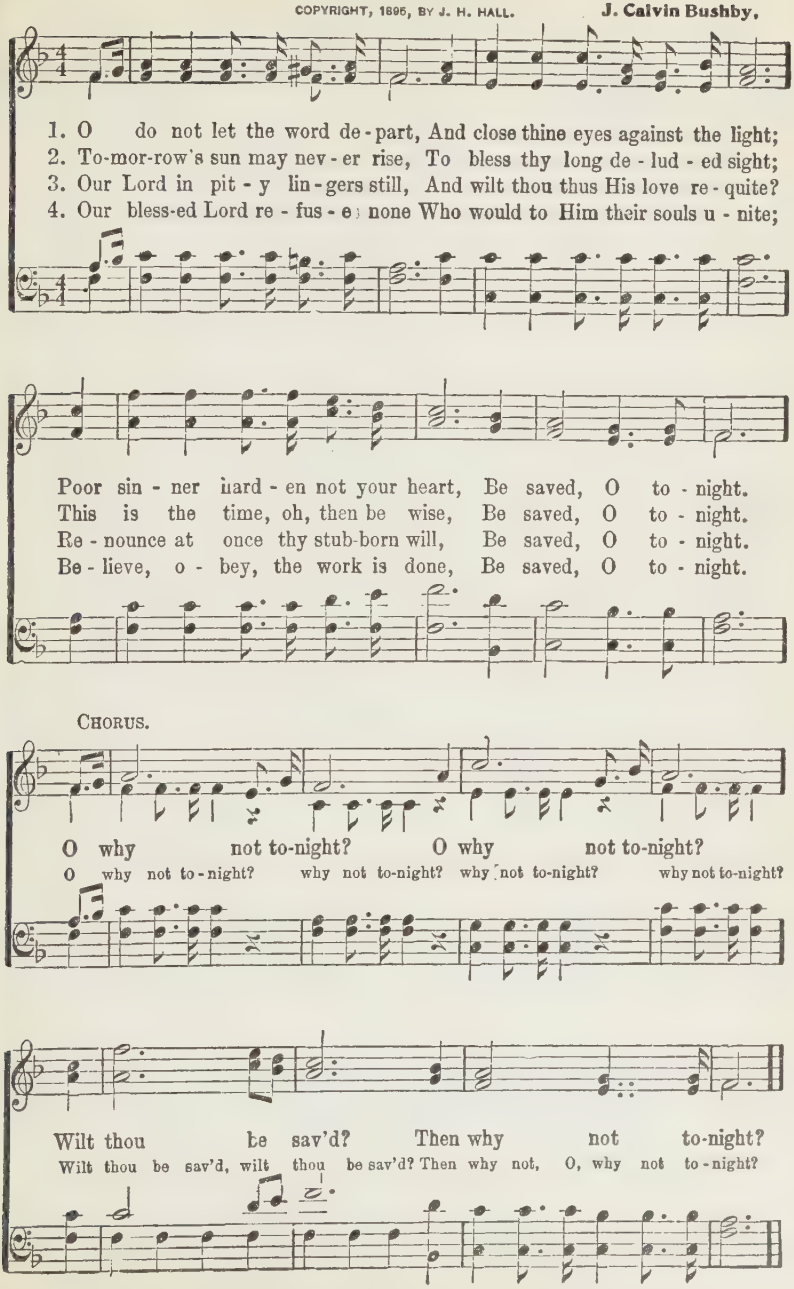
BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death beds are com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
Come home, come home,



Ear-nest - ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin - ner, come home!

No. 59. O Why Not To-night?

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY J. H. HALL.

J. Calvin Bushby.

1. O do not let the word de - part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lud - ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin - gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re - quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;
Poor sin - ner hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.
CHORUS.
O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?
Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O, why not to-night?

No. 60. Rejoice! Rejoice! the Lost is Found.

Written expressly for E. O. Excell.

F. L. B. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Frank L. Bristow.

1. Joy - ful - ly march a - long, and shout the song To the earth's re-mot-est
2. Wan-der-er, far a - way from love to - day, In the sea of sin so
3. Joy - ful - ly an - gels bring the sig - net ring Of a Fa-ther's pard'ning
4. Heav-en-ly home! sweet home! we soon shall roam Thro' thy realm of beauty

bound, "Sal-va-tion's come, the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found;"
low, A call from home now bids you "come," A - rise and say "I'll go;"
grace, And roy - al fare, they now pre - pare, Be - fore His smil-ing face,
rare, With an-gel throng, join in the song Of joy be - yond com-pare.

f. *Sing in unison except the D. S.* FINE.

Re - joice! re - joice! with heart and voice; Re - peat the wel - come sound!
A crown of life is wait - ing there, And rai - ment white as snow!
A - way with fears! a - way with tears! Re - ceive His fond em - brace!
"Re-deem - er!" "King" for - ev - er sing The loved ones gath - ered there!

D. S.—*Sal-va - tion's come! the wand'rer's home, The lost one now is found!*

CHORUS. D. S.

With songs of joy, Your tongues employ, And repeat the wel - come sound;

No. 61. As a Volunteer.

W. S. Brown.

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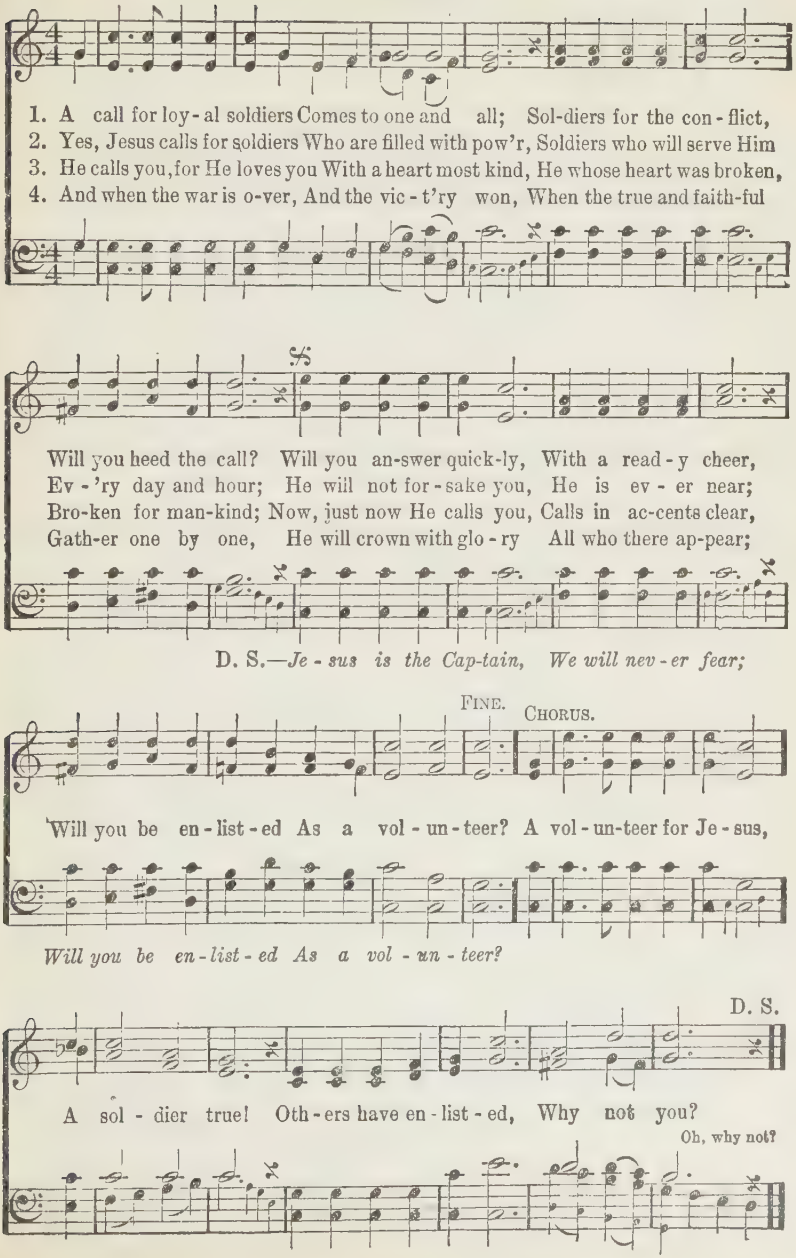
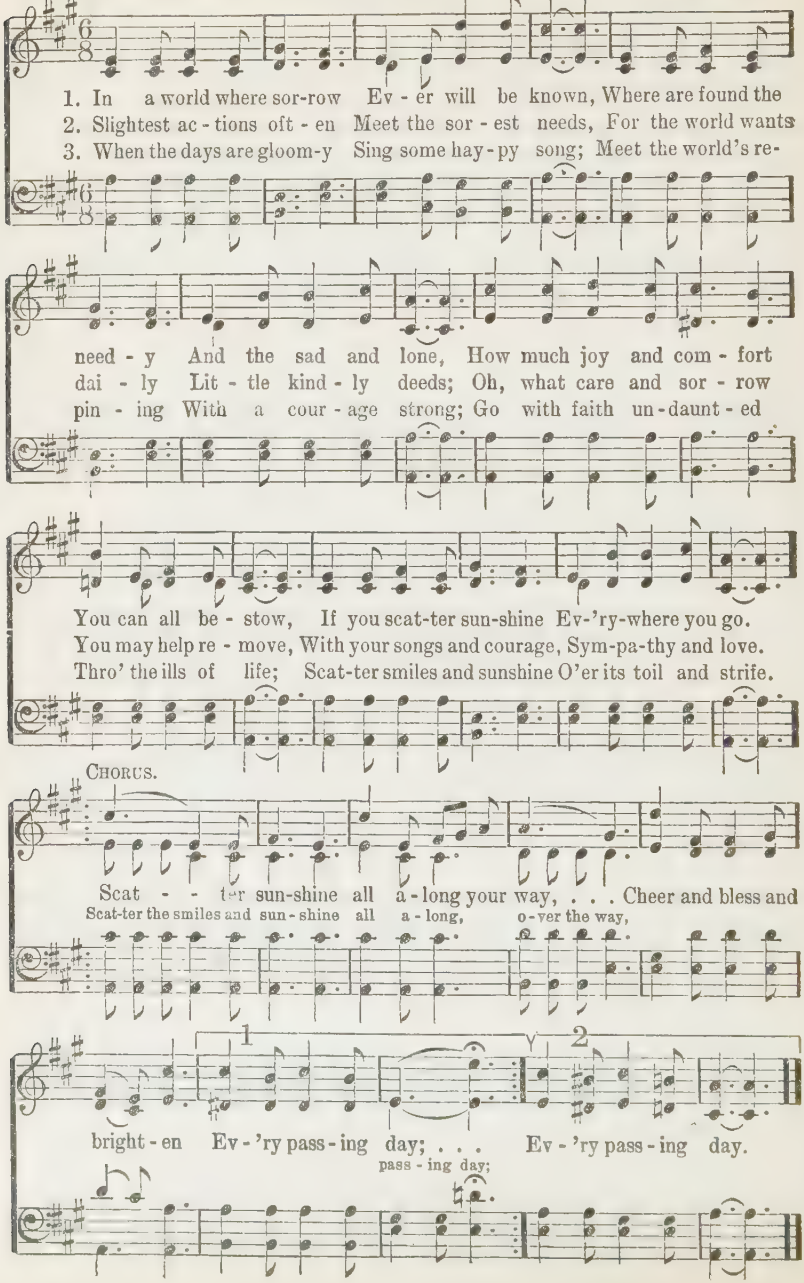
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A call for loy-al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con-flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic-t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful
Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read-y cheer,
Ev-'ry day and hour; He will not for-sake you, He is ev-er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo-ry All who there ap-pear;
D. S.—Je-sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev-er fear;
FINE.
CHORUS.
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer? A vol-un-teer for Je-sus,
Will you be en-list-ed As a vol-un-teer?
D. S.
A sol-dier true! Oth-ers have en-list-ed, Why not you?
Oh, why not?

No. 62. Scatter Sunshine.

Lanta Wilson Smith. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. In a world where sor-row Ev - er will be known, Where are found the
2. Slightest ac - tions oft - en Meet the sor - est needs, For the world wants
3. When the days are gloom-y Sing some hay - py song; Meet the world's re-
need - y And the sad and lone, How much joy and com - fort
dai - ly Lit - tle kind - ly deeds; Oh, what care and sor - row
pin - ing With a cour - age strong; Go with faith un - daunt - ed
You can all be - stow, If you scat-ter sun-shine Ev-'ry-where you go.
You may help re - move, With your songs and courage, Sym-pa-thy and love.
Thro' the ills of life; Scat-ter smiles and sunshine O'er its toil and strife.
CHORUS.
Scat - - ter sun-shine all a - long your way, . . . Cheer and bless and
Scat-ter the smiles and sun - shine all a - long, o - ver the way,
1
2
bright - en Ev - 'ry pass - ing day; . . . Ev - 'ry pass - ing day.
pass - ing day;

No. 63. The Field is the World.

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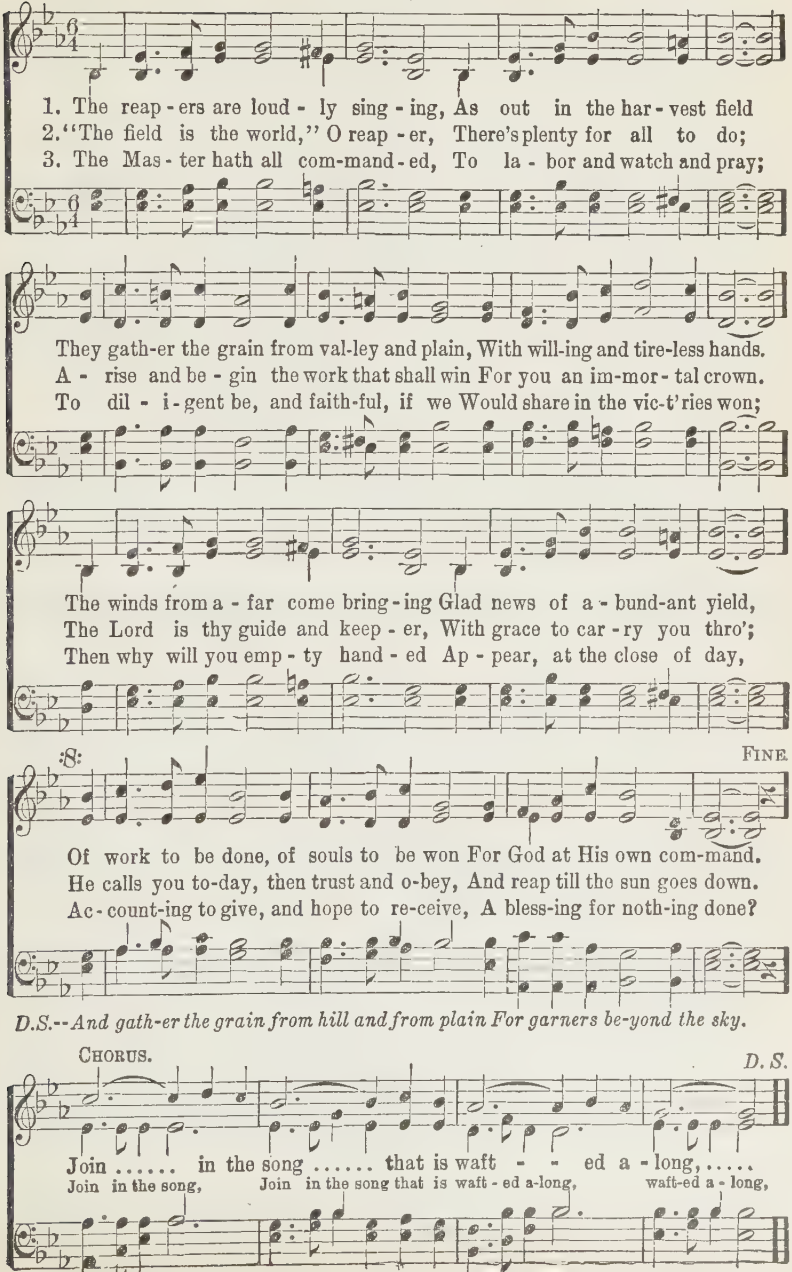
C. H. G. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. The reap - ers are loud - ly sing - ing, As out in the har - vest field
2. "The field is the world," O reap - er, There's plenty for all to do;
3. The Mas - ter hath all com-mand - ed, To la - bor and watch and pray;
They gath-er the grain from val-ley and plain, With will-ing and tire-less hands.
A - rise and be - gin the work that shall win For you an im-mor - tal crown.
To dil - i - gent be, and faith-ful, if we Would share in the vic-t'ries won;
The winds from a - far come bring - ing Glad news of a - bund-ant yield,
The Lord is thy guide and keep - er, With grace to car - ry you thro';
Then why will you emp - ty hand - ed Ap - pear, at the close of day,
:S:
FINE.
Of work to be done, of souls to be won For God at His own com-mand.
He calls you to-day, then trust and o-bey, And reap till the sun goes down.
Ac - count-ing to give, and hope to re-ceive, A bless-ing for noth-ing done?
D.S.--And gath-er the grain from hill and from plain For garners be-yond the sky.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Join ..... in the song ..... that is waft - - ed a - long, ...
Join in the song, Join in the song that is waft - ed a-long, waft-ed a - long,

No. 64. Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt.

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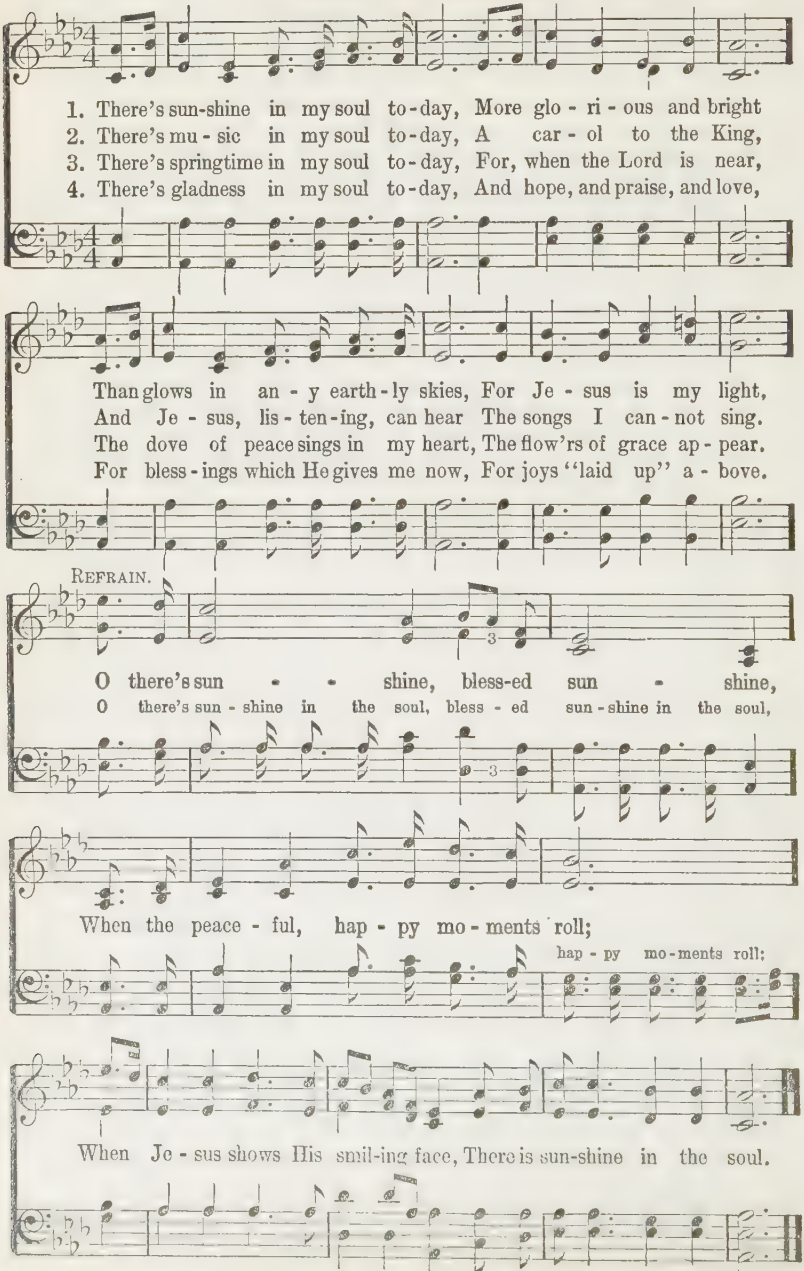
Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's sun-shine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to the King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For, when the Lord is near,
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,
Than glows in an - y earth - ly skies, For Je - sus is my light,
And Je - sus, lis - ten - ing, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap - pear.
For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.
REFRAIN.
O there's sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - shine,
O there's sun - shine in the soul, bless - ed sun - shine in the soul,
When the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
hap - py mo - ments roll;
When Je - sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in the soul.

No. 65. The Savior's Smile.

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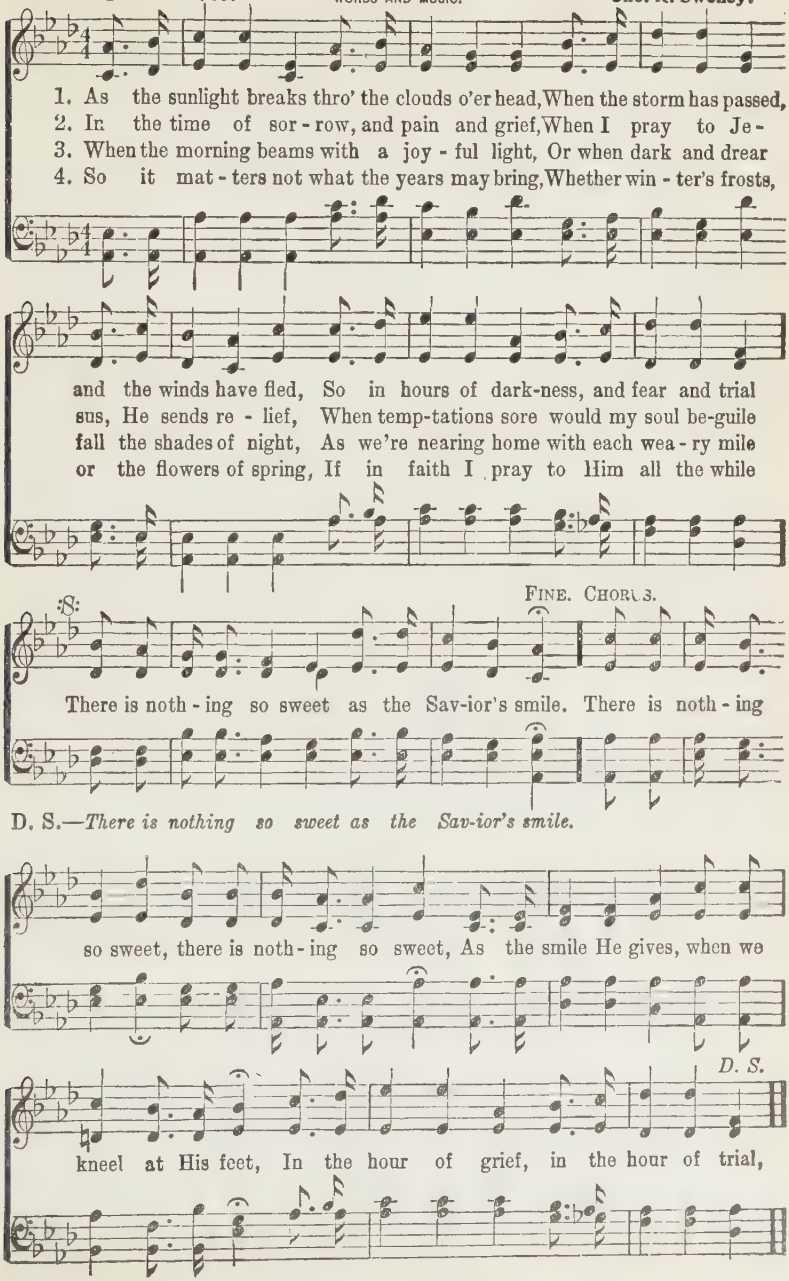
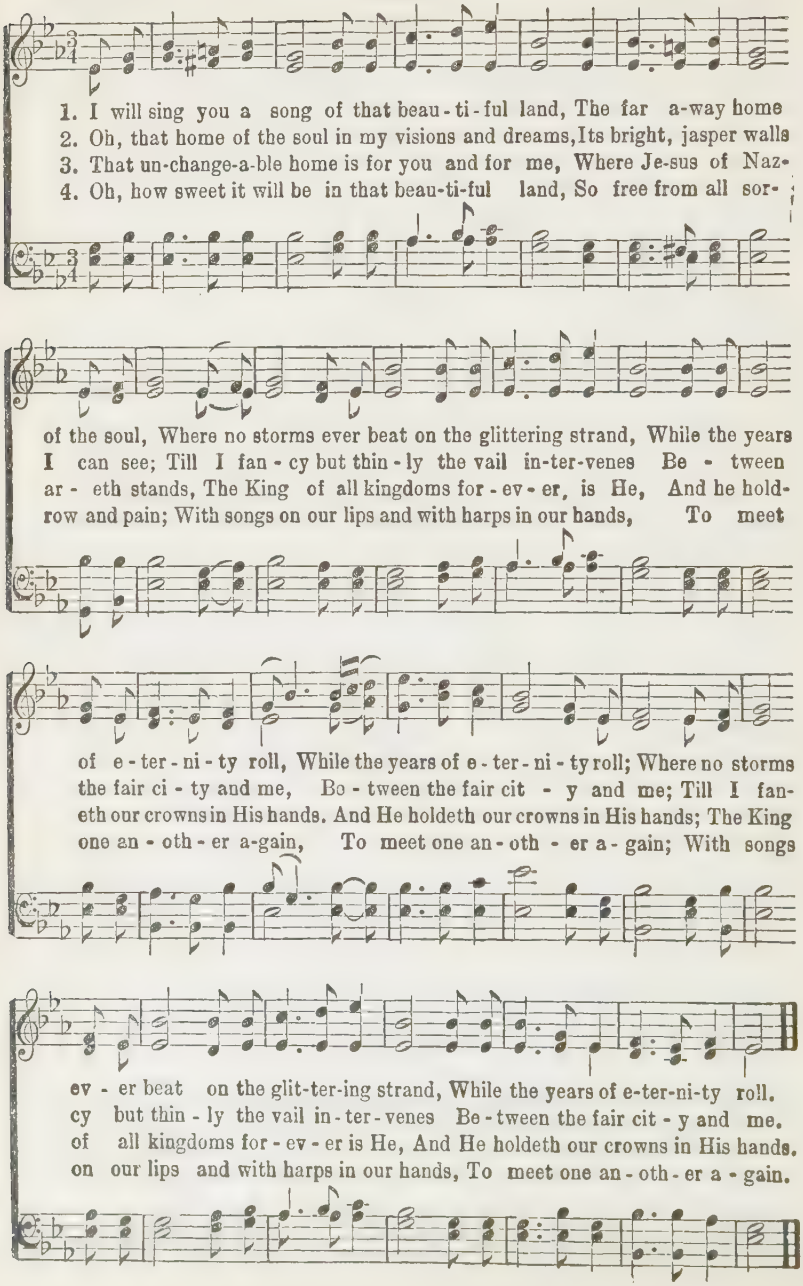
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. As the sunlight breaks thro' the clouds o'er head, When the storm has passed,
2. In the time of sor - row, and pain and grief, When I pray to Je -
3. When the morning beams with a joy - ful light, Or when dark and drear
4. So it mat - ters not what the years may bring, Whether win - ter's frosts,
and the winds have fled, So in hours of dark-ness, and fear and trial
sus, He sends re - lief, When temp-tations sore would my soul be-guile
fall the shades of night, As we're nearing home with each wea - ry mile
or the flowers of spring, If in faith I pray to Him all the while
FINE. CHORUS.
There is noth - ing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile. There is noth - ing
D. S.—There is nothing so sweet as the Sav-ior's smile.
so sweet, there is noth - ing so sweet, As the smile He gives, when we
D. S.
kneel at His feet, In the hour of grief, in the hour of trial,

No. 66. Home of the Soul.

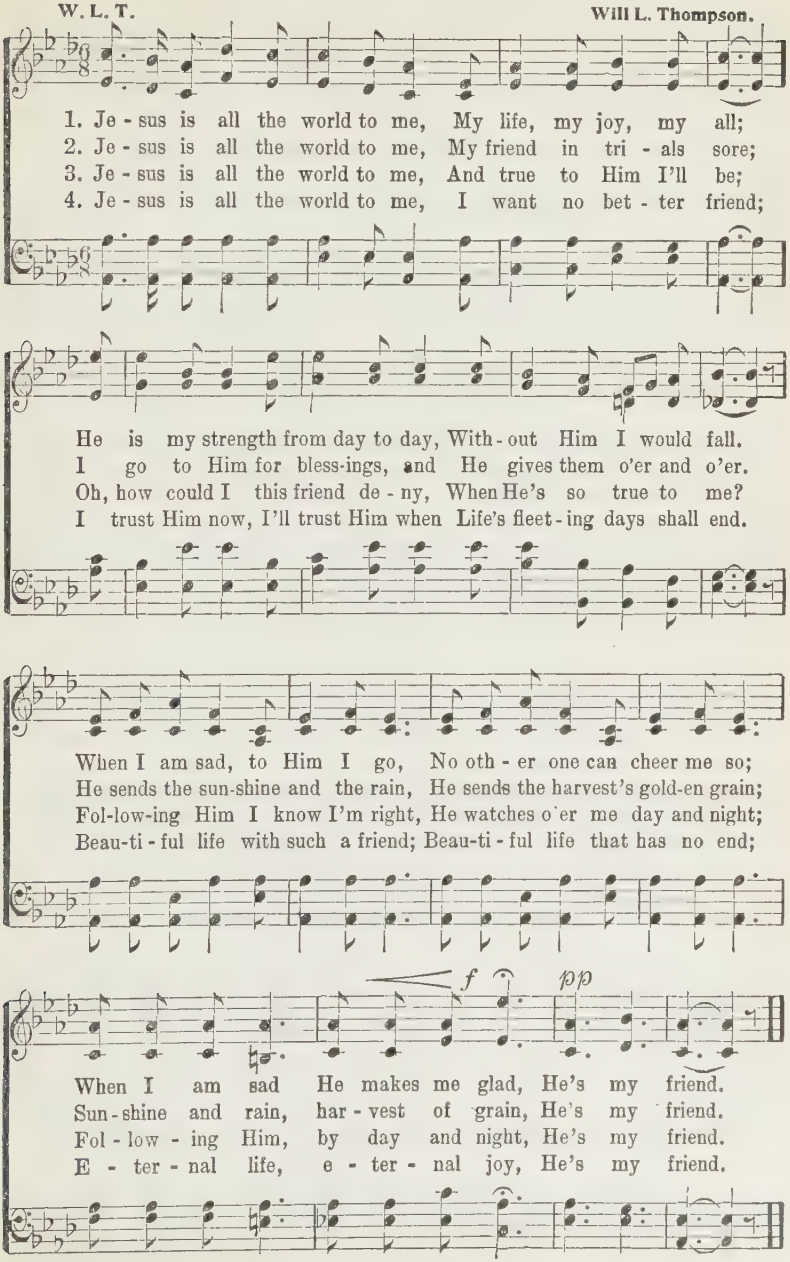
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. BY PERMISSION. Philip Phillips.


1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a-way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls
3. That un-change-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-
of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
I can see; Till I fan-cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween
ar-eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for-ev-er, is He, And he hold-
row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet
of e-ter-ni-ty roll, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll; Where no storms
the fair ci-ty and me, Be-tween the fair cit-y and me; Till I fan-
eth our crowns in His hands. And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
one an-oth-er a-gain, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain; With songs
ev-er beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll.
cy but thin-ly the vail in-ter-venes Be-tween the fair cit-y and me.
of all kingdoms for-ev-er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an-oth-er a-gain.

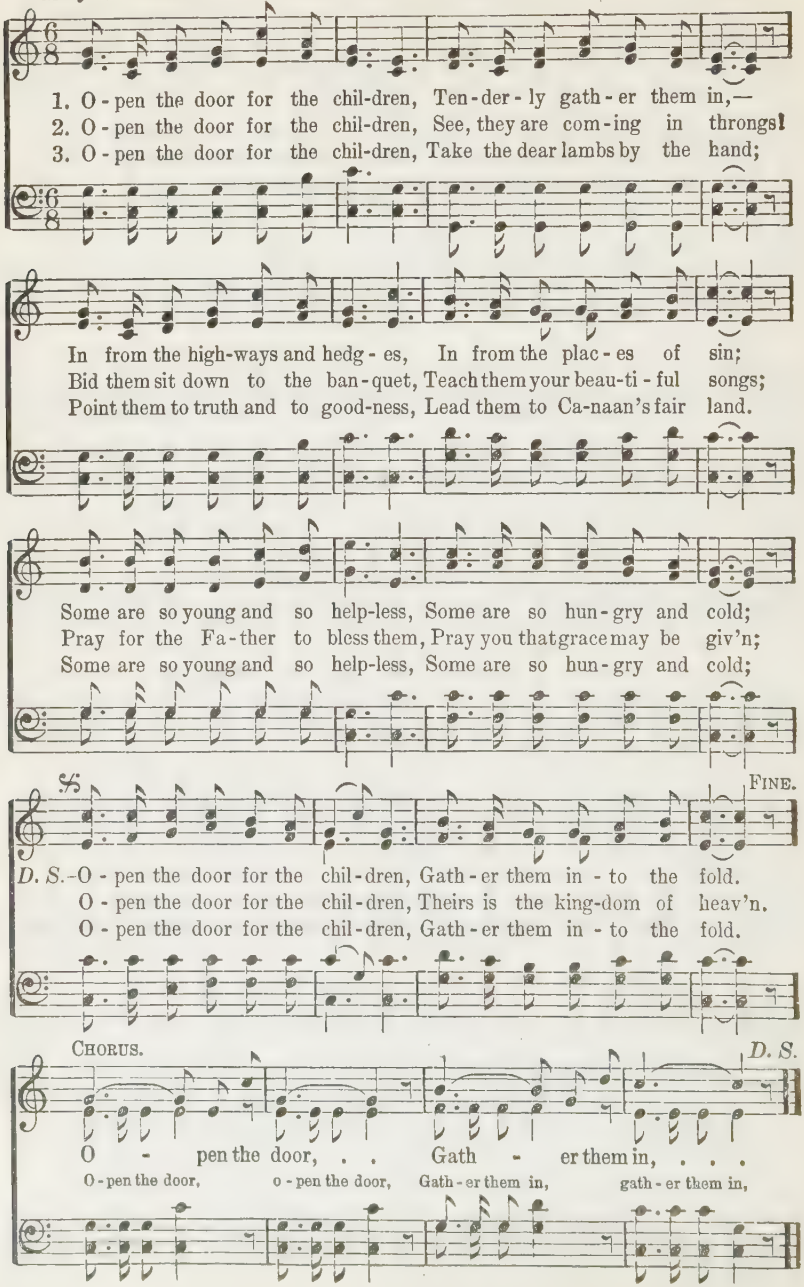
No. 67. Jesus is All the World to Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.

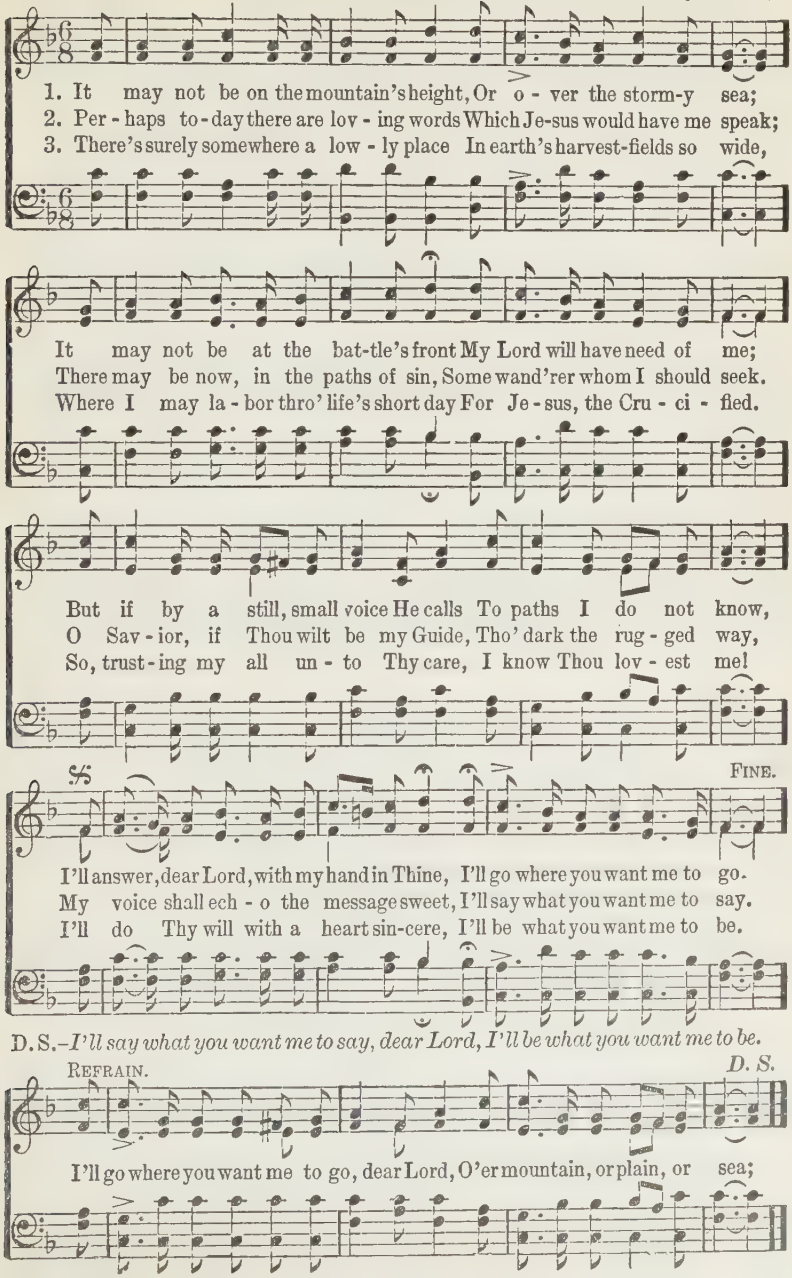
W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.


1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;
He is my strength from day to day, With - out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet - ing days shall end.
When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the harvest's gold-en grain;
Fol-low-ing Him I know I'm right, He watches o'er me day and night;
Beau-ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;
f
pp
When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my friend.
Sun - shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
Fol - low - ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.

No. 68. Open the Door for the Children.

Mary E. Kidder. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell.

1. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Ten-der - ly gath - er them in,—
2. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, See, they are com-ing in throngs!
3. O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Take the dear lambs by the hand;
In from the high-ways and hedg - es, In from the plac - es of sin;
Bid them sit down to the ban-quet, Teach them your beau-ti - ful songs;
Point them to truth and to good-ness, Lead them to Ca-naan's fair land.
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
Pray for the Fa-ther to bless them, Pray you that grace may be giv'n;
Some are so young and so help-less, Some are so hun-gry and cold;
FINE.
D. S.-O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Theirs is the king-dom of heav'n.
O - pen the door for the chil-dren, Gath - er them in - to the fold.
CHORUS.
D. S.
O - pen the door, . . Gath - er them in, . . .
O - pen the door, o - pen the door, Gath - er them in, gath - er them in,

No. 69. I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY C. E. ROUNSEFELL. USED BY PER. Carrie E. Rounsefell.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je-sus would have me speak;
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place In earth's harvest-fields so wide,
It may not be at the bat-tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now, in the paths of sin, Some wand'rer whom I should seek.
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.
But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths I do not know,
O Sav - ior, if Thou wilt be my Guide, Tho' dark the rug - ged way,
So, trust - ing my all un - to Thy care, I know Thou lov - est me!
FINE.
I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o the message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin-cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

D. S.—*I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.*

REFRAIN. D. S.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O'er mountain, or plain, or sea;

No. 70. Where We'll Never Grow Old.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY I. N McHOSE.
COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. W. W. Baily. I. N. McHose.

1. O have you not heard of that coun-try a - bove, The name of its
2. A man-sion of won-der - ful beau - ty is there, And Je - sus that
3. They tell me its friendships and love are so pure, Its joys nev - er
4. In life's wea - ry conflicts, there's fainting and care, Each year the gray

King and His in - fi-nite love? His chil-dren are deathless and hap-py I'm
man-sion has gone to prepare; Its bright jas-per walls how I long to be-
die, and its treasures are sure; And loved ones depart-ed, so si - lent and
deep-ens a shade in the hair; But in the blest book where my name is en-

D. S.—*It glad-dens my heart with a joy that's un-*

FINE.

told; Oh, will it a - bide—will we nev-er grow old?
hold, And join in the song that will nev-er grow old. 'Twill al-ways be
cold, Will greet us a - gain where we'll never grow old.
rolled, I read of that land where we'll never grow old.

told, To think of that land where we'll nev-er grow old.

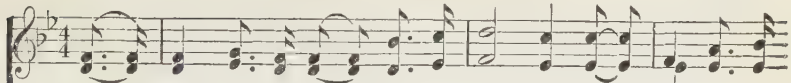
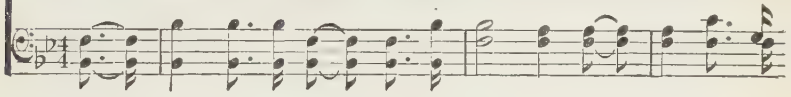
CHORUS. D. S.

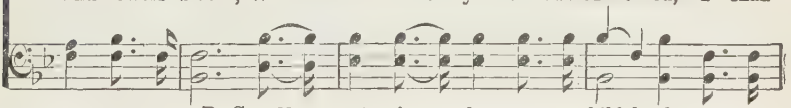
new, it will nev - er de-cay; No night ev - er comes, it will al - ways be day;

No. 71. The Church in the Wildwood.

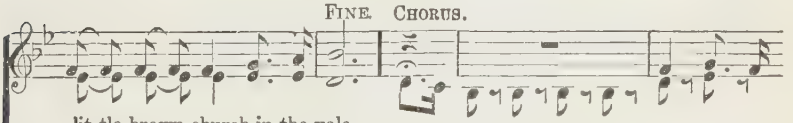
W. S. P.

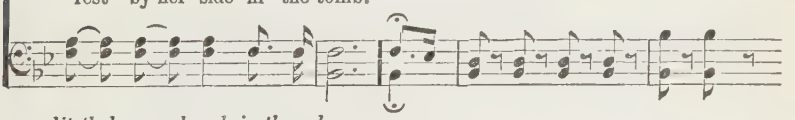
NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC.
COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. How sweet on a clear, Sab - bath morn - ing To list to the
3. There, close by the church in the val - ley, Lies one that I
4. There, close by the side of that loved one, 'Neath the tree where the

place in the dale; No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the
clear ring-ing bell; It's tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh, come
loved so well; She sleeps, sweetly sleeps, 'neath the willow; Dis - turb
wild flowers bloom, When the fare - well hymn shall be chant - ed, I shall



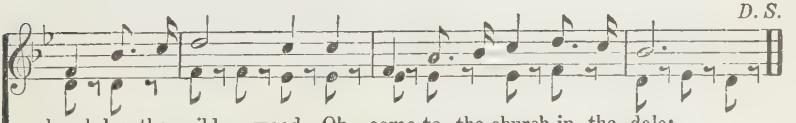
D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

lit-tle brown church in the vale.
to the church in the vale. Come to the
not her rest in the vale. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
rest by her side in the tomb.

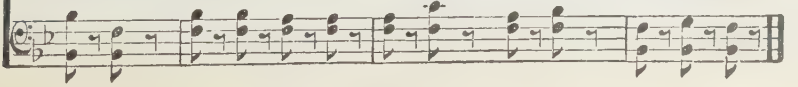


lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



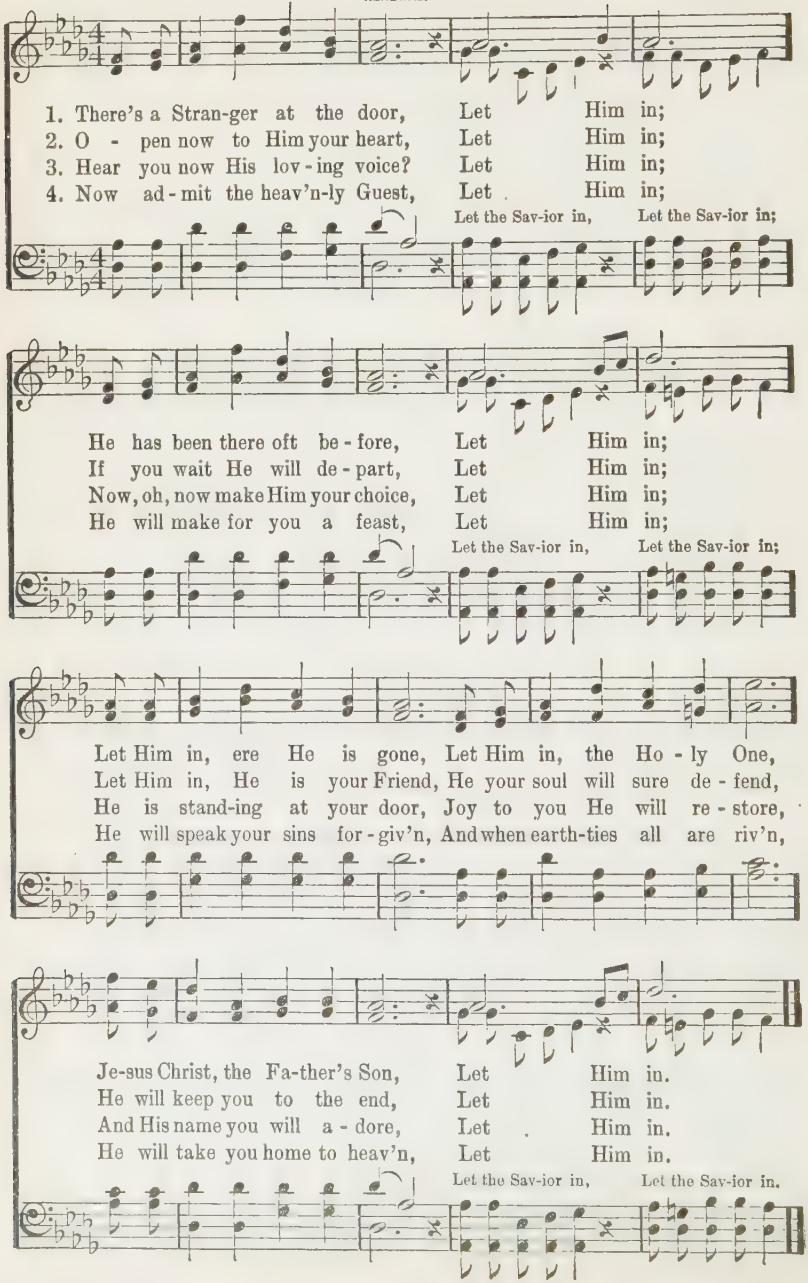
church by the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the dale;
come, come, come, come, come come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;



No. 72. Let Him In.

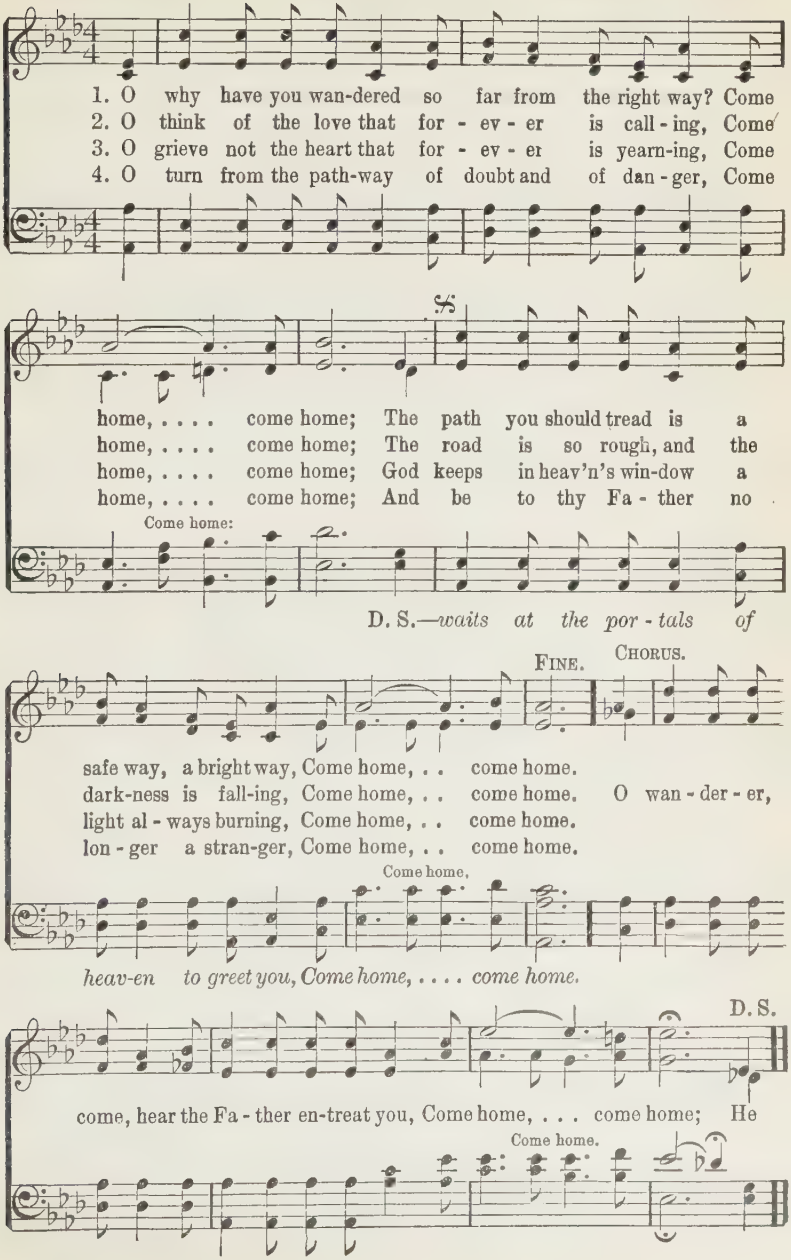
Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
2. O - pen now to Him your heart, Let Him in;
3. Hear you now His lov-ing voice? Let Him in;
4. Now ad-mit the heav'n-ly Guest, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
He has been there oft be-fore, Let Him in;
If you wait He will de-part, Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice, Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast, Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in;
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho-ly One,
Let Him in, He is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
He is stand-ing at your door, Joy to you He will re-store,
He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when earth-ties all are riv'n,
Je-sus Christ, the Fa-ther's Son, Let Him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let Him in.
And His name you will a-dore, Let Him in.
He will take you home to heav'n, Let Him in.
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in.

No. 73. O Wanderer, Come Home.

Eben E. Rexford. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Samuel W. Beazley.

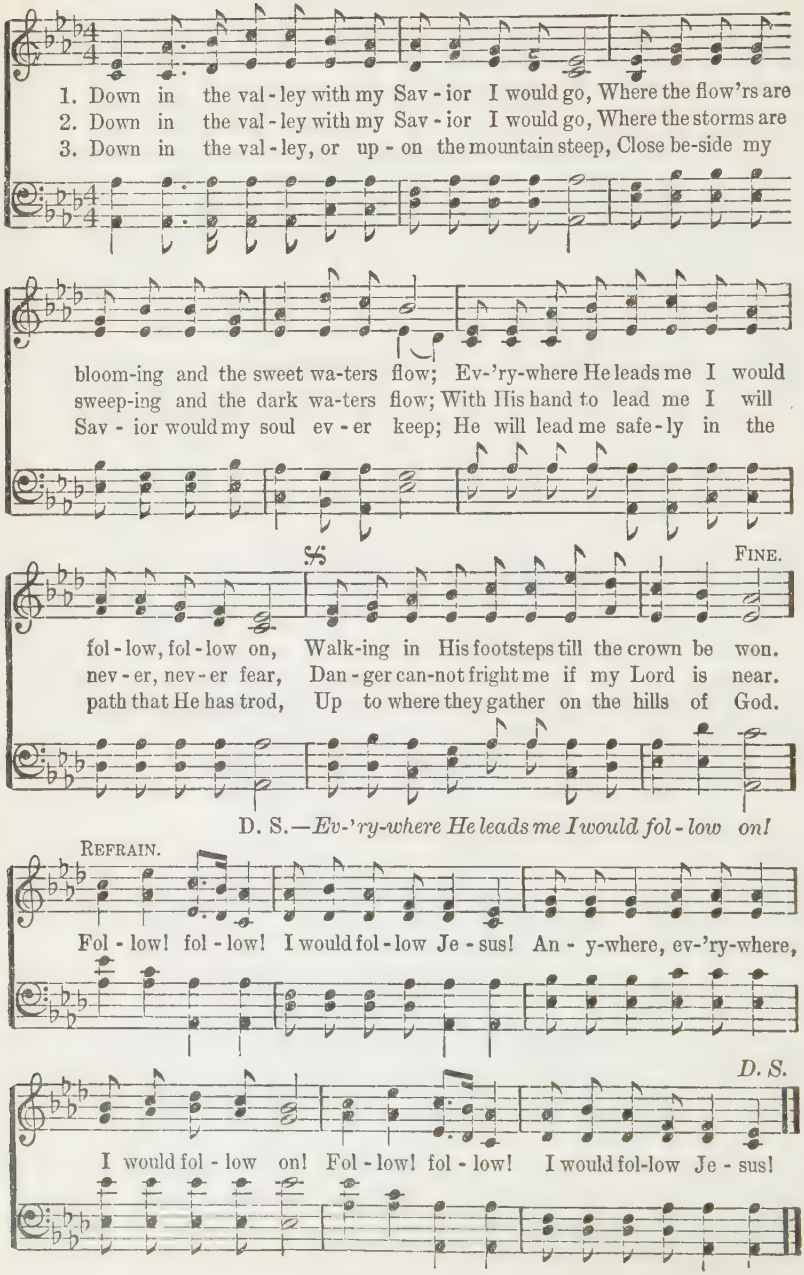

1. O why have you wan-dered so far from the right way? Come
2. O think of the love that for - ev - er is call - ing, Come
3. O grieve not the heart that for - ev - er is yearn-ing, Come
4. O turn from the path-way of doubt and of dan - ger, Come
home, ... come home; The path you should tread is a
home, ... come home; The road is so rough, and the
home, ... come home; God keeps in heav'n's win-dow a
home, ... come home; And be to thy Fa - ther no
Come home:
D. S.—waits at the por - tals of
FINE.
CHORUS.
safe way, a bright way, Come home, . . come home.
dark-ness is fall-ing, Come home, . . come home. O wan - der - er,
light al - ways burning, Come home, . . come home.
lon - ger a stran-ger, Come home, . . come home.
Come home.
heav-en to greet you, Come home, ... come home.
D. S.
come, hear the Fa - ther en-treat you, Come home, . . . come home; He
Come home.

No. 74. Follow On.

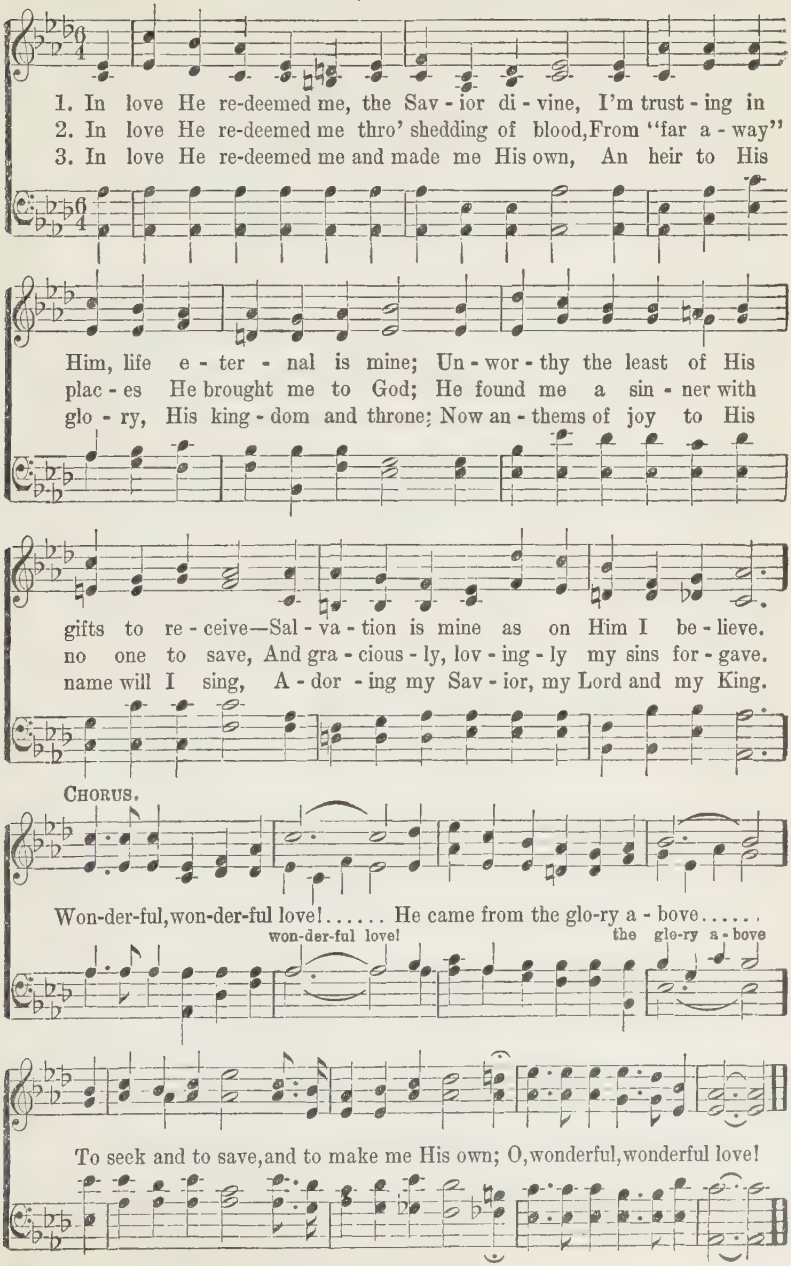
W. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry.


1. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the flow'rs are
2. Down in the val - ley with my Sav - ior I would go, Where the storms are
3. Down in the val - ley, or up - on the mountain steep, Close be-side my
bloom-ing and the sweet wa-ters flow; Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would
sweep-ing and the dark wa-ters flow; With His hand to lead me I will
Sav - ior would my soul ev - er keep; He will lead me safe - ly in the
fol - low, fol - low on, Walk-ing in His footsteps till the crown be won.
nev - er, nev - er fear, Dan - ger can-not fright me if my Lord is near.
path that He has trod, Up to where they gather on the hills of God.
FINE.
D. S.—Ev-'ry-where He leads me I would fol - low on!
REFRAIN.
Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol - low Je - sus! An - y-where, ev-'ry-where,
I would fol - low on! Fol - low! fol - low! I would fol-low Je - sus!
D. S.

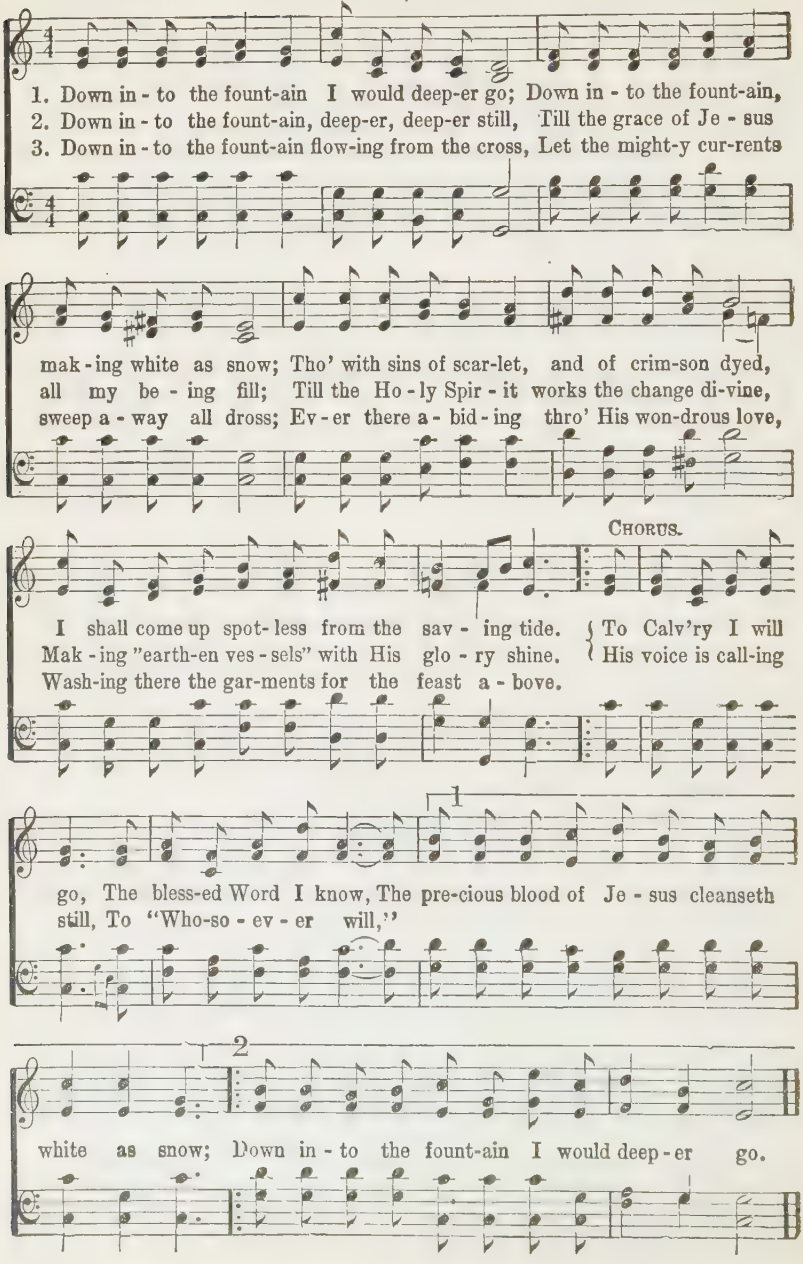
No. 75. Wonderful Love!

Mrs. C. D. Martin. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. In love He re-deemed me, the Sav - ior di - vine, I'm trust - ing in
2. In love He re-deemed me thro' shedding of blood, From "far a - way"
3. In love He re-deemed me and made me His own, An heir to His
Him, life e - ter - nal is mine; Un - wor - thy the least of His
plac - es He brought me to God; He found me a sin - ner with
glo - ry, His king - dom and throne; Now an - thems of joy to His
gifts to re - ceive—Sal - va - tion is mine as on Him I be - lieve.
no one to save, And gra - cious - ly, lov - ing - ly my sins for - gave.
name will I sing, A - dor - ing my Sav - ior, my Lord and my King.
CHORUS.
Won-der-ful, won-der-ful love! ..... He came from the glo-ry a - bove .....
won-der-ful love!
the glo-ry a - bove
To seek and to save, and to make me His own; O, wonderful, wonderful love!

No. 76. To Calv'ry I will Go.

COPYRIGHT, 1900 BY LIZZIE E. SWENEY.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

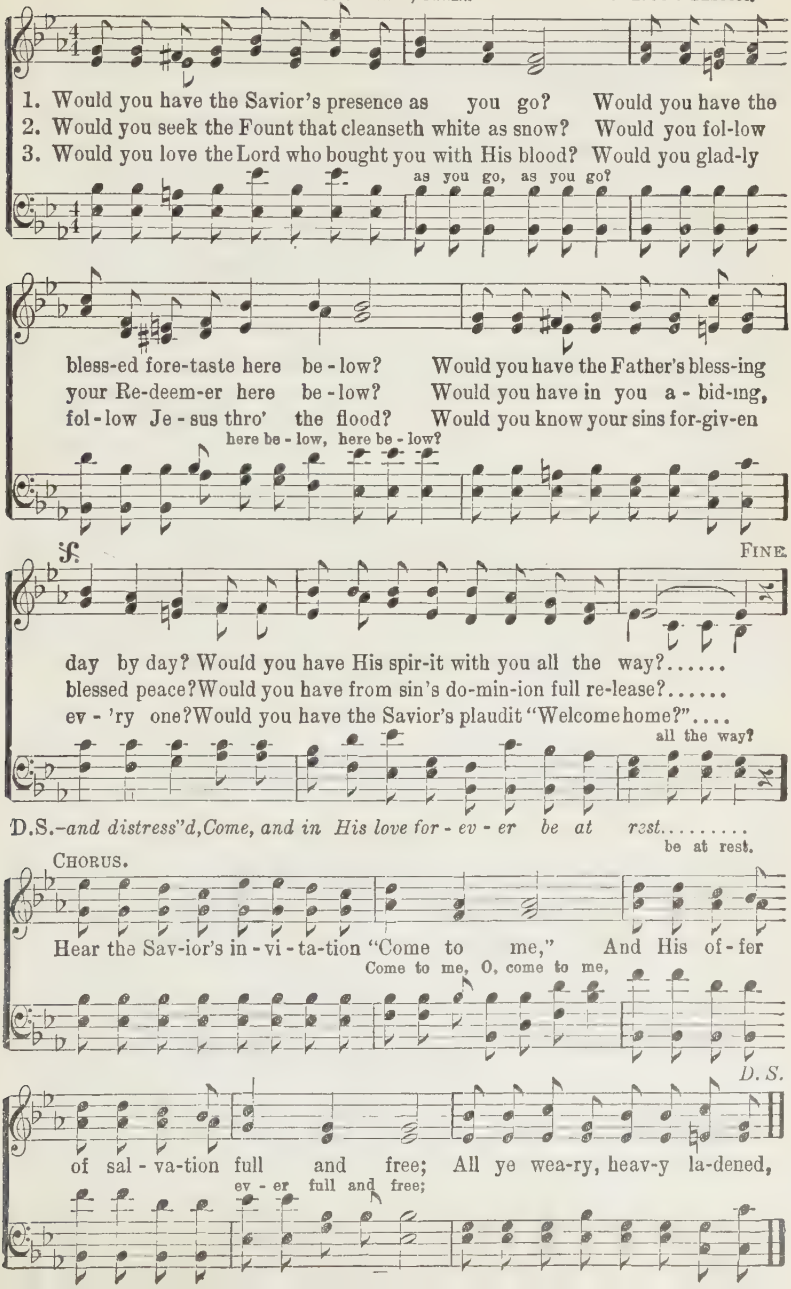
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep-er go; Down in - to the fount-ain,
2. Down in - to the fount-ain, deep-er, deep-er still, Till the grace of Je - sus
3. Down in - to the fount-ain flow-ing from the cross, Let the might-y cur-rents
mak - ing white as snow; Tho' with sins of scar-let, and of crim-son dyed,
all my be - ing fill; Till the Ho - ly Spir - it works the change di-vine,
sweep a - way all dross; Ev - er there a - bid - ing thro' His won-drous love,
CHORUS.
I shall come up spot - less from the sav - ing tide.
Mak - ing "earth-en ves - sels" with His glo - ry shine.
Wash-ing there the gar-ments for the feast a - bove.
To Calv'ry I will
His voice is call-ing
1
go, The bless-ed Word I know, The pre-cious blood of Je - sus cleanseth
still, To "Who-so - ev - er will,"
2
white as snow; Down in - to the fount-ain I would deep - er go.

No. 77. The Savior's Invitation.

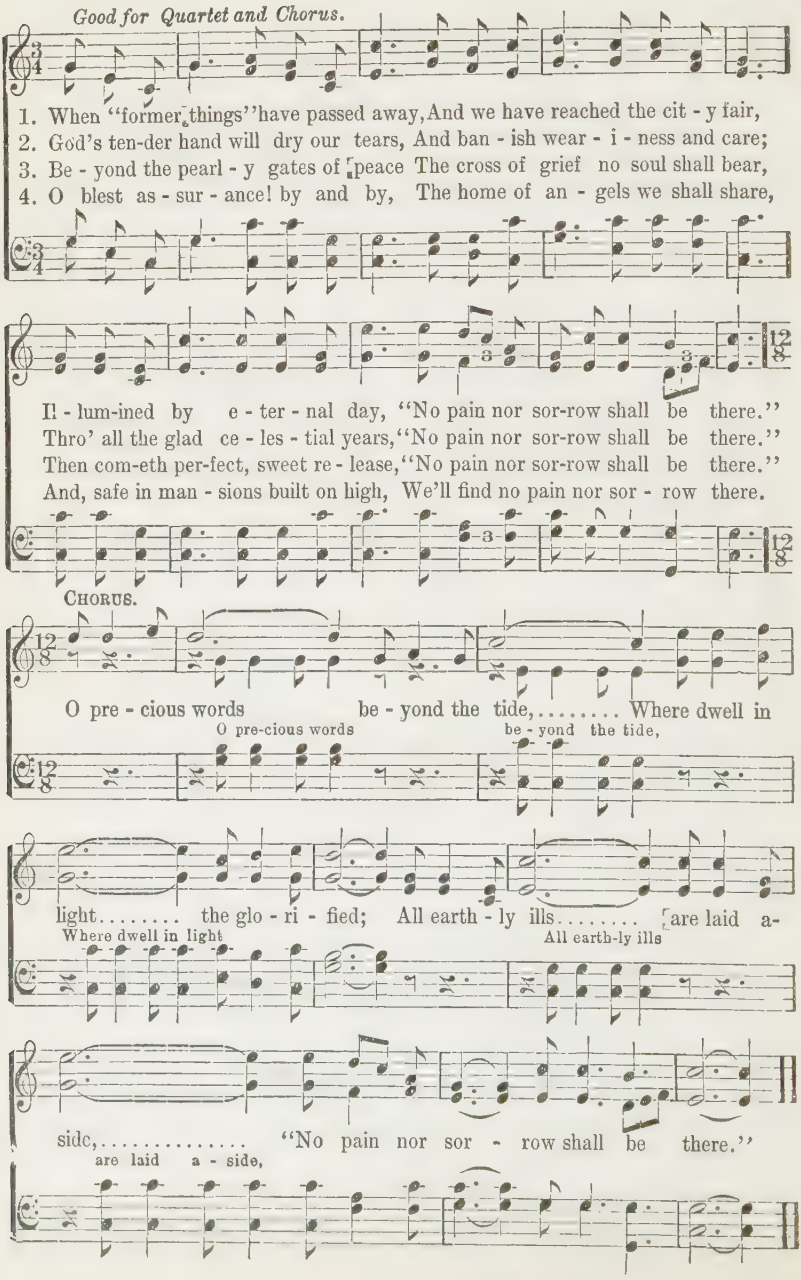
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Wm. C. Stokes. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Would you have the Savior's presence as you go? Would you have the
2. Would you seek the Fount that cleanseth white as snow? Would you fol-low
3. Would you love the Lord who bought you with His blood? Would you glad-ly
as you go, as you go?
bless-ed fore-taste here be-low? Would you have the Father's bless-ing
your Re-deem-er here be-low? Would you have in you a-bid-ing,
fol-low Je-sus thro' the flood? Would you know your sins for-giv-en
here be-low, here be-low?
FINE.
day by day? Would you have His spir-it with you all the way?.....
blessed peace? Would you have from sin's do-min-ion full re-lease?.....
ev-'ry one? Would you have the Savior's plaudit "Welcome home?"....
all the way?
D.S.–and distress"d, Come, and in His love for-ev-er be at rest.....
be at rest.
CHORUS.
Hear the Sav-ior's in-vi-ta-tion "Come to me," And His of-fer
Come to me, O, come to me,
D. S.
of sal-va-tion full and free; All ye wea-ry, heav-y la-dened,
ev-er full and free;

No. 78. No Pain Nor Sorrow.

Jennie Wilson. COPYRIGHT, 1886, BY H. N. LINCOLN. H. N. Lincoln.

Good for Quartet and Chorus.

1. When "former things" have passed away, And we have reached the cit - y fair,
2. God's ten-der hand will dry our tears, And ban - ish wear - i - ness and care;
3. Be - yond the pearl - y gates of peace The cross of grief no soul shall bear,
4. O blest as - sur - ance! by and by, The home of an - gels we shall share,
Il - lum-ined by e - ter - nal day, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
Thro' all the glad ce - les - tial years, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
Then com-eth per-fect, sweet re - lease, "No pain nor sor-row shall be there."
And, safe in man - sions built on high, We'll find no pain nor sor - row there.
CHORUS.
O pre - cious words be - yond the tide, ... Where dwell in light ..... the glo - ri - fied; All earth - ly ills ..... are laid a- side, ... "No pain nor sor - row shall be there."
O pre-cious words
be - yond the tide,
Where dwell in light
All earth-ly ills
are laid a - side,

No. 79. The Victory Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Chris-tian warrior, sing the vic-t'ry song, Ye who to the win-ning side be-
2. In all lands the sto - ry must be told, Then our eyes His coming shall be-
3. Shine on, shine on, Sun of Righteousness, With Thy glo-ry beams the land to
4. Hon-or, pow'r and glo - ry ev - er be Un - to Him who gives the vic - to-

long; Soon from shore to shore, and sea to sea, Je-sus Christ shall conquer'r be.
hold; Prostrate at His feet all na-tions fall; We shall crown Him Lord of all.
bless, 'Su - perstition's night shall fade a-way, At the dawn of promis'd day.
ry, Je-sus Christ, whose triumph now we sing, Sav-ior, Lord, and coming King.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

{ Vic - t'ry perch-es now on Is-rael's ban-ners, Lift your voic-es, sing your
{ Night is wan-ing, morn-ing light is break-ing, Heathen na-tions from their

Harmony.

loud ho - san - nas, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, vic - to - ry is near,
slum - ber wak-ing, Vic - to - ry is near, yes, (*Omit.*)

1

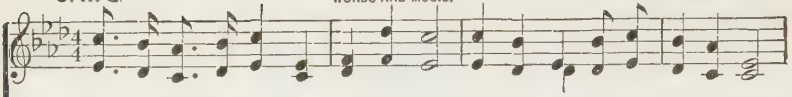
2

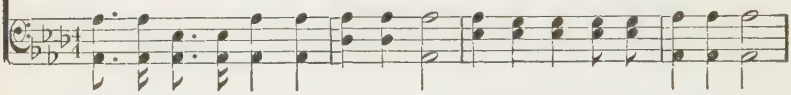
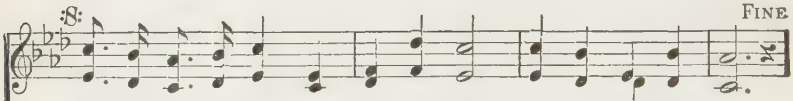
Christ shall conquer'r be; vic-to-ry is near, Christ shall conquer'r be.

No. 80. Safe On the Rock.

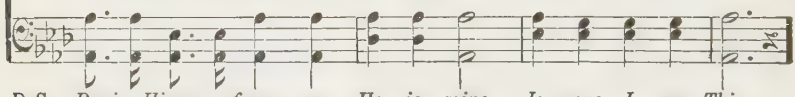
COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. H. G. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



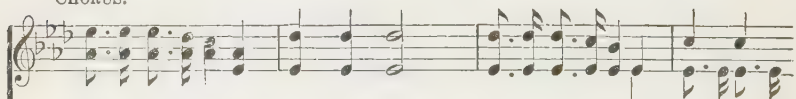
1. There is great re-joic-ing in my soul, O - ver me waves of glo-ry roll;
2. I am sing-ing now a glad new song, Praising Je-sus the whole day long;
3. Days of gloom and doubting now are past, I am safe on the Rock at last;
4. While I live on earth my song shall be, Of this Sav-ior who died for me;

FINE

For I feel the joy of par-doned sin,— Je - sus dwells with - in.
For it was to save the lost He came, Glo - ry to His name.
Leaning on His ev - er - last-ing arm, Death no more can harm.
And at last on heav'n's e - ter - nal shore, Praise Him ev - er - more.

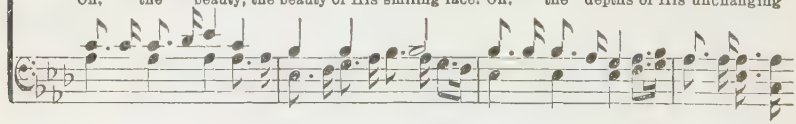


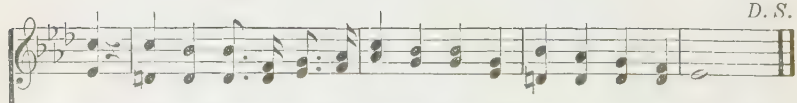
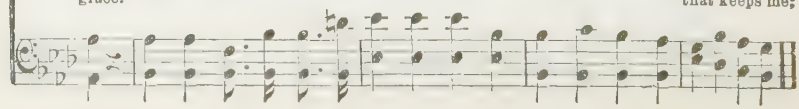
D. S.—*Praise His name for-ev - er, He is mine, Je - sus I am Thine.*

CHORUS.



Oh, the beauty of His smil-ing face! Oh, the depths of His un-chang-ing
Oh, the beauty, the beauty of His smiling face! Oh, the depths of His unchanging



D. S.

grace! Oh, the blessing of His love and pow'r, That keeps me ev'ry hour,
grace! that keeps me;

No. 81. Christ is All You Need.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY JOHN J. HOOD,
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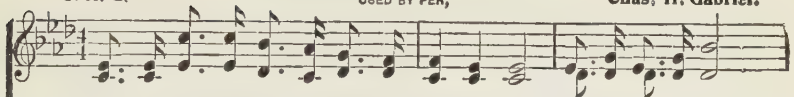
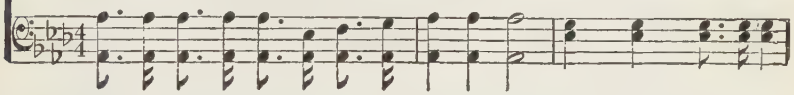
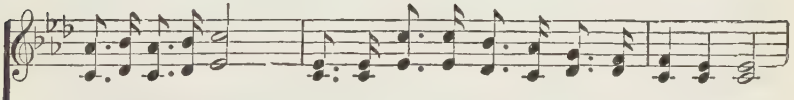
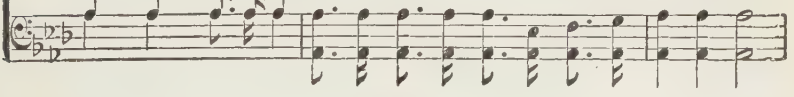
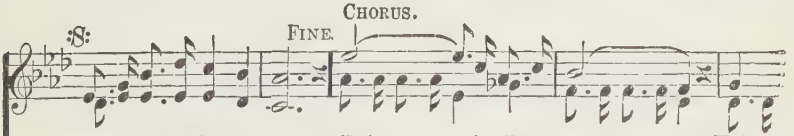
Chas. H. Gabriel.

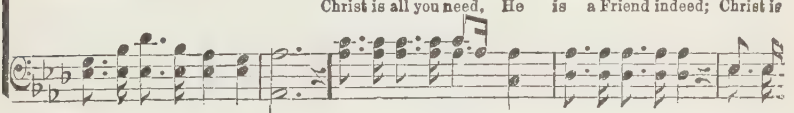


1. Are you heav-y heart-ed, are you sore distressed? Christ is all you need,
2. Have you brok-en vows and prom-is-es un-kept?
3. Have you been neglect-ed for the cause you love?
4. Let the world despise and scorn you as it may, Christ is all you need,

He's a Friend indeed; Are you o - ver burdened and with care distressed?
Once de - sert - ed and a - lone thy Sav - ior wept!
You shall be re - ward - ed in the home a - bove;
He's a Friend indeed; You will shall His prais-es in the judg-ment day;

CHORUS.

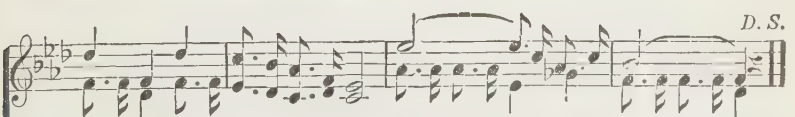


FINE.

Christ is all the Friend you need. Christ..... is all you need,..... He's
Christ is all you need, He is a Friend indeed; Christ is

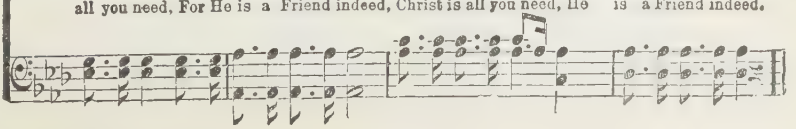


D.S.-*Christ is all the Friend you need.*

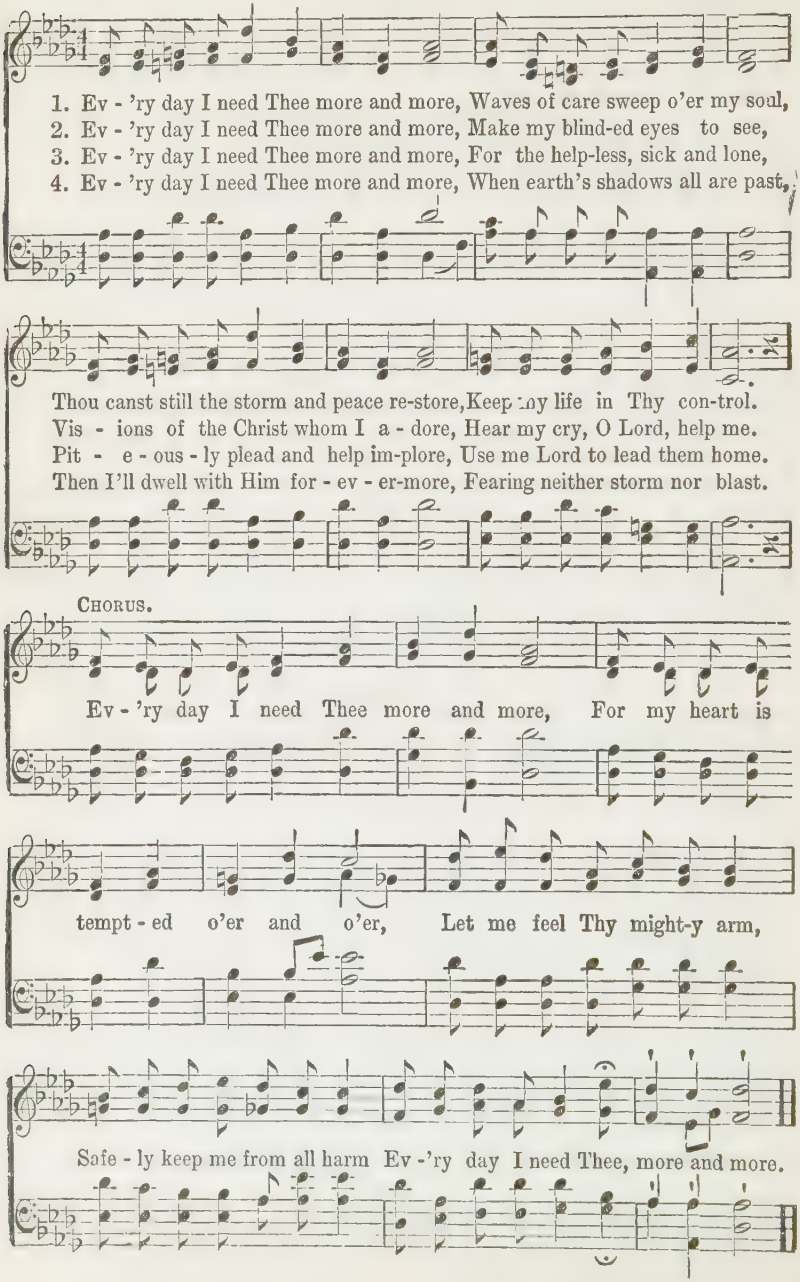


D. S.

a Friend, He is a Friend indeed; Christ..... is all you need,.....
all you need, For He is a Friend indeed, Christ is all you need, He is a Friend indeed.



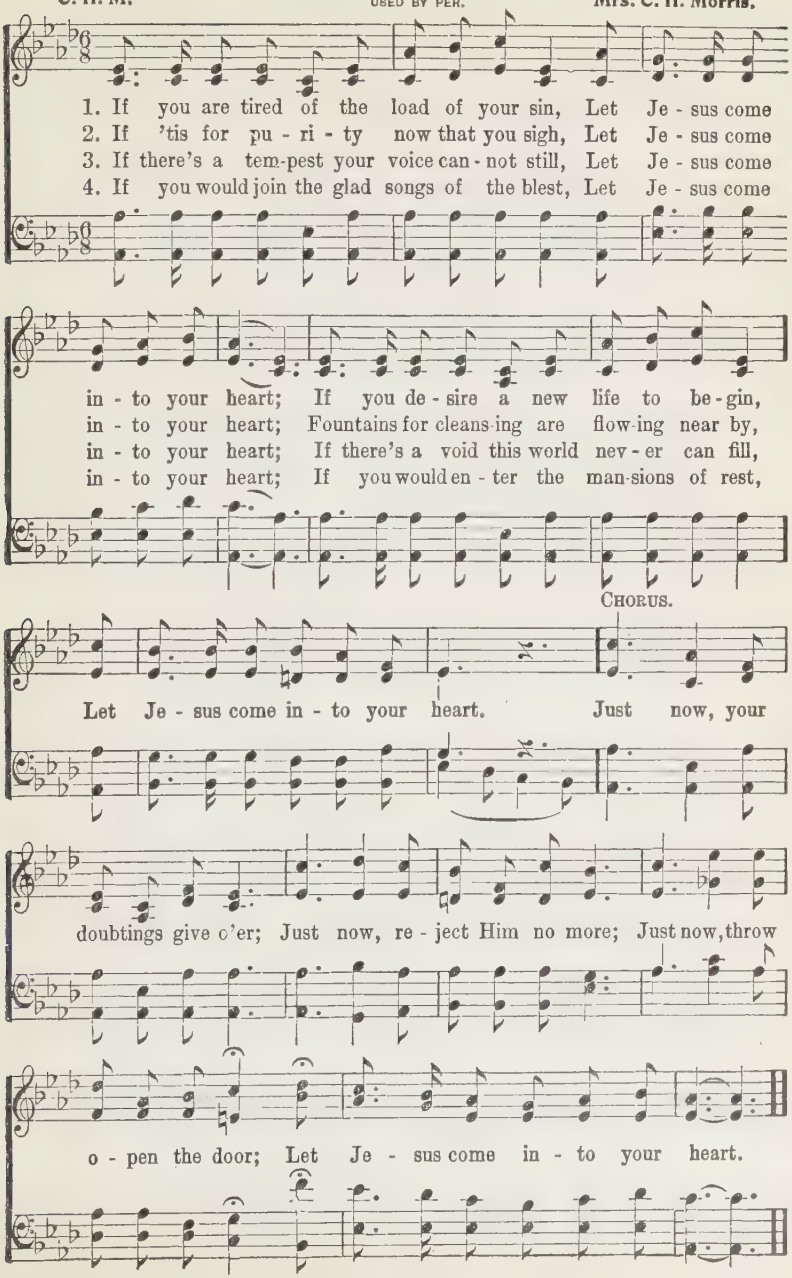
No. 82. Every Day I Need Thee More.

A. H. A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A. H. Ackley.

1. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Waves of care sweep o'er my soul,
2. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, Make my blind-ed eyes to see,
3. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, For the help-less, sick and lone,
4. Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, When earth's shadows all are past,
Thou canst still the storm and peace re-store, Keep my life in Thy con-trol.
Vis - ions of the Christ whom I a - dore, Hear my cry, O Lord, help me.
Pit - e - ous - ly plead and help im-plore, Use me Lord to lead them home.
Then I'll dwell with Him for - ev - er-more, Fearing neither storm nor blast.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry day I need Thee more and more, For my heart is
tempt - ed o'er and o'er, Let me feel Thy might-y arm,
Safe - ly keep me from all harm Ev - 'ry day I need Thee, more and more.

No. 83. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

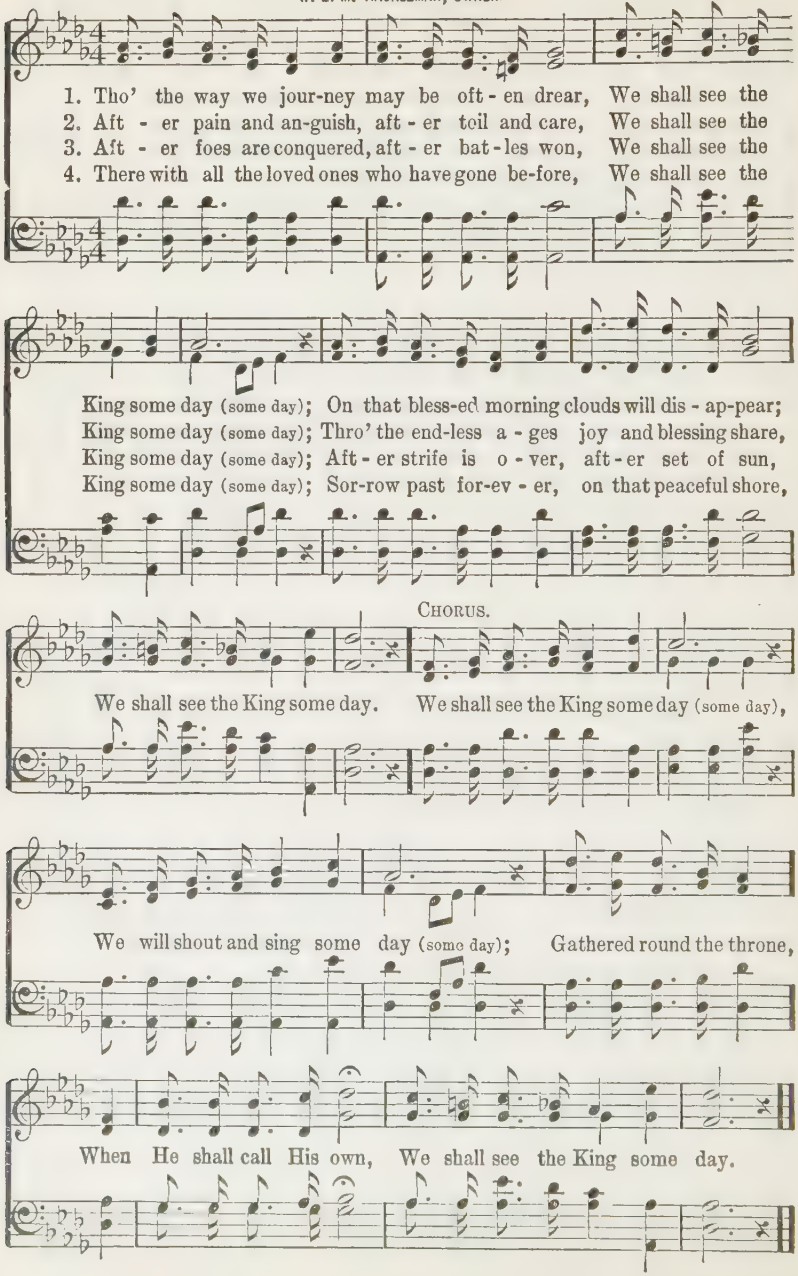
COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PER.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come
in - to your heart; If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
in - to your heart; Fountains for cleans-ing are flow-ing near by,
in - to your heart; If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
in - to your heart; If you would en - ter the man-sions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 84. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. E. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - les won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the
King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,
CHORUS.
We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),
We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,
When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 85. Ever the Same.

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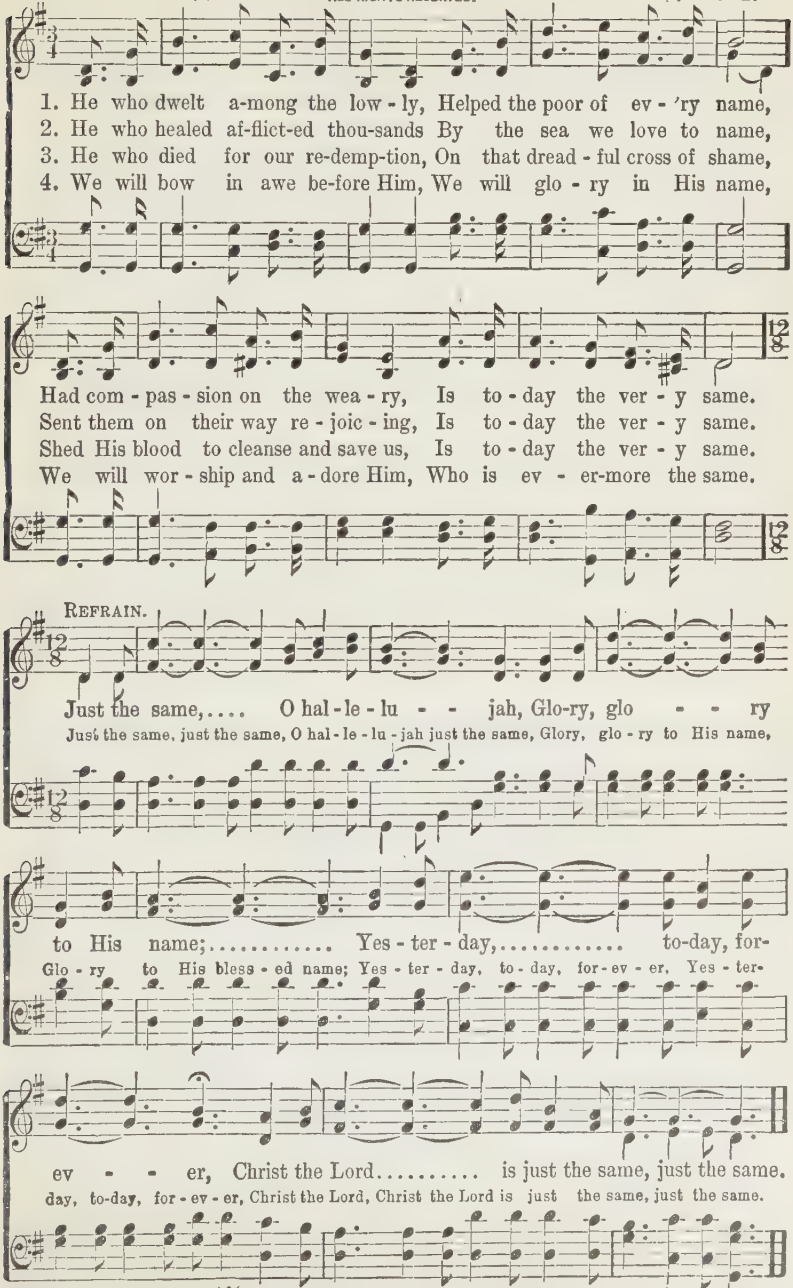
Mrs. Harriet E. Jones. H. N. Lincoln.

1. He who dwelt a-mong the low - ly, Helped the poor of ev - 'ry name,
2. He who healed af-flict-ed thou-sands By the sea we love to name,
3. He who died for our re-demp-tion, On that dread - ful cross of shame,
4. We will bow in awe be-fore Him, We will glo - ry in His name,
Had com - pas - sion on the wea - ry, Is to - day the ver - y same.
Sent them on their way re - joic - ing, Is to - day the ver - y same.
Shed His blood to cleanse and save us, Is to - day the ver - y same.
We will wor - ship and a - dore Him, Who is ev - er-more the same.
REFRAIN.
Just the same,.... O hal - le - lu - - jah, Glo-ry, glo - - ry
Just the same, just the same, O hal - le - lu - jah just the same, Glory, glo - ry to His name,
to His name;..... Yes - ter - day,..... to-day, for-
Glo - ry to His bless - ed name; Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Yes - ter-
ev - - er, Christ the Lord..... is just the same, just the same.
day, to-day, for - ev - er, Christ the Lord, Christ the Lord is just the same, just the same.

No. 86. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

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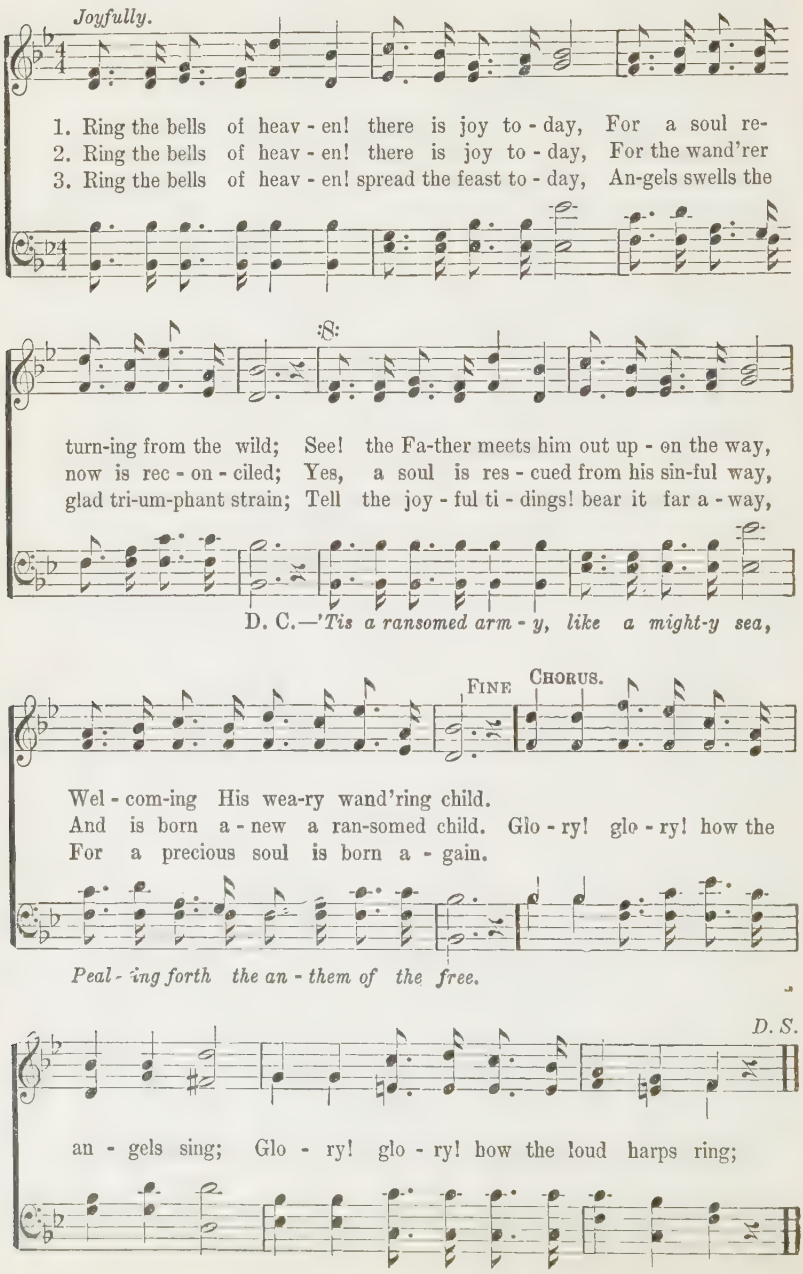
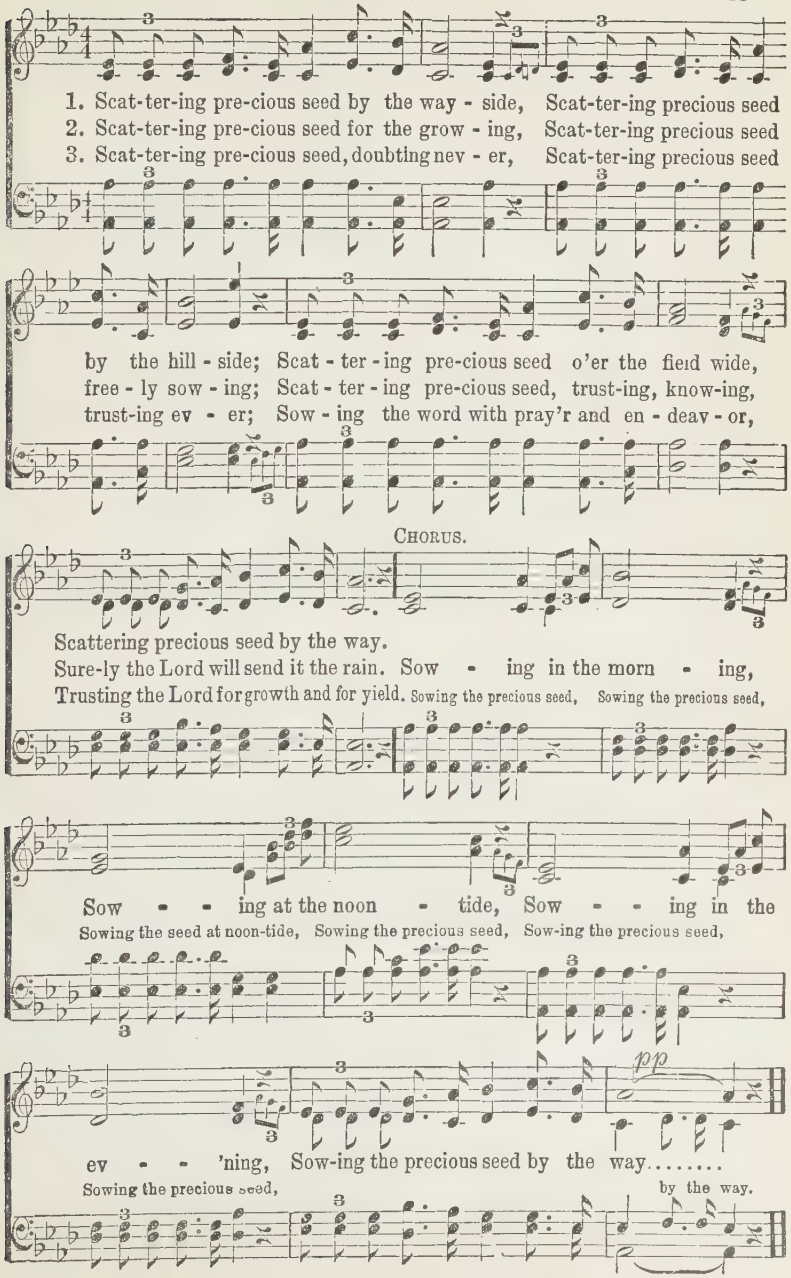
Rev. Wm. O. Cushing. Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.
1. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a soul re-
2. Ring the bells of heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the wand'rer
3. Ring the bells of heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An-gels swells the
turn-ing from the wild; See! the Fa-ther meets him out up - on the way,
now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued from his sin-ful way,
glad tri-um-phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings! bear it far a - way,
D. C.—'Tis a ransomed arm - y, like a might-y sea,
FINE
CHORUS.
Wel - com-ing His wea-ry wand'ring child.
And is born a - new a ran-somed child. Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the
For a precious soul is born a - gain.
Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.
D. S.
an - gels sing; Glo - ry! glo - ry! how the loud harps ring;

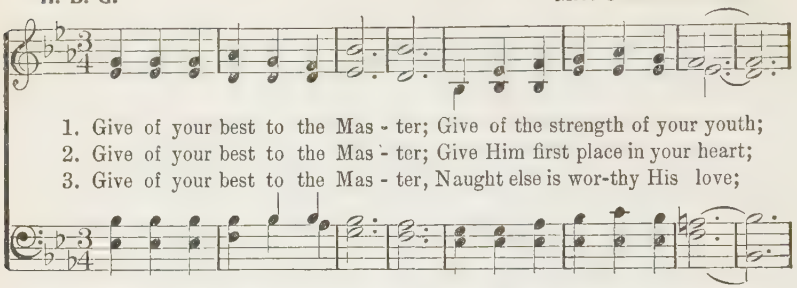
No. 87. Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. Ogden. BY PER. OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.


1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing precious seed
by the hill - side; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed o'er the field wide,
free - ly sow - ing; Scat - ter - ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing,
trust-ing ev - er; Sow - ing the word with pray'r and en - deav - or,
CHORUS.
Scattering precious seed by the way.
Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. Sow - ing in the morn - ing,
Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed,
Sow - - ing at the noon - tide, Sow - - ing in the
Sowing the seed at noon-tide, Sowing the precious seed, Sow-ing the precious seed,
pp
ev - - 'ning, Sow-ing the precious seed by the way.....
Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

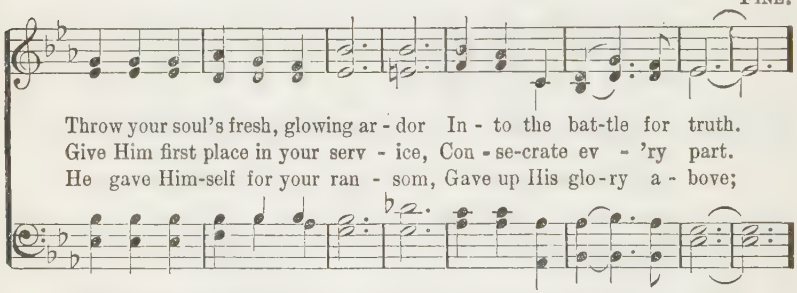
No. 88. Give of Your Best to the Master.

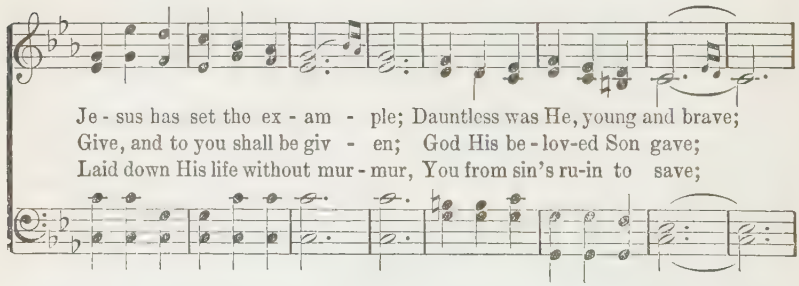
H. B. G. Mrs. Charles Barnard.


1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter, Naught else is wor-thy His love;

REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*

FINE.


Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat-tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se-crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him-self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo-ry a - bove;
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat-tle for truth.

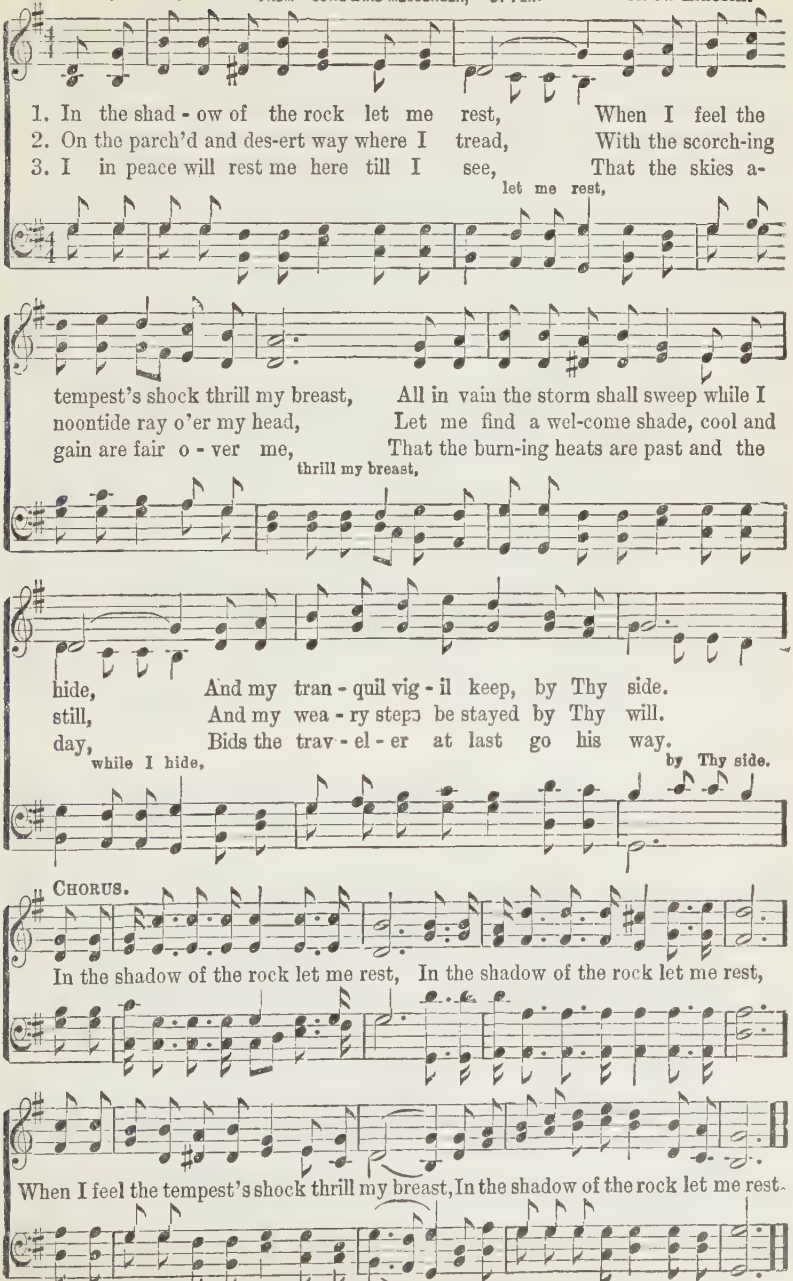

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov-ed Son gave;
Laid down His life without mur - mur, You from sin's ru-in to save;
rall.
D. C.
Give Him your loy-al de-vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.
Grate-ful-ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.
Give Him your heart's ad-o-ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.

No. 91. In the Shadow of the Rock.

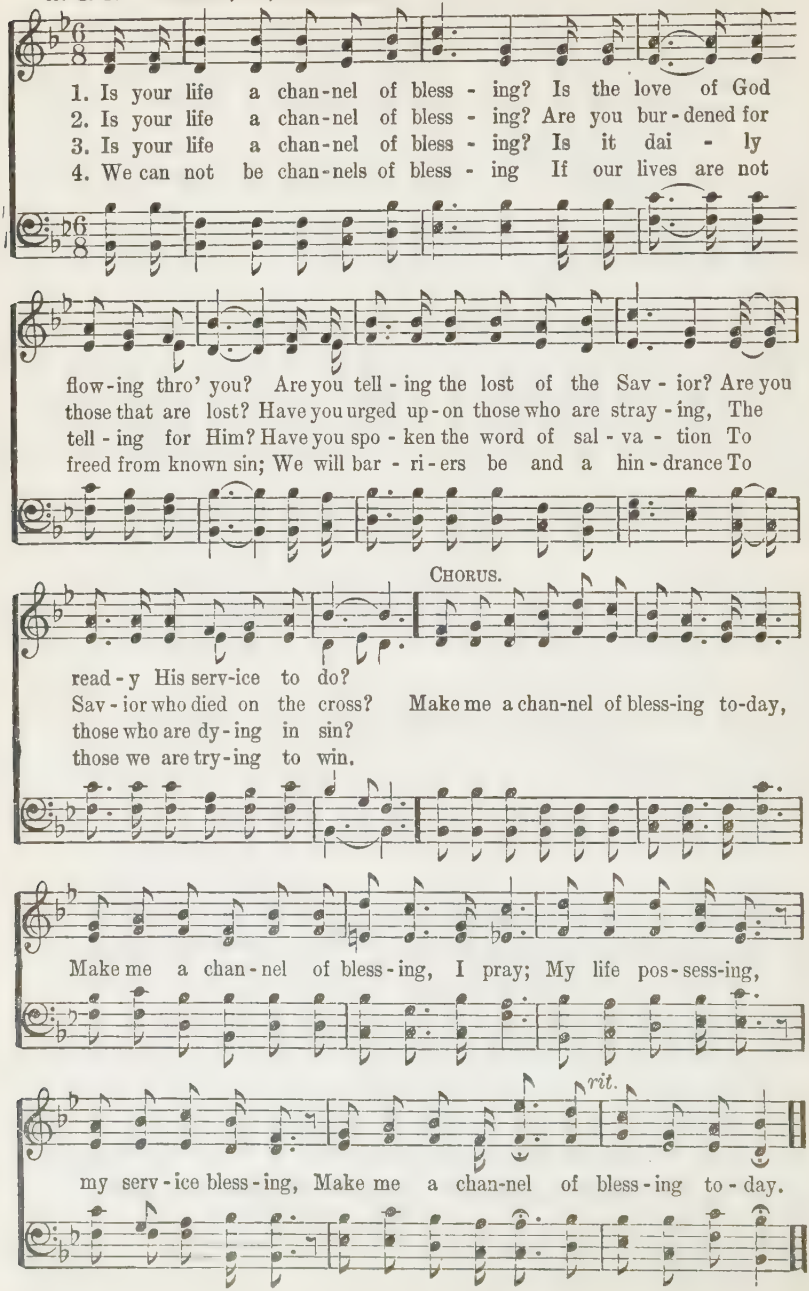
Dr. H. Bonar.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY H. N. LINCOLN.
FROM "SONG LAND MESSENGER," BY PER.

H. N. Lincoln.


1. In the shad - ow of the rock let me rest, When I feel the
2. On the parch'd and des-ert way where I tread, With the scorch-ing
3. I in peace will rest me here till I see, That the skies a-
let me rest,
tempest's shock thrill my breast, All in vain the storm shall sweep while I
noontide ray o'er my head, Let me find a wel-come shade, cool and
gain are fair o - ver me, That the burn-ing heats are past and the
thrill my breast,
hide, And my tran - quil vig - il keep, by Thy side.
still, And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will.
day, Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way.
while I hide.
by Thy side.
CHORUS.
In the shadow of the rock let me rest, In the shadow of the rock let me rest,
When I feel the tempest's shock thrill my breast, In the shadow of the rock let me rest.

No. 92. Make Me a Channel of Blessing.

H. G. S. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY H. G. SMYTH. OWNED BY R. A. TORREY. H. G. Smyth.

1. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is the love of God
2. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Are you bur - dened for
3. Is your life a chan-nel of bless - ing? Is it dai - ly
4. We can not be chan-nels of bless - ing If our lives are not
flow-ing thro' you? Are you tell - ing the lost of the Sav - ior? Are you
those that are lost? Have you urged up - on those who are stray - ing, The
tell - ing for Him? Have you spo - ken the word of sal - va - tion To
freed from known sin; We will bar - ri - ers be and a hin - drance To
CHORUS.
read - y His serv-ice to do?
Sav - ior who died on the cross? Make me a chan-nel of bless-ing to-day,
those who are dy - ing in sin?
those we are try - ing to win.
Make me a chan - nel of bless - ing, I pray; My life pos - sess-ing,
rit.
my serv - ice bless - ing, Make me a chan-nel of bless - ing to - day.

No. 93. There is Power in the Blood.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PER.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whit-er, much whit-er, than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv-ice for Je - sus, your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.

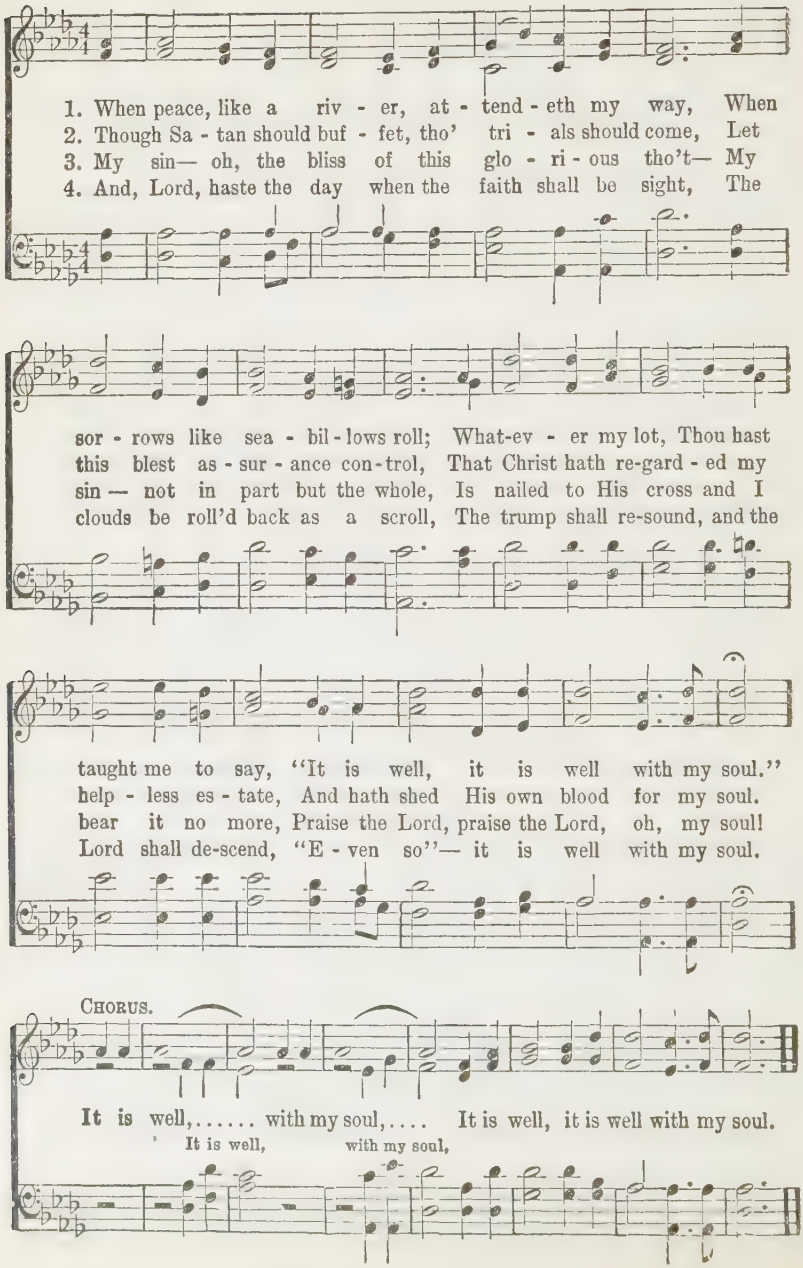
There's won-der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is

Won-der-work-ing pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
In the blood of the Lamb;

pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 94. It is Well With My Soul.

H. G. Spafford. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PER. P. P. Bliss.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When
2. Though Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let
3. My sin— oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't— My
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The
sor - rows like sea - bil - lows roll; What-ev - er my lot, Thou hast
this blest as - sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re-gard - ed my
sin — not in part but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I
clouds be roll'd back as a scroll, The trump shall re-sound, and the
taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul."
help - less es - tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.
bear it no more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul!
Lord shall de-scend, "E - ven so"— it is well with my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well,..... with my soul,.... It is well, it is well with my soul.
It is well, with my soul,

No. 95. Why Do You Wait?

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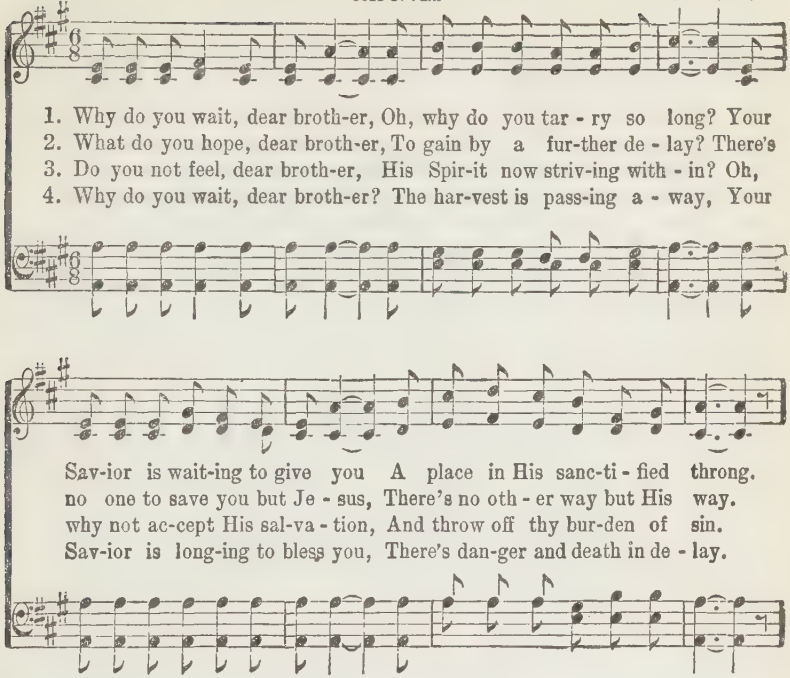
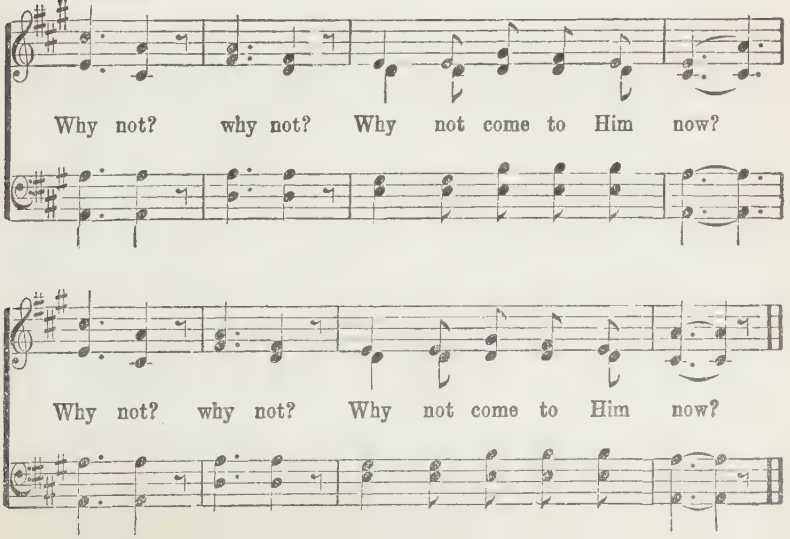
USED BY PER.

G. F. R. Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir-it now striv-ing with - in? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a - way, Your
Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti - fied throng.
no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.
why not ac-cept His sal-va - tion, And throw off thy bur-den of sin.
Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's dan-ger and death in de - lay.

CHORUS.



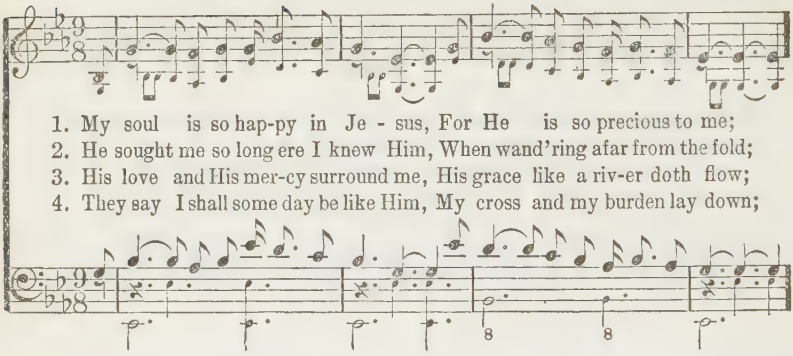
No. 96.

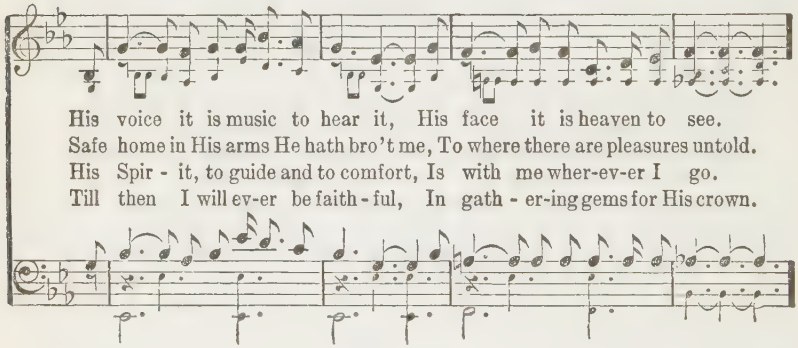
I Am Happy in Him.

E. O. E.

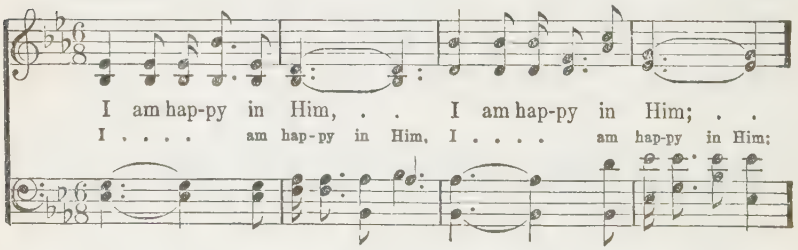
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

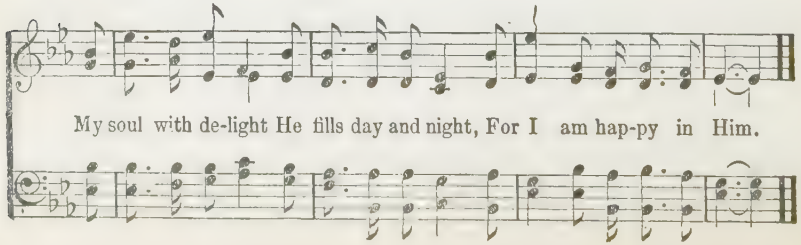
E. O. Excell.


1. My soul is so hap-py in Je - sus, For He is so precious to me;
2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, When wand'ring afar from the fold;
3. His love and His mer-cy surround me, His grace like a riv-er doth flow;
4. They say I shall some day be like Him, My cross and my burden lay down;


His voice it is music to hear it, His face it is heaven to see.
Safe home in His arms He hath bro't me, To where there are pleasures untold.
His Spir - it, to guide and to comfort, Is with me wher-ev-er I go.
Till then I will ev-er be faith-ful, In gath - er-ing gems for His crown.

CHORUS.





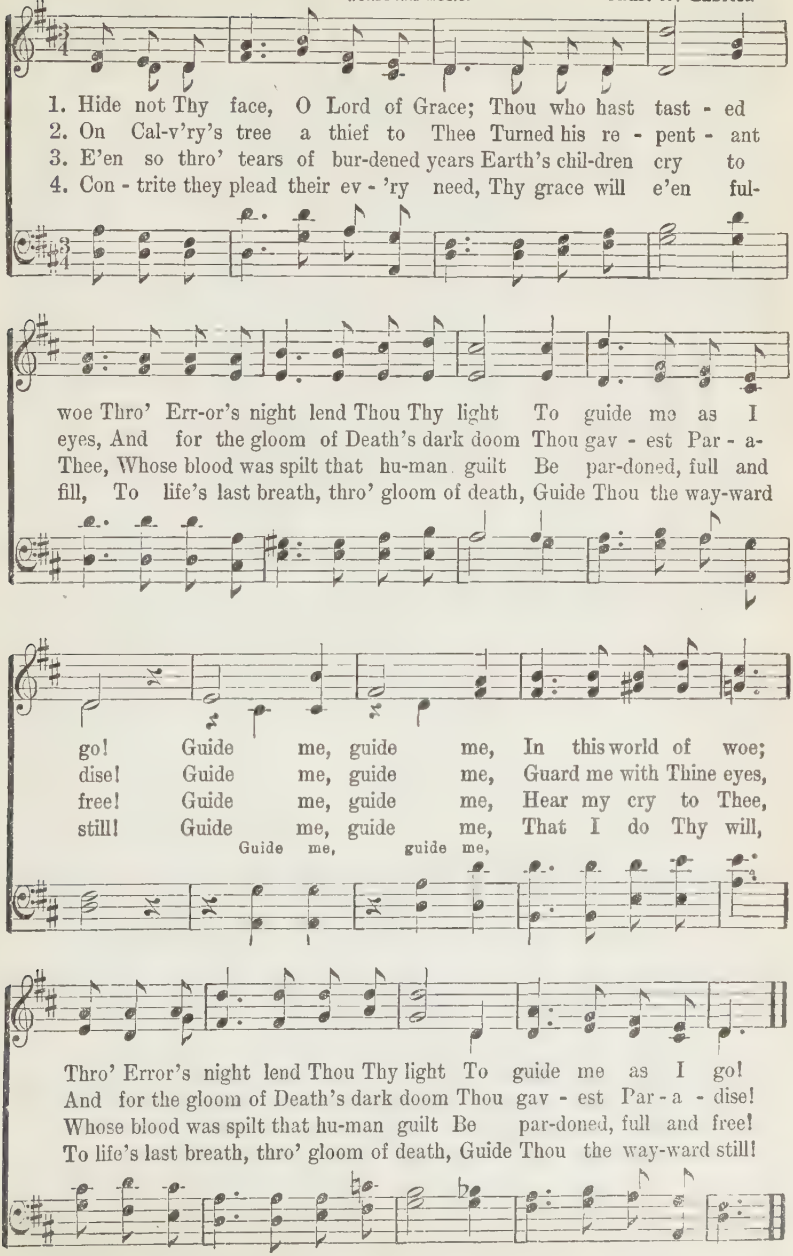
No. 97.

Guide Me.

(Hymn of the Wayward.)

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

Eric Gambrell. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Hide not Thy face, O Lord of Grace; Thou who hast tast - ed
2. On Cal-v'ry's tree a thief to Thee Turned his re - pent - ant
3. E'en so thro' tears of bur-dened years Earth's chil-dren cry to
4. Con - trite they plead their ev - 'ry need, Thy grace will e'en ful-
woe Thro' Err-or's night lend Thou Thy light To guide me as I
eyes, And for the gloom of Death's dark doom Thou gav - est Par - a-
Thee, Whose blood was spilt that hu-man guilt Be par-doned, full and
fill, To life's last breath, thro' gloom of death, Guide Thou the way-ward
go! Guide me, guide me, In this world of woe;
dise! Guide me, guide me, Guard me with Thine eyes,
free! Guide me, guide me, Hear my cry to Thee,
still! Guide me, guide me, That I do Thy will,
Guide me, guide me,
Thro' Error's night lend Thou Thy light To guide me as I go!
And for the gloom of Death's dark doom Thou gav - est Par - a - dise!
Whose blood was spilt that hu-man guilt Be par-doned, full and free!
To life's last breath, thro' gloom of death, Guide Thou the way-ward still!

No. 98.

Songs In the Night.

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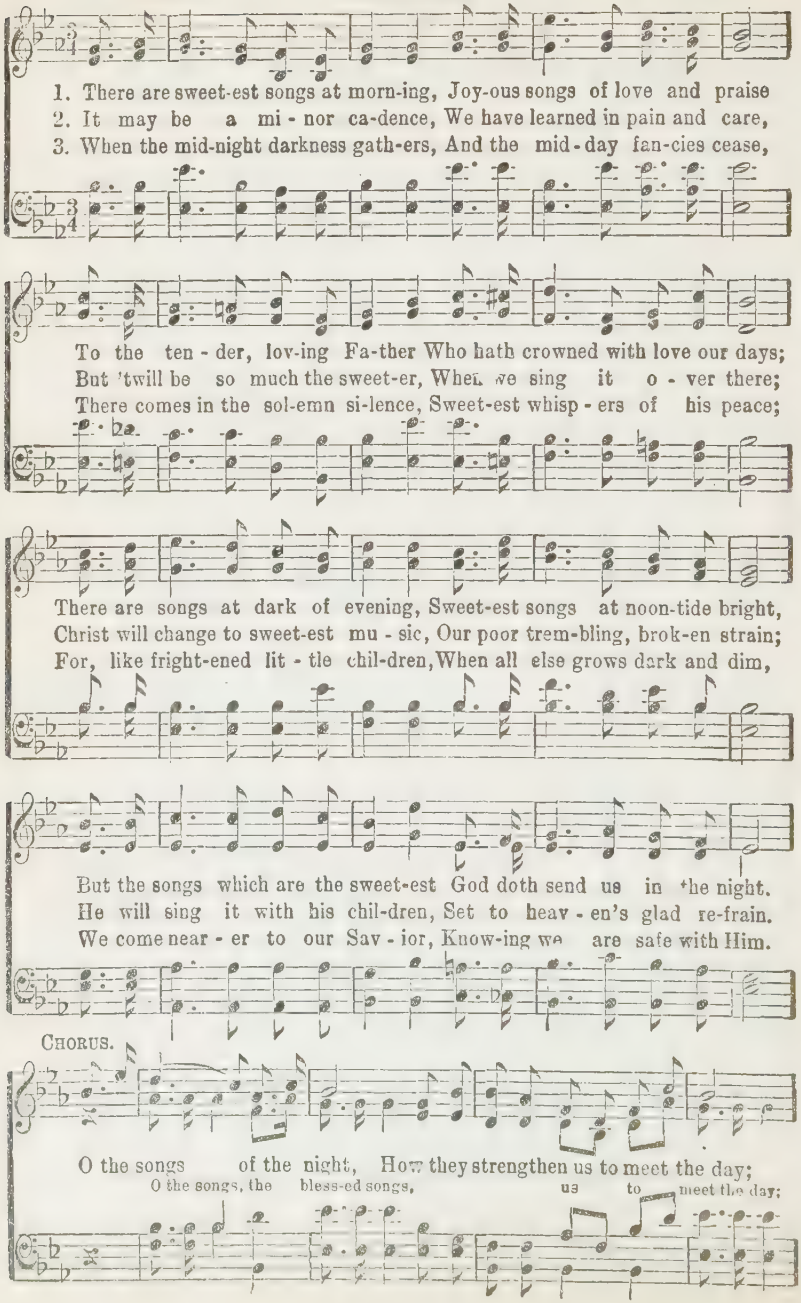
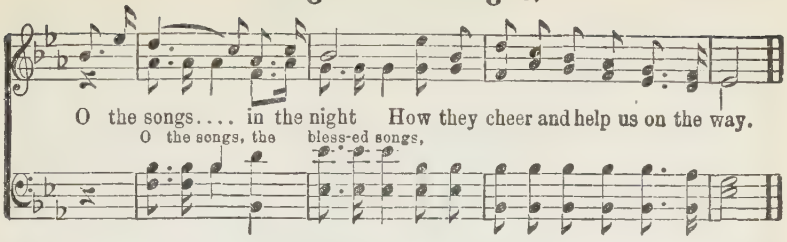
E. M. Sherman. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There are sweet-est songs at morn-ing, Joy-ous songs of love and praise
2. It may be a mi - nor ca-dence, We have learned in pain and care,
3. When the mid-night darkness gath-ers, And the mid - day fan-cies cease,
To the ten - der, lov-ing Fa-ther Who hath crowned with love our days;
But 'twill be so much the sweet-er, When we sing it o - ver there;
There comes in the sol-emn si-lence, Sweet-est whisp - ers of his peace;
There are songs at dark of evening, Sweet-est songs at noon-tide bright,
Christ will change to sweet-est mu - sic, Our poor trem-bling, brok-en strain;
For, like fright-ened lit - tle chil-dren, When all else grows dark and dim,
But the songs which are the sweet-est God doth send us in the night.
He will sing it with his chil-dren, Set to heav - en's glad re-frain.
We come near - er to our Sav - ior, Know-ing we are safe with Him.
CHORUS.
O the songs of the night, How they strengthen us to meet the day;
O the songs, the bless-ed songs, us to meet the day;

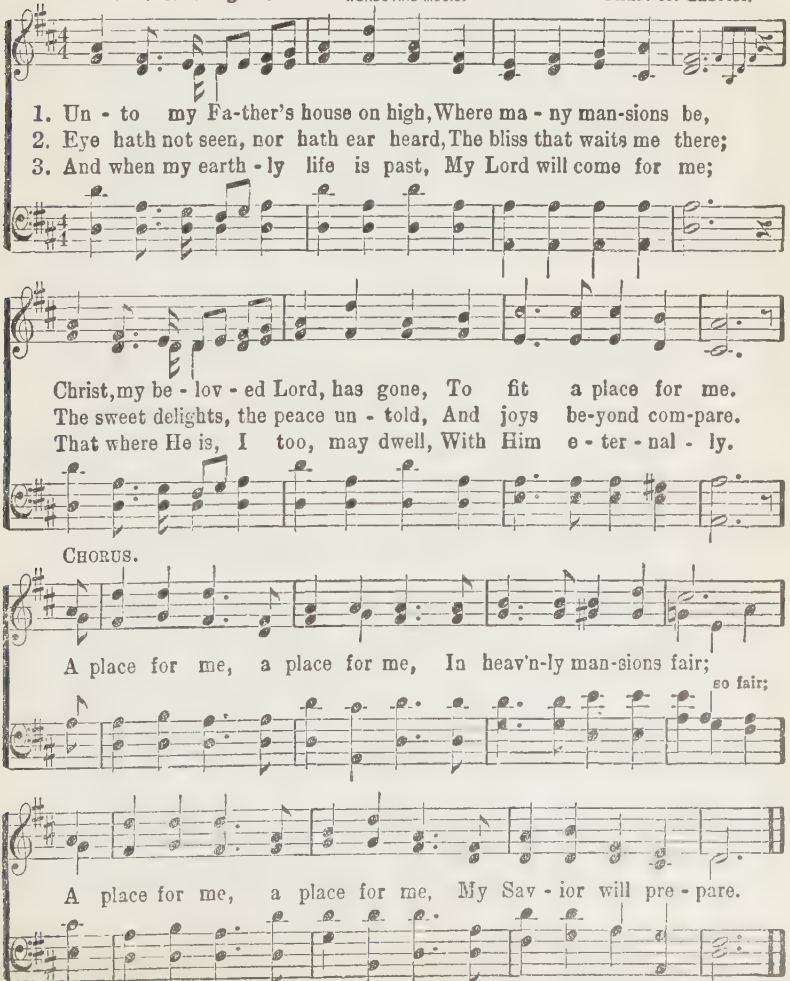
Songs In the Night.



No. 99. A Place for Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

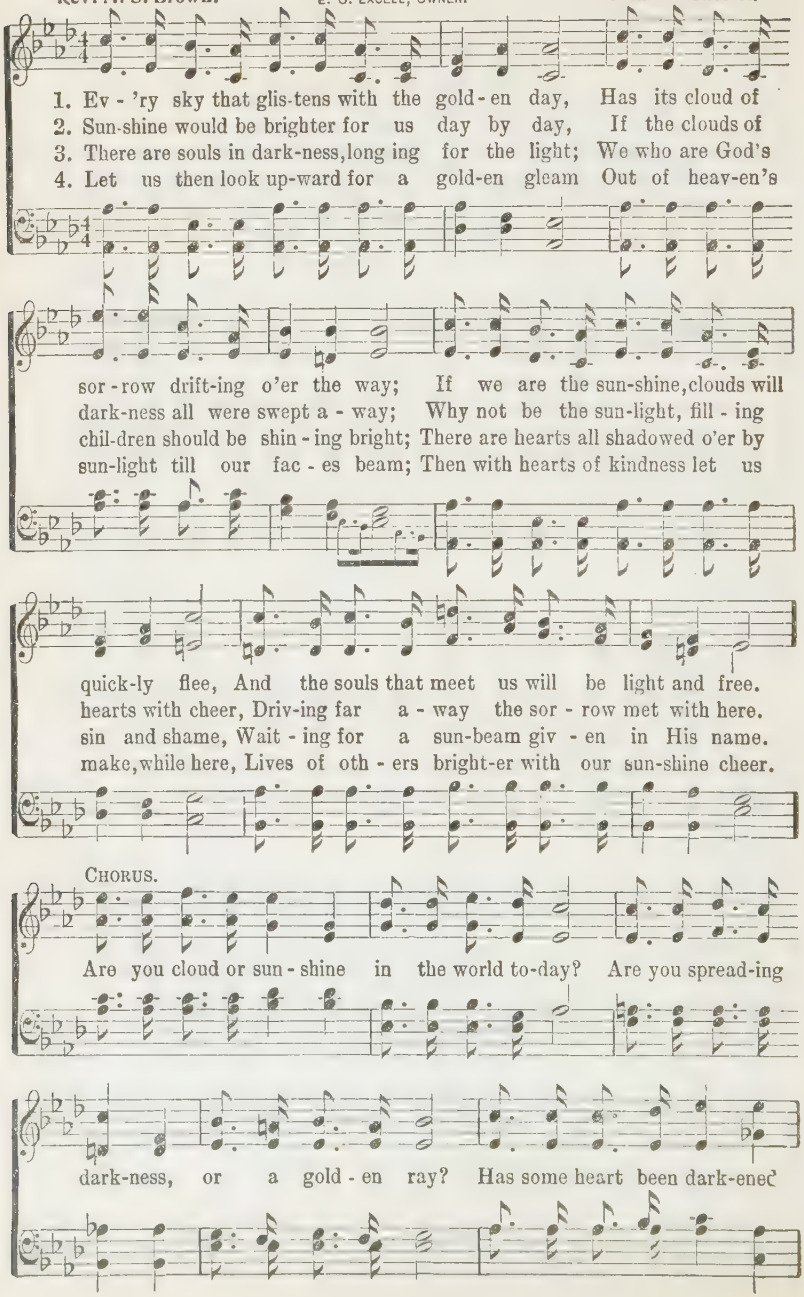
Minnie A. G. Edington. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Un - to my Fa-ther's house on high, Where ma - ny man-sions be,
2. Eye hath not seen, nor hath ear heard, The bliss that waits me there;
3. And when my earth - ly life is past, My Lord will come for me;
Christ, my be - lov - ed Lord, has gone, To fit a place for me.
The sweet delights, the peace un - told, And joys be-yond com-pare.
That where He is, I too, may dwell, With Him e - ter - nal - ly.
CHORUS.
A place for me, a place for me, In heav'n-ly man-sions fair;
so fair;
A place for me, a place for me, My Sav - ior will pre - pare.

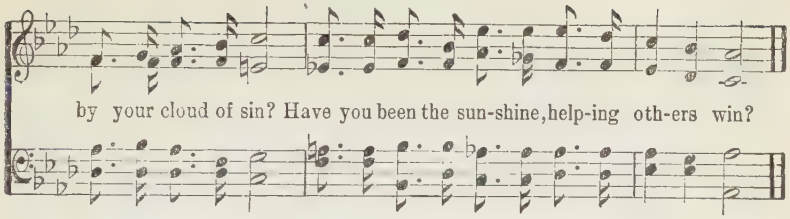
No. 100. Cloud or Sunshine.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Rev. M. S. Brown. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Ev - 'ry sky that glis-tens with the gold - en day, Has its cloud of
2. Sun-shine would be brighter for us day by day, If the clouds of
3. There are souls in dark-ness, long ing for the light; We who are God's
4. Let us then look up-ward for a gold-en gleam Out of heav-en's
sor - row drift-ing o'er the way; If we are the sun-shine, clouds will
dark-ness all were swept a - way; Why not be the sun-light, fill - ing
chil-dren should be shin - ing bright; There are hearts all shadowed o'er by
sun-light till our fac - es beam; Then with hearts of kindness let us
quick-ly flee, And the souls that meet us will be light and free.
hearts with cheer, Driv-ing far a - way the sor - row met with here.
sin and shame, Wait - ing for a sun-beam giv - en in His name.
make, while here, Lives of oth - ers bright-er with our sun-shine cheer.
CHORUS.
Are you cloud or sun - shine in the world to-day? Are you spread-ing
dark-ness, or a gold - en ray? Has some heart been dark-ened

Cloud or Sunshine.



No. 101. 'Tis Sweet to Know.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1877 AND 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
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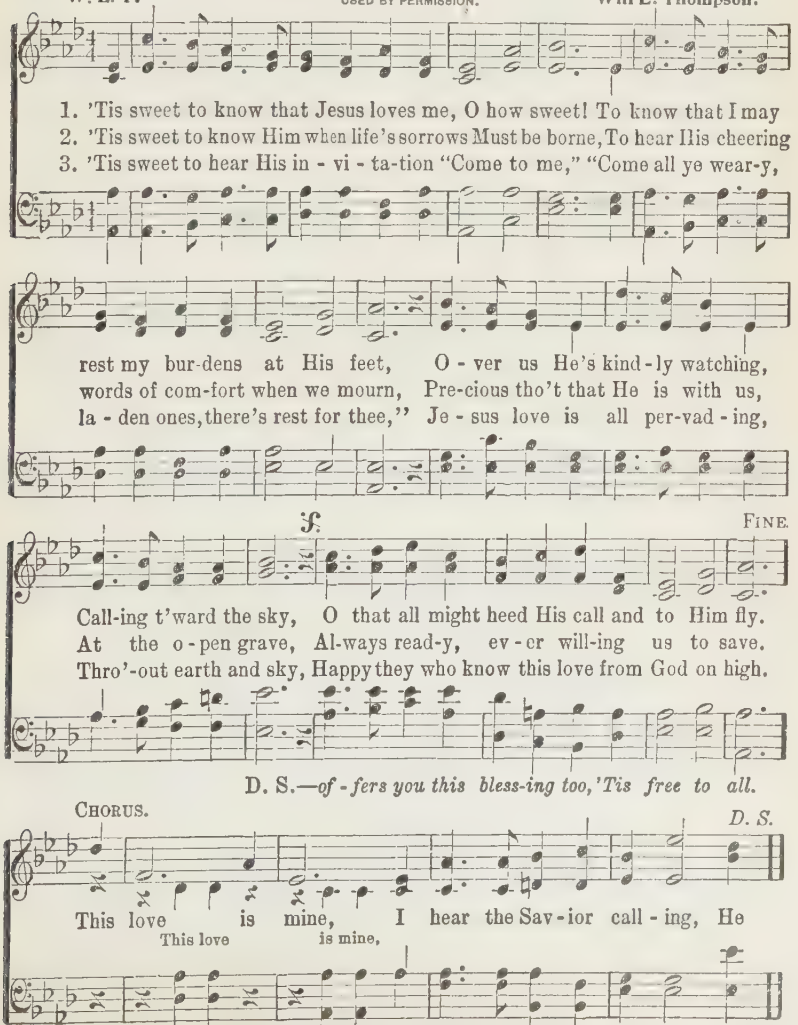
Will L. Thompson.

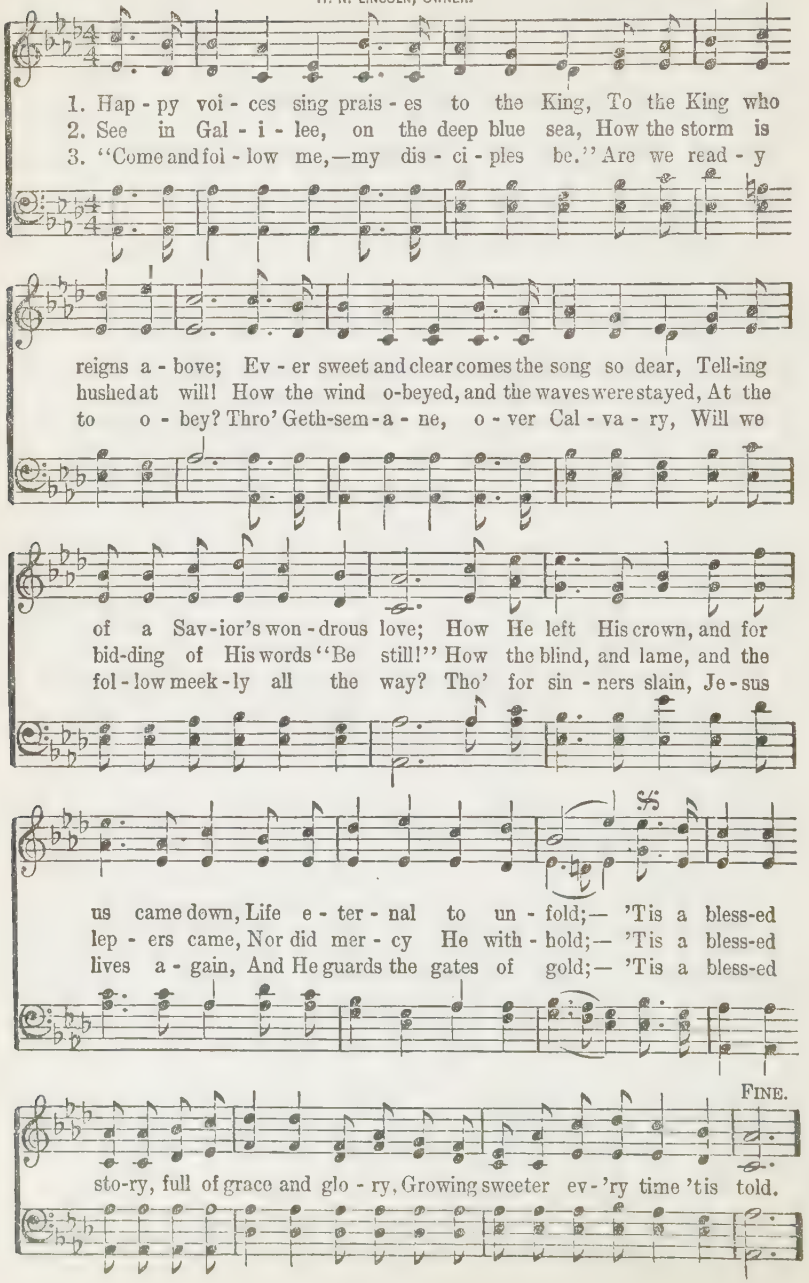

1. 'Tis sweet to know that Jesus loves me, O how sweet! To know that I may
2. 'Tis sweet to know Him when life's sorrows Must be borne, To hear His cheering
3. 'Tis sweet to hear His in - vi - ta-tion "Come to me," "Come all ye wear-y,
rest my bur-dens at His feet, O - ver us He's kind - ly watching,
words of com-fort when we mourn, Pre-cious tho't that He is with us,
la - den ones, there's rest for thee," Je - sus love is all per-vad - ing,
f
FINE.
Call-ing t'ward the sky, O that all might heed His call and to Him fly.
At the o - pen grave, Al-ways read-y, ev - er will-ing us to save.
Thro'-out earth and sky, Happy they who know this love from God on high.
D. S.—of - fers you this bless-ing too, 'Tis free to all.
CHORUS.
D. S.
This love is mine, I hear the Sav - ior call - ing, He
This love is mine.

No. 102. The Blessed Story.

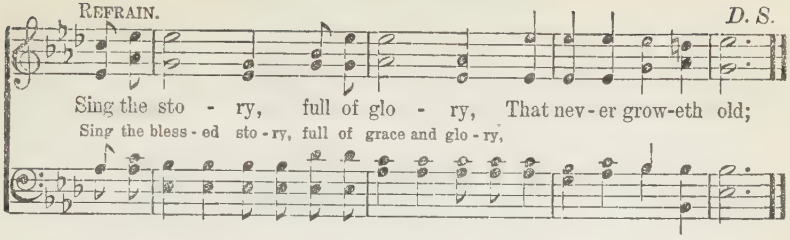
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
H. N. LINCOLN, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

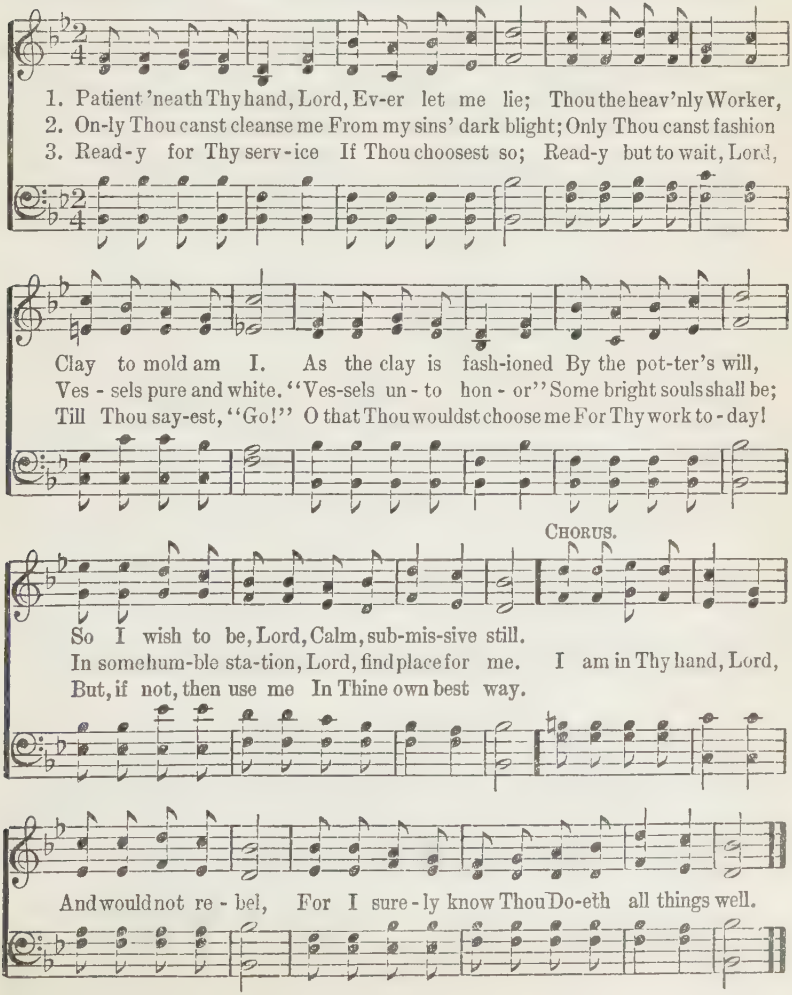

1. Hap - py voi - ces sing prais - es to the King, To the King who
2. See in Gal - i - lee, on the deep blue sea, How the storm is
3. "Come and fol - low me,—my dis - ci - ples be." Are we read - y
reigns a - bove; Ev - er sweet and clear comes the song so dear, Tell-ing
hushed at will! How the wind o-beyed, and the waves were stayed, At the
to o - bey? Thro' Geth-sem-a - ne, o - ver Cal - va - ry, Will we
of a Sav-ior's won - drous love; How He left His crown, and for
bid-ding of His words "Be still!" How the blind, and lame, and the
fol - low meek - ly all the way? Tho' for sin - ners slain, Je - sus
us came down, Life e - ter - nal to un - fold;— 'Tis a bless-ed
lep - ers came, Nor did mer - cy He with - hold;— 'Tis a bless-ed
lives a - gain, And He guards the gates of gold;— 'Tis a bless-ed
FINE.
sto-ry, full of grace and glo - ry, Growing sweeter ev - 'ry time 'tis told.

The Blessed Story.



No. 103. Patient 'Neath Thy Hand, Lord.

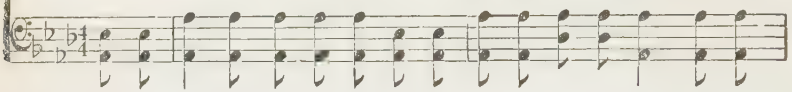
Flora Kirkland. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEX. Howard E. Smith.

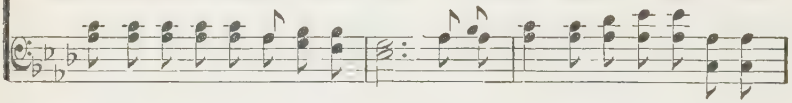

1. Patient 'neath Thy hand, Lord, Ev-er let me lie; Thou the heav'nly Worker,
2. On-ly Thou canst cleanse me From my sins' dark blight; Only Thou canst fashion
3. Read-y for Thy serv-ice If Thou choosest so; Read-y but to wait, Lord,
Clay to mold am I. As the clay is fash-ioned By the pot-ter's will,
Ves - sels pure and white. "Ves-sels un - to hon - or" Some bright souls shall be;
Till Thou say-est, "Go!" O that Thou wouldst choose me For Thy work to - day!
CHORUS.
So I wish to be, Lord, Calm, sub-mis-sive still.
In some hum-ble sta-tion, Lord, find place for me. I am in Thy hand, Lord,
But, if not, then use me In Thine own best way.
And would not re - bel, For I sure - ly know Thou Do-eth all things well.

No. 104. My Savior First of All.

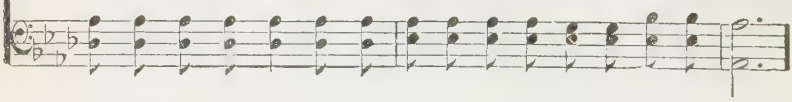
COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

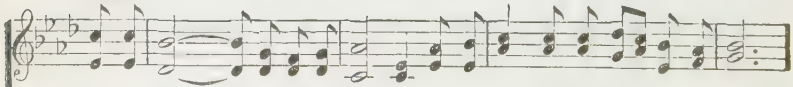
Fanny J. Crosby. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life work is end - ed, and I cross the swell-ing tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view His bless - ed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo - ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y, in a robe of spot - less white He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Re-deemer when I
lus - ter of His kind - ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part - ing at the riv - er I re - call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall



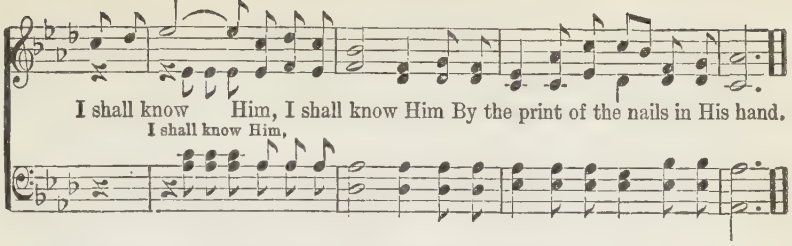
reach the oth - er side, And His smile will be the first to wel - come me.
mer - cy, love and grace, That pre-pare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my wel-come home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min - gle with de - light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.



CHORUS.

I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,

I shall know Him

My Savior First of All.



No. 105. Go Away Happy To-Night.

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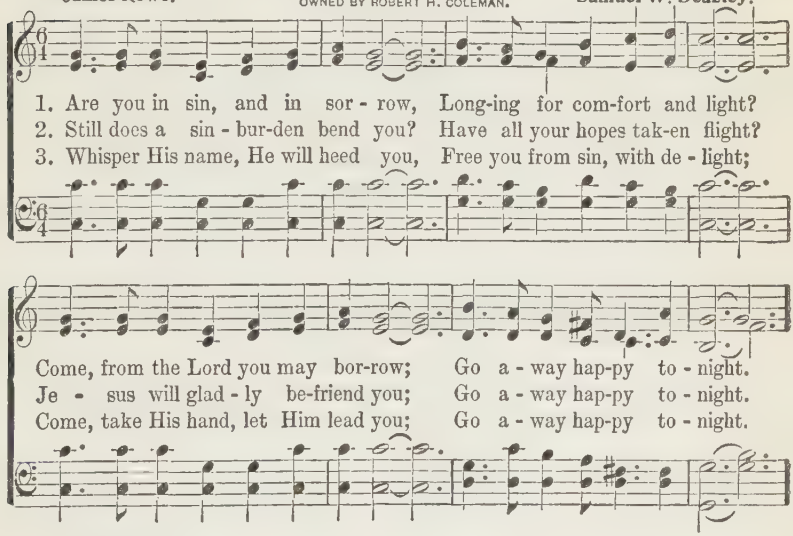
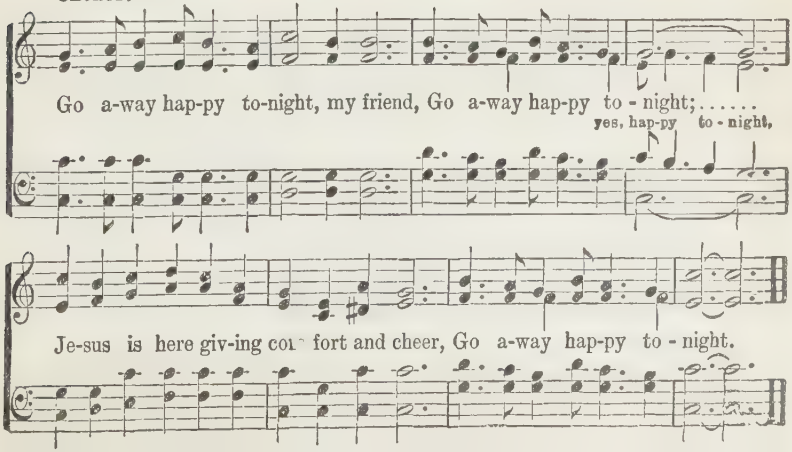
James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Are you in sin, and in sor - row, Long-ing for com-fort and light?
2. Still does a sin - bur-den bend you? Have all your hopes tak-en flight?
3. Whisper His name, He will heed you, Free you from sin, with de - light;
Come, from the Lord you may bor-row; Go a - way hap-py to - night.
Je - sus will glad - ly be-friend you; Go a - way hap-py to - night.
Come, take His hand, let Him lead you; Go a - way hap-py to - night.

CHORUS.


Go a-way hap-py to-night, my friend, Go a-way hap-py to - night;.....
yes, hap-py to - night,
Je-sus is here giv-ing com - fort and cheer, Go a-way hap-py to - night.

No. 106. Come Today.

R. L. B.

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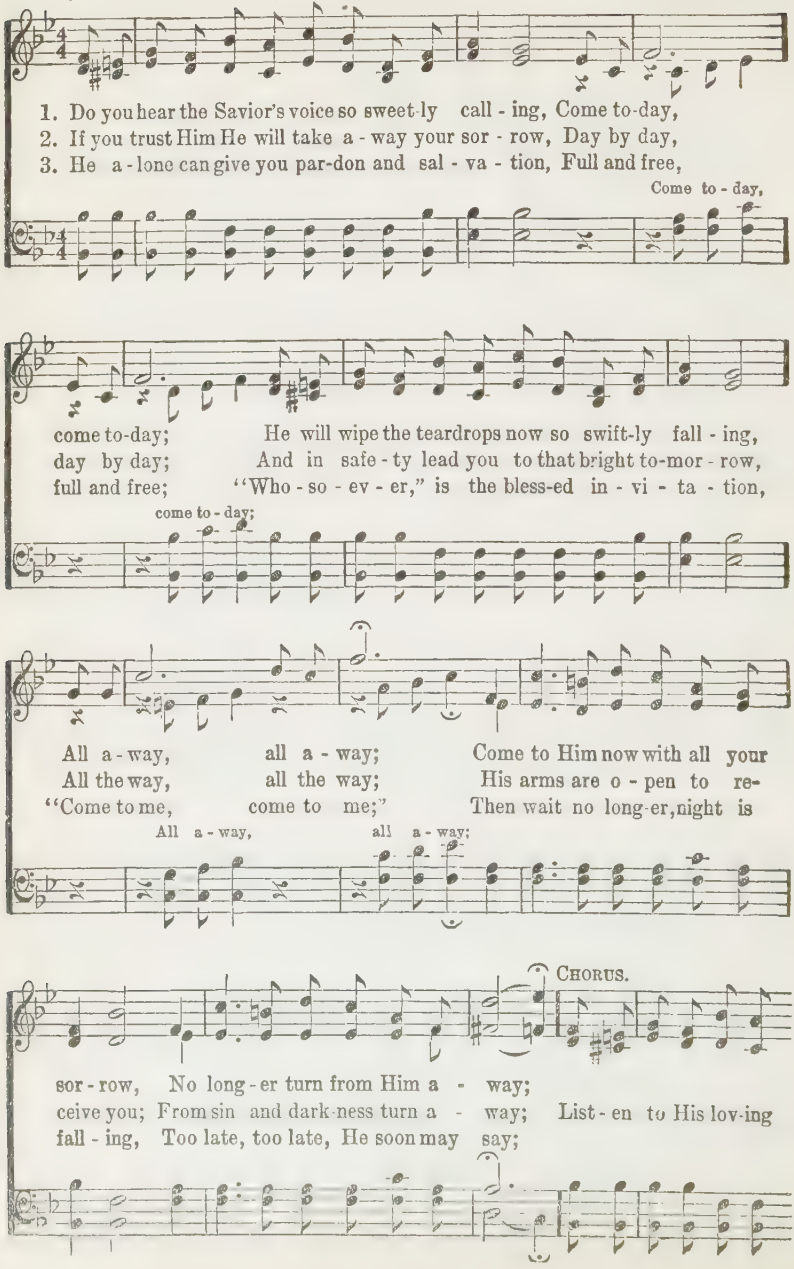
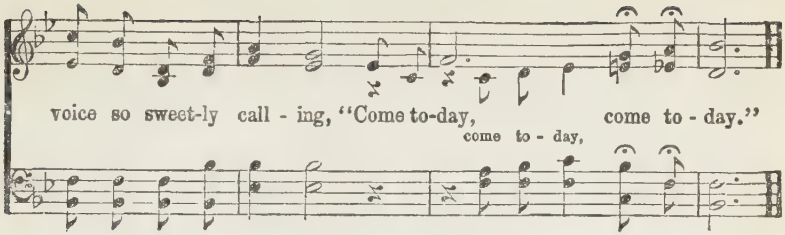
R. L. Blowers.

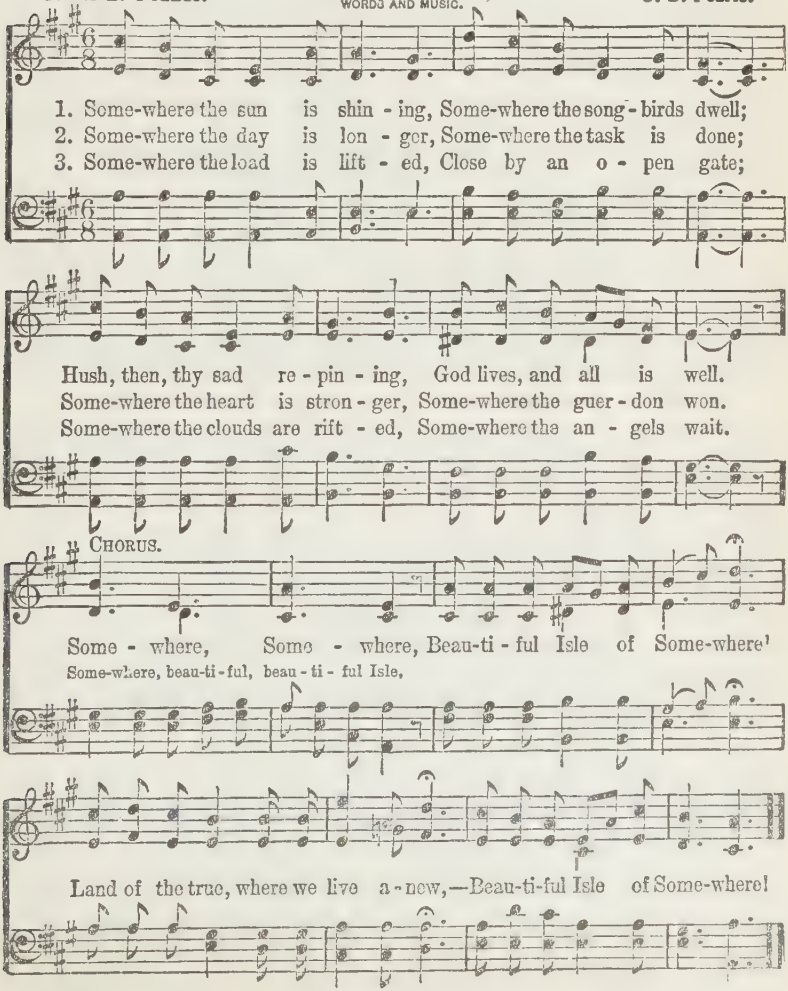

1. Do you hear the Savior's voice so sweet-ly call - ing, Come to-day,
2. If you trust Him He will take a - way your sor - row, Day by day,
3. He a - lone can give you par-don and sal - va - tion, Full and free,
Come to - day,
come to-day; He will wipe the teardrops now so swift-ly fall - ing,
day by day; And in safe - ty lead you to that bright to-mor - row,
full and free; "Who - so - ev - er," is the bless-ed in - vi - ta - tion,
come to - day;
All a - way, all a - way; Come to Him now with all your
All the way, all the way; His arms are o - pen to re-
"Come to me, come to me;" Then wait no long-er, night is
All a - way, all a - way;
CHORUS.
sor - row, No long - er turn from Him a - way;
ceive you; From sin and dark-ness turn a - way; List - en to His lov-ing
fall - ing, Too late, too late, He soon may say;

Come Today.



No. 107. Beautiful Isle.

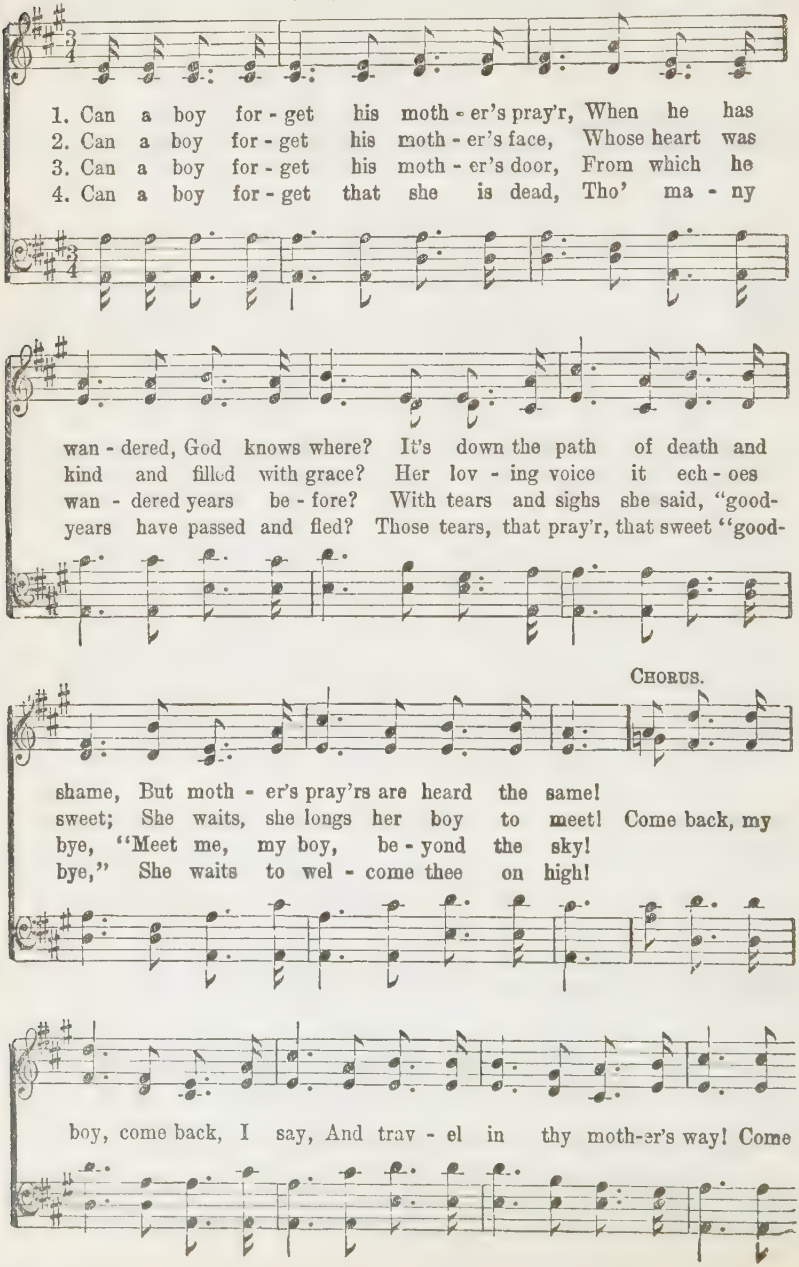
Jessie B. Pounds. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. S. Fearis.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Some-where the sun is shin - ing, Some-where the song - birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon - ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift - ed, Close by an o - pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re - pin - ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron - ger, Some-where the guer - don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift - ed, Some-where the an - gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some - where, Some - where, Beau-ti - ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau - ti - ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a - new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

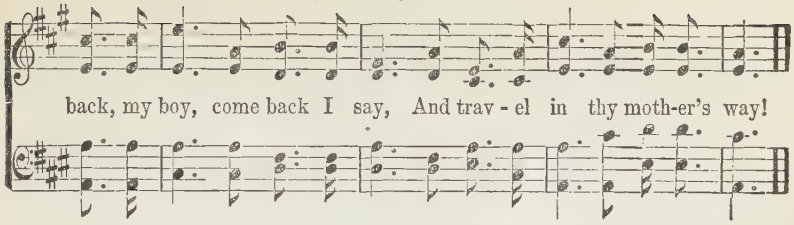
No. 108. Can a Boy Forget His Mother?

Dedicated to my friend, Mrs. R. G. Chandler, Coldwater, Mich.

J. H. W. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY REV. J. H. WEBER, BY PER. Rev. J. H. Weber.


1. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's pray'r, When he has
2. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's face, Whose heart was
3. Can a boy for - get his moth - er's door, From which he
4. Can a boy for - get that she is dead, Tho' ma - ny
wan - dered, God knows where? It's down the path of death and
kind and filled with grace? Her lov - ing voice it ech - oes
wan - dered years be - fore? With tears and sighs she said, "good-
years have passed and fled? Those tears, that pray'r, that sweet "good-
Chorus.
shame, But moth - er's pray'rs are heard the same!
sweet; She waits, she longs her boy to meet! Come back, my
bye, "Meet me, my boy, be - yond the sky!
bye," She waits to wel - come thee on high!
boy, come back, I say, And trav - el in thy moth-er's way! Come

Can a Boy Forget His Mother.



No. 109. I've Joined the Christian Throng.

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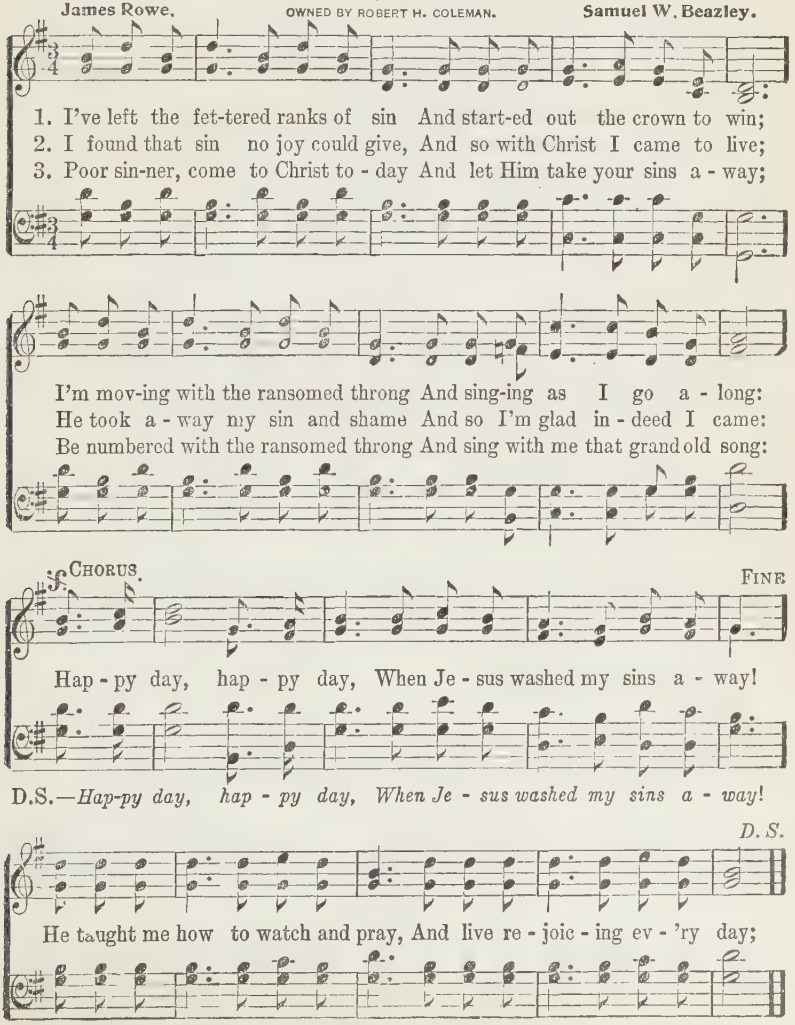
OWNED BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN.

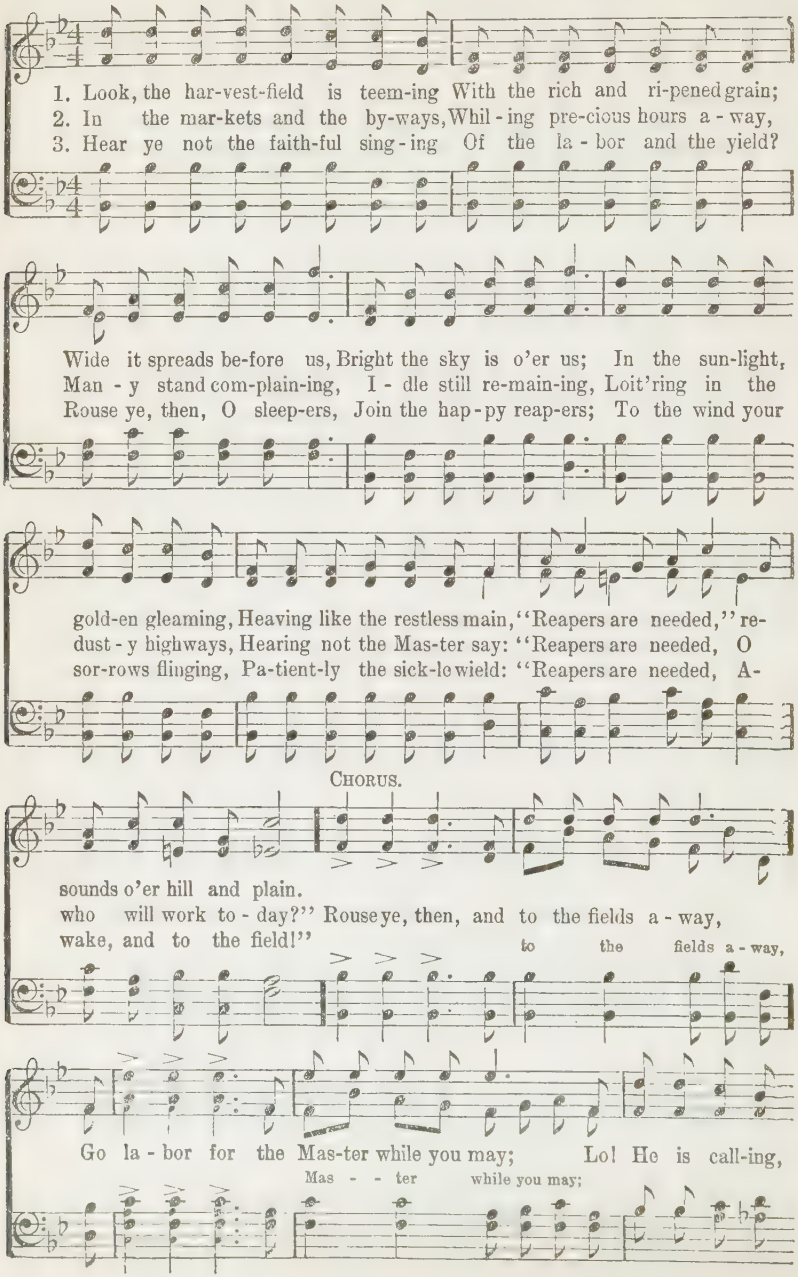
James Rowe. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. I've left the fet-tered ranks of sin And start-ed out the crown to win;
2. I found that sin no joy could give, And so with Christ I came to live;
3. Poor sin-ner, come to Christ to - day And let Him take your sins a - way;
I'm mov-ing with the ransomed throng And sing-ing as I go a - long:
He took a - way my sin and shame And so I'm glad in - deed I came:
Be numbered with the ransomed throng And sing with me that grand old song:
CHORUS.
FINE
Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!
D.S.—*Hap-py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way!*
D. S.
He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day;

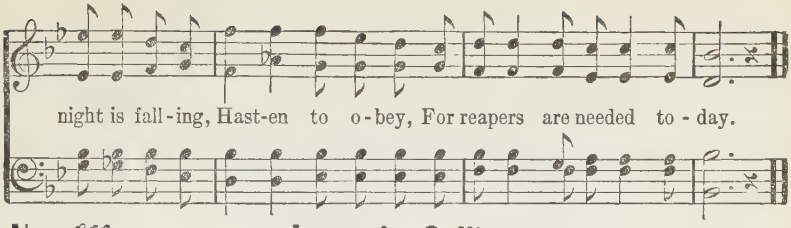
No. 110. Harvest Song!

C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

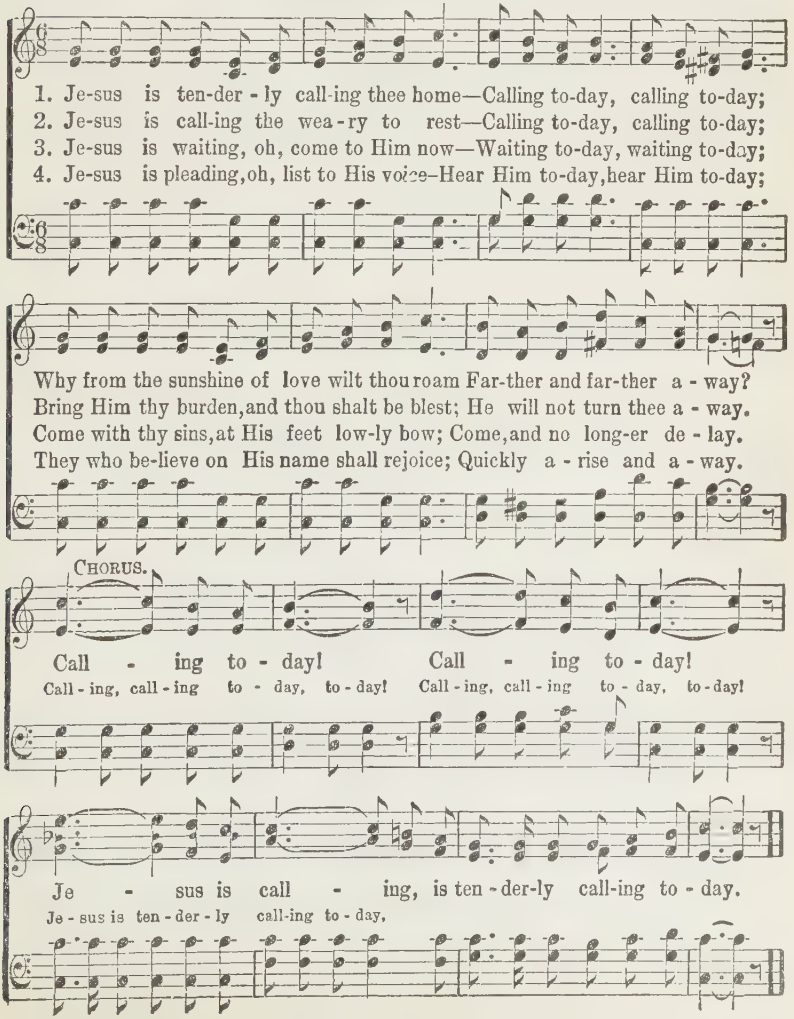
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and ri-pened grain;
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way,
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield?
Wide it spreads be-fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light,
Man-y stand com-plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loit'ring in the
Rouse ye, then, O sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your
gold-en gleaming, Heaving like the restless main, "Reapers are needed," re-
dust-y highways, Hearing not the Mas-ter say: "Reapers are needed, O
sor-rows flinging, Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reapers are needed, A-
Chorus.
sounds o'er hill and plain.
who will work to-day?" Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way,
wake, and to the field!"
to the fields a-way,
Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may; Lo! He is call-ing,
Mas - - ter while you may;

Harvest Song.



No. 111. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. BY PER. George C. Stebbins.


1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wea-ry to rest—Calling to-day, calling to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no long-er de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to-day! Call - ing to-day!
Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day! Call-ing, call-ing to-day, to-day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day.
Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing to-day,

No. 112. The Kindly Light is Leading.

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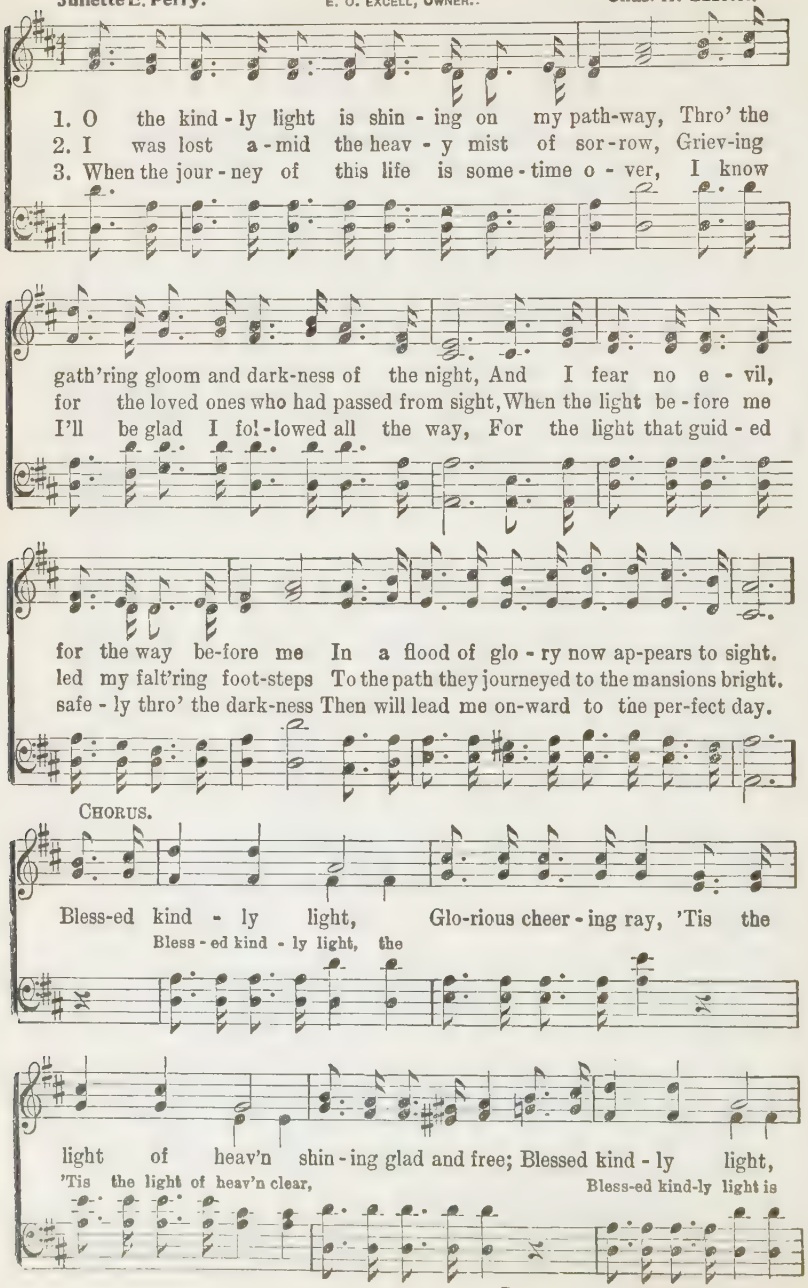
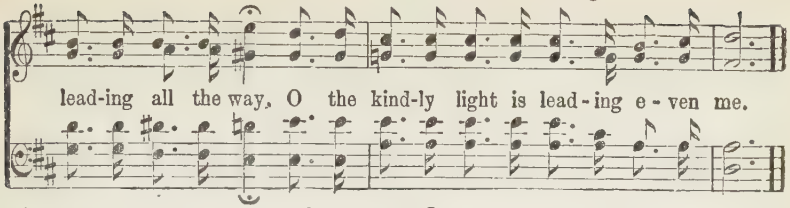
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Juliette E. Perry. Chas. H. Gabriel.

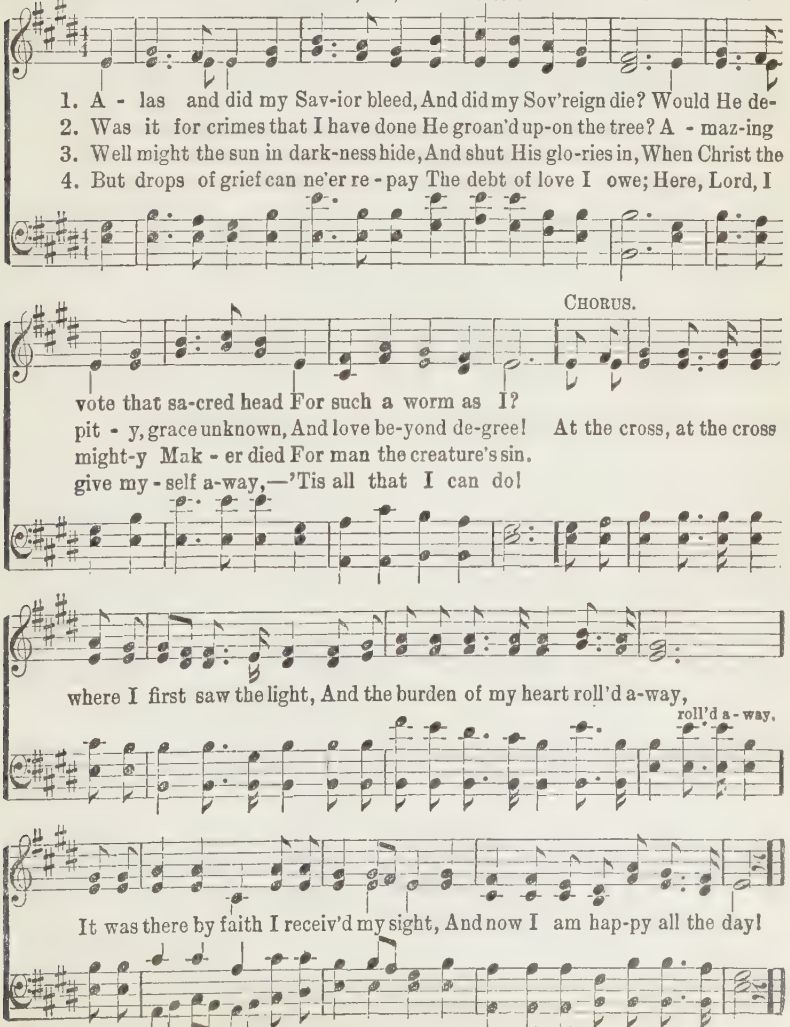

1. O the kind - ly light is shin - ing on my path-way, Thro' the
2. I was lost a - mid the heav - y mist of sor - row, Griev-ing
3. When the jour - ney of this life is some - time o - ver, I know
gath'ring gloom and dark-ness of the night, And I fear no e - vil,
for the loved ones who had passed from sight, When the light be - fore me
I'll be glad I fol - lowed all the way, For the light that guid - ed
for the way be-fore me In a flood of glo - ry now ap-pears to sight.
led my falt'ring foot-steps To the path they journeyed to the mansions bright.
safe - ly thro' the dark-ness Then will lead me on-ward to the per-fect day.
CHORUS.
Bless-ed kind - ly light, Glo-rious cheer - ing ray, 'Tis the
Bless - ed kind - ly light, the
light of heav'n shin - ing glad and free; Blessed kind - ly light,
'Tis the light of heav'n clear, Bless-ed kind-ly light is

The Kindly Light is Leading.



No. 113. At the Cross.

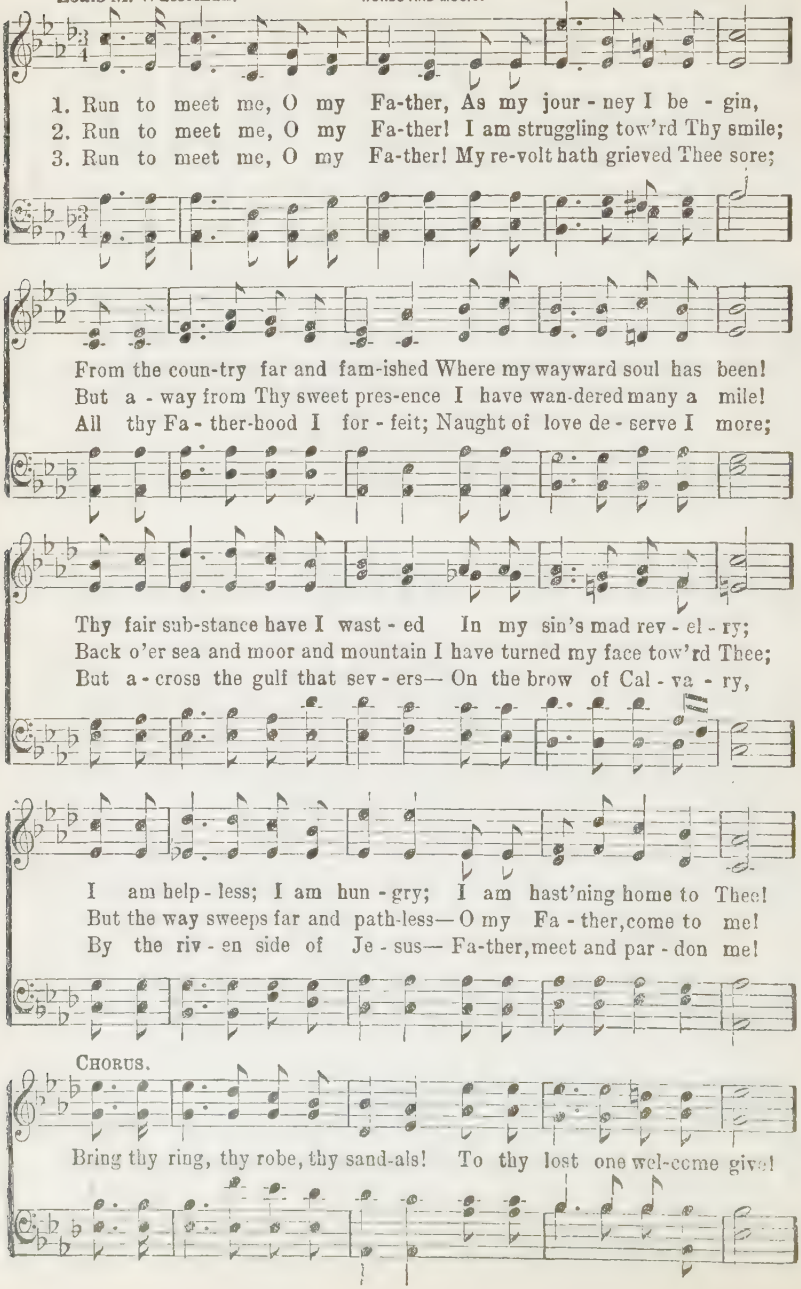
Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.


1. A - las and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done He groan'd up-on the tree? A - maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I
CHORUS.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit - y, grace unknown, And love be-yond de-gree! At the cross, at the cross
might-y Mak - er died For man the creature's sin.
give my - self a-way,—'Tis all that I can do!
where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart roll'd a-way,
roll'd a - way.
It was there by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

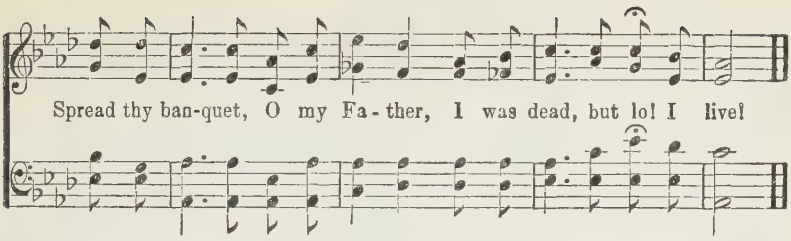
No. 114. Run to Meet Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBT. H. COLEMAN.

Louis M. Waterman. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther, As my jour-ney I be-gin,
2. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther! I am struggling tow'rd Thy smile;
3. Run to meet me, O my Fa-ther! My re-volt hath grieved Thee sore;
From the coun-try far and fam-ished Where my wayward soul has been!
But a-way from Thy sweet pres-ence I have wan-dered many a mile!
All thy Fa-ther-hood I for-feit; Naught of love de-serve I more;
Thy fair sub-stance have I wast-ed In my sin's mad rev-el-ry;
Back o'er sea and moor and mountain I have turned my face tow'rd Thee;
But a-cross the gulf that sev-ers— On the brow of Cal-va-ry,
I am help-less; I am hun-gry; I am hast'ning home to Thee!
But the way sweeps far and path-less— O my Fa-ther, come to me!
By the riv-en side of Je-sus— Fa-ther, meet and par-don me!
CHORUS.
Bring thy ring, thy robe, thy sand-als! To thy lost one wel-come give!

Run to Meet Me.



No. 115. I Believe Thee.

E. G. W. Wesley.

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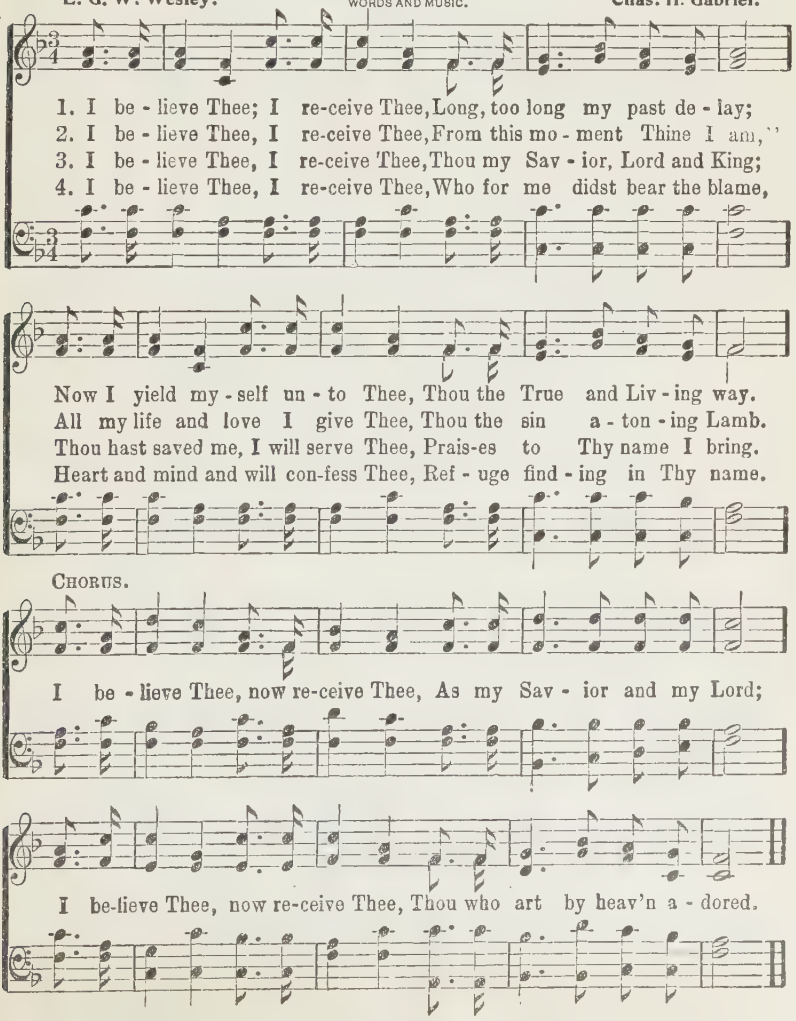
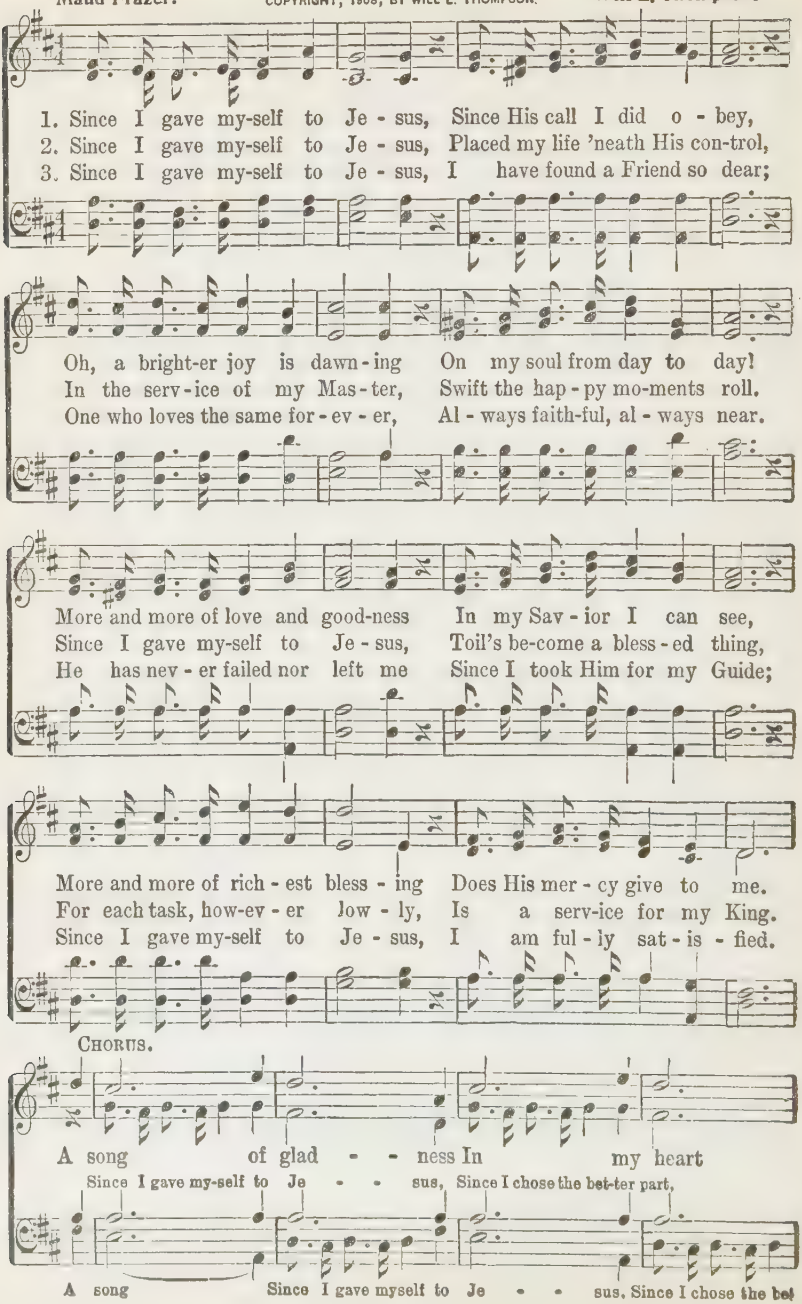
WORDS AND MUSIC.

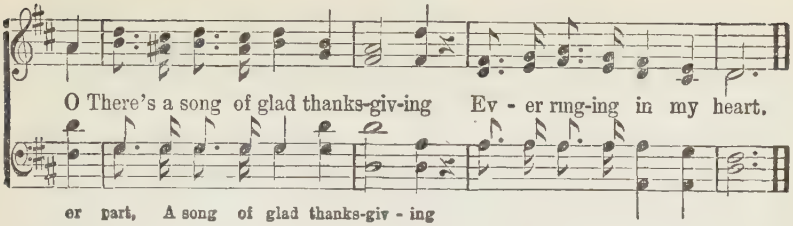
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I be - lieve Thee; I re-ceive Thee, Long, too long my past de - lay;
2. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, From this mo - ment Thine I am,"
3. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, Thou my Sav - ior, Lord and King;
4. I be - lieve Thee, I re-ceive Thee, Who for me didst bear the blame,
Now I yield my - self un - to Thee, Thou the True and Liv - ing way.
All my life and love I give Thee, Thou the sin a - ton - ing Lamb.
Thou hast saved me, I will serve Thee, Prais-es to Thy name I bring.
Heart and mind and will con-fess Thee, Ref - uge find - ing in Thy name.
Chorus.
I be - lieve Thee, now re-ceive Thee, As my Sav - ior and my Lord;
I be-lieve Thee, now re-ceive Thee, Thou who art by heav'n a - dored.

No. 116. Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.

Maud Frazer. COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WILL L. THOMPSON. Will L. Thompson.

1. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Since His call I did o - bey,
2. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Placed my life 'neath His con-trol,
3. Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, I have found a Friend so dear;
Oh, a bright-er joy is dawn - ing On my soul from day to day!
In the serv - ice of my Mas - ter, Swift the hap - py mo-ments roll.
One who loves the same for - ev - er, Al - ways faith-ful, al - ways near.
More and more of love and good-ness In my Sav - ior I can see,
Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, Toil's be-come a bless - ed thing,
He has nev - er failed nor left me Since I took Him for my Guide;
More and more of rich - est bless - ing Does His mer - cy give to me.
For each task, how-ev - er low - ly, Is a serv-ice for my King.
Since I gave my-self to Je - sus, I am ful - ly sat - is - fied.
CHORUS.
A song of glad - - ness In my heart
Since I gave my-self to Je - - sus, Since I chose the bet-ter part,
A song Since I gave myself to Je - - sus, Since I chose the bet

Since I Gave Myself to Jesus.



No. 117. Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL.
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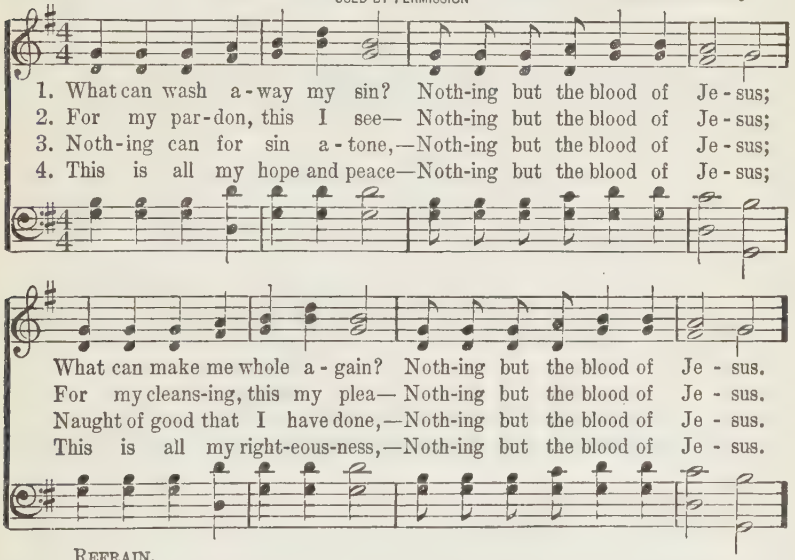
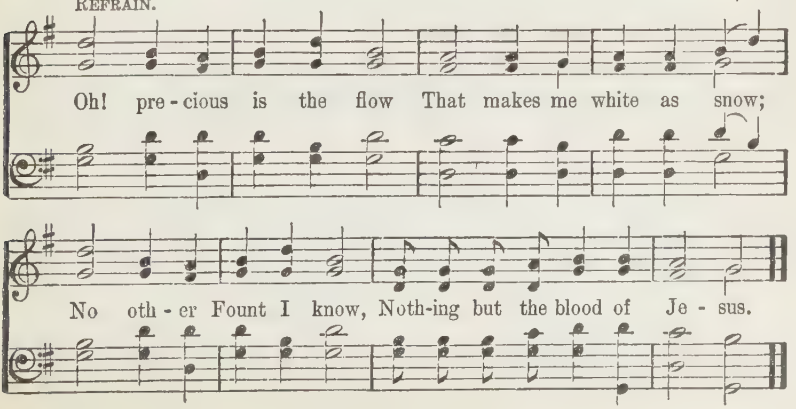
Robert Lowry.


1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par-don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
What can make me whole a - gain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness,—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.



No. 118. My Father Knows.

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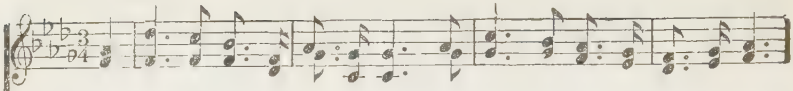
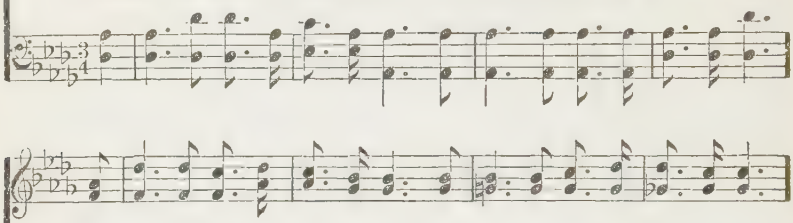
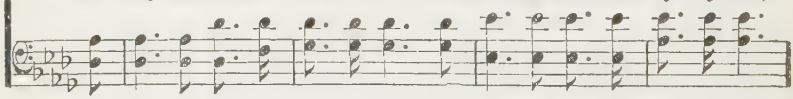
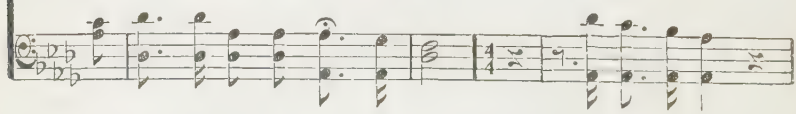
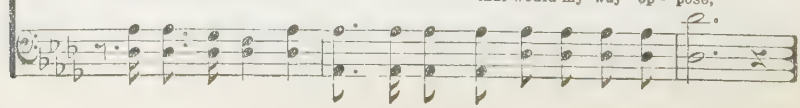
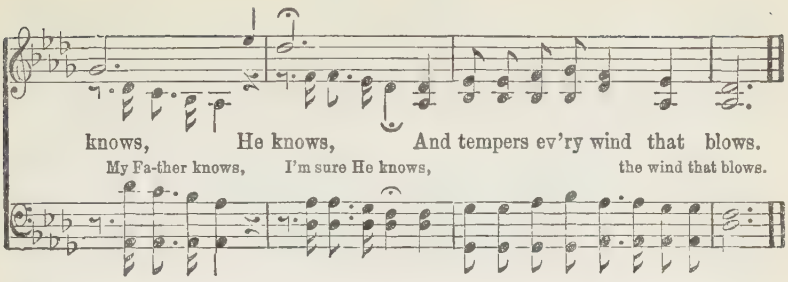
S. M. I. Henry. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The storms that would my way oppose;
2. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes,
3. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes,
4. I know my heav'nly Fa-ther knows The hour my journey here will close,



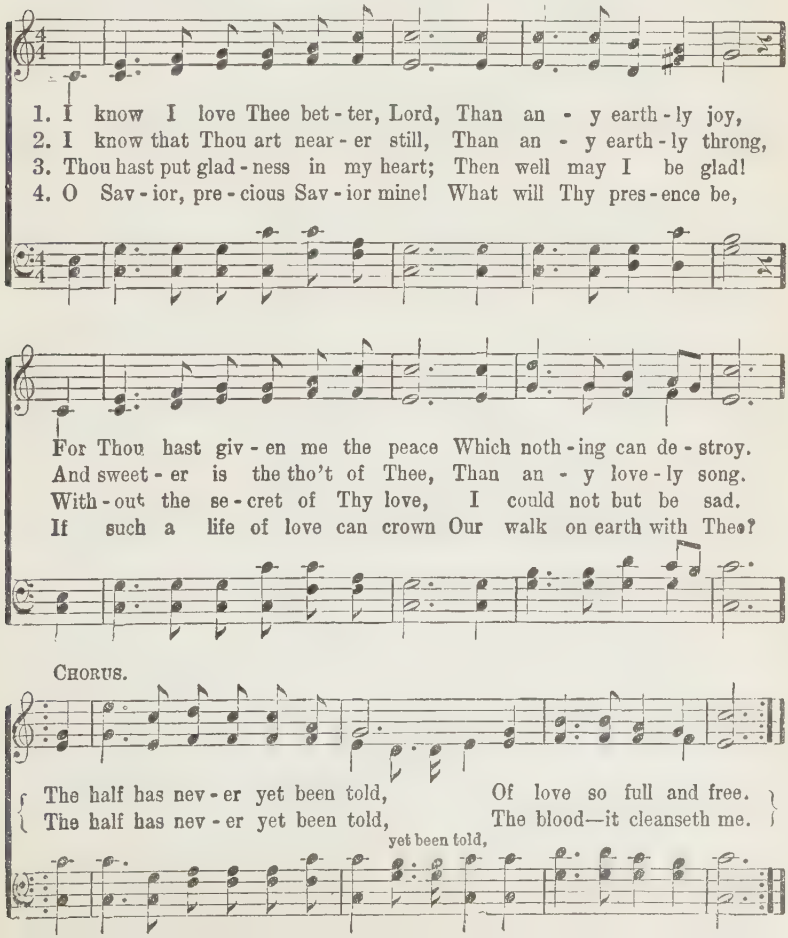
But He can drive the clouds a-way, And turn my dark-ness in - to day,
And with His touch of love di-vine, He heals this wounded soul of mine,
But He my cause will e'er de-fend, Up - hold and keep me to the end,
And may that hour, O faith-ful Guide Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side,

REFRAIN.

And turn my dark - ness in - to day.
He heals this wound - ed soul of mine. He knows, He
Up - hold and keep me to the end. My Fa - ther knows.
Find me safe shel-tered by Thy side.

knows The storms that would my way op - pose; He
I'm sure He knows that would my way op - pose;

My Father Knows.



No. 119. The Half Has Never Been Told.

Frances R. Havergal. COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PER. R. E. Hudson.


1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an-y earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still, Than an-y earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav-ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy pres-ence be,
For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of Thee, Than an-y love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?
CHORUS.
The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free.
The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
yet been told,

No. 120.

Follow Me.

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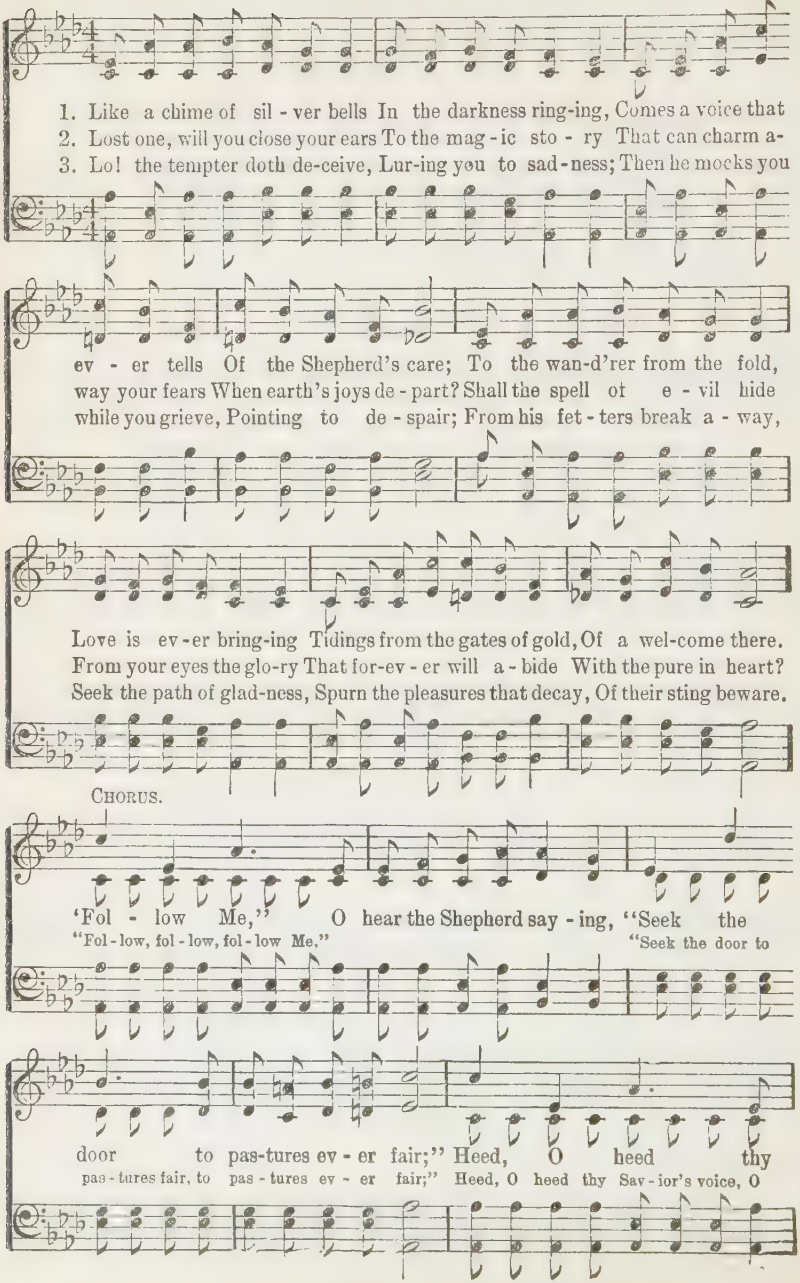
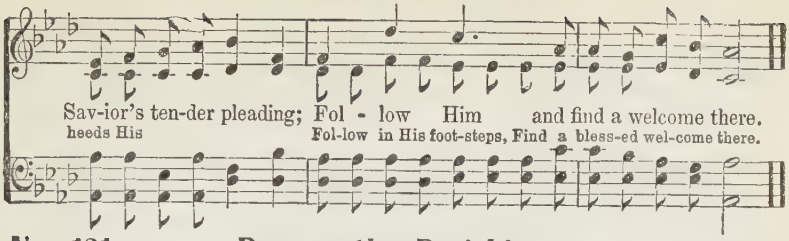
G. M. Bills. WORDS AND MUSIC. M. L. McPhail.

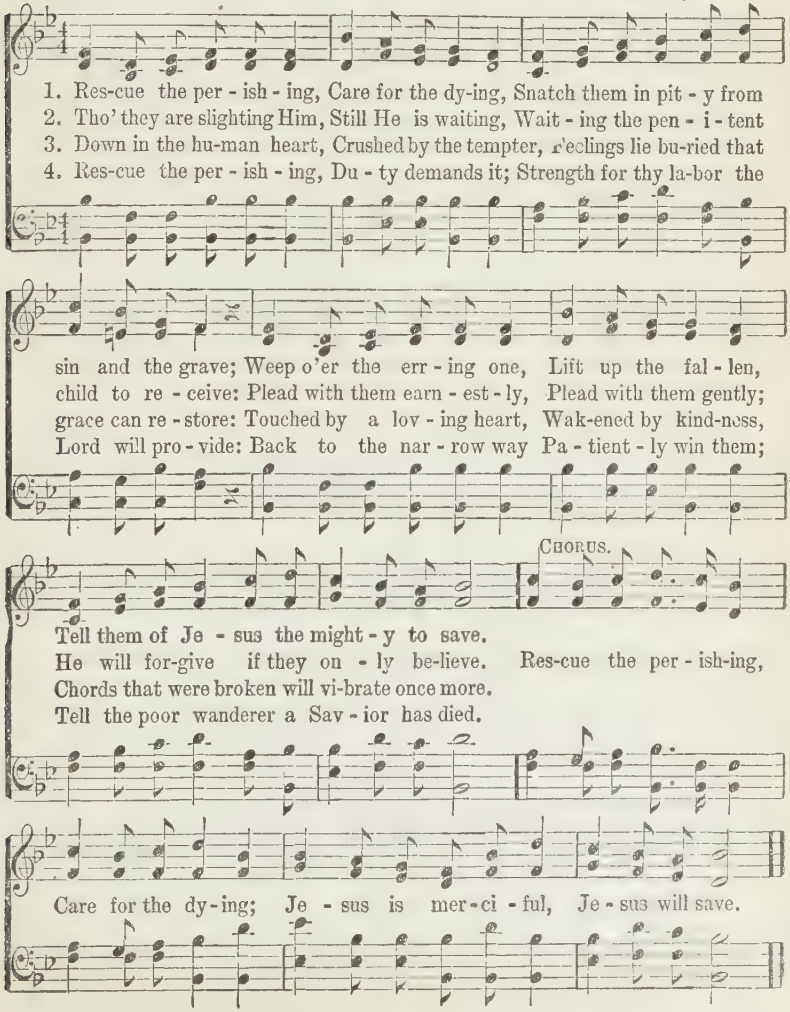

1. Like a chime of sil - ver bells In the darkness ring-ing, Comes a voice that
2. Lost one, will you close your ears To the mag - ic sto - ry That can charm a-
3. Lo! the tempter doth de-ceive, Lur-ing you to sad-ness; Then he mocks you
ev - er tells Of the Shepherd's care; To the wan-d'rer from the fold,
way your fears When earth's joys de - part? Shall the spell of e - vil hide
while you grieve, Pointing to de - spair; From his fet - ters break a - way,
Love is ev - er bring-ing Tidings from the gates of gold, Of a wel-come there.
From your eyes the glo-ry That for-ev - er will a - bide With the pure in heart?
Seek the path of glad-ness, Spurn the pleasures that decay, Of their sting beware.
CHORUS.
'Fol - low Me,'' O hear the Shepherd say - ing, ''Seek the
"Fol - low, fol - low, fol - low Me."
"Seek the door to
door to pas-tures ev - er fair;'' Heed, O heed thy
pas - tures fair, to pas - tures ev - er fair;" Heed, O heed thy Sav - ior's voice, O

Follow Me.


Sav-ior's ten-der pleading; Fol - low Him and find a welcome there.
heeds His
Fol-low in His foot-steps, Find a bless-ed wel-come there.

No. 121. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. W. H. DOANE OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. William H. Doane.


1. Res-cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, feelings lie bu-ried that
4. Res-cue the per - ish - ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fal - len,
child to re - ceive: Plead with them earn - est - ly, Plead with them gently;
grace can re - store: Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness,
Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus the might - y to save.
He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per - ish-ing,
Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
Tell the poor wanderer a Sav - ior has died.
Care for the dy-ing; Je - sus is mer-ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

No. 122. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

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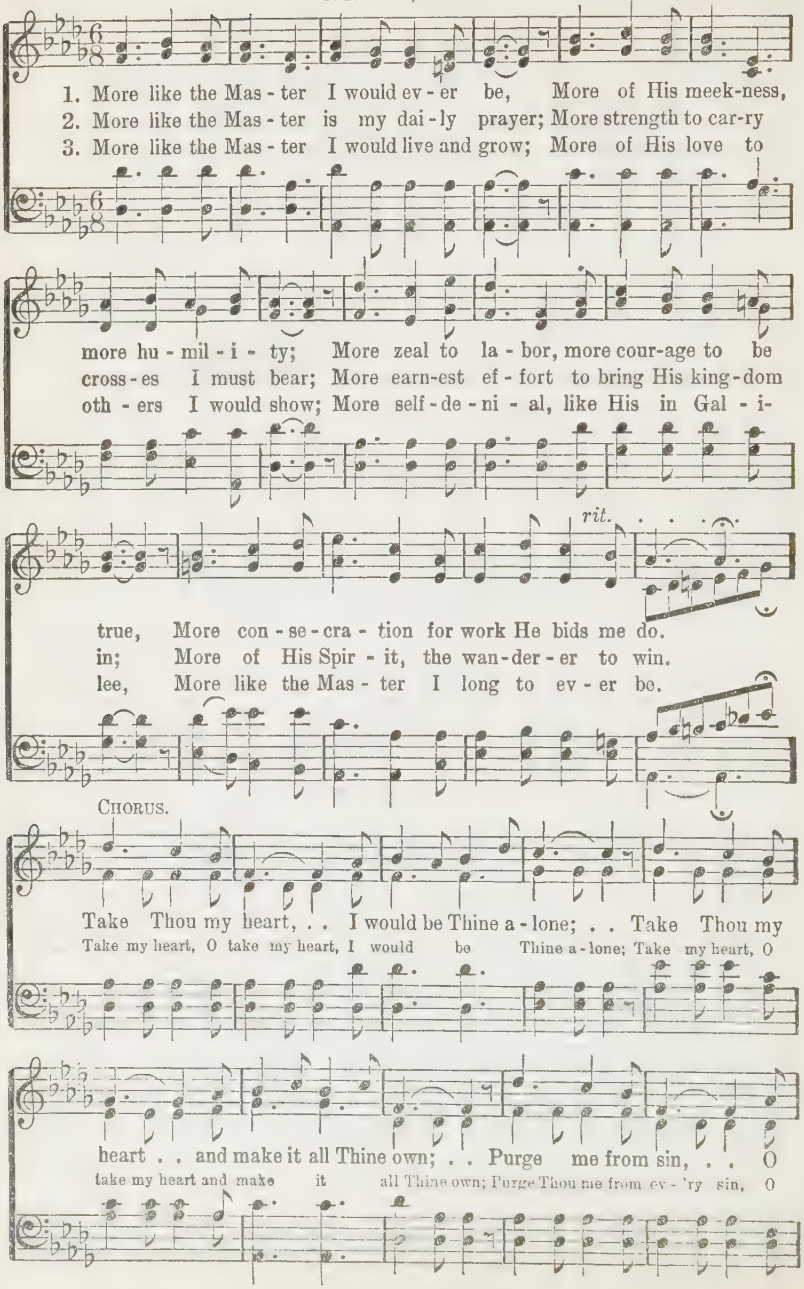
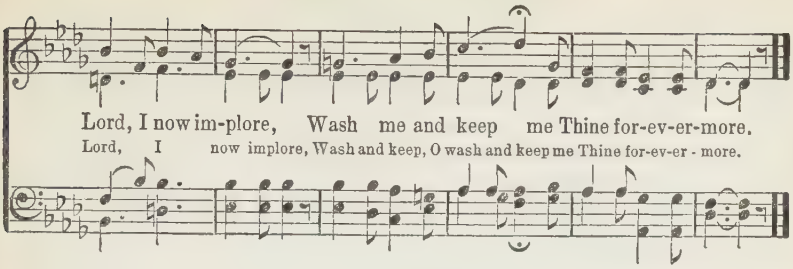
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness,
2. More like the Mas - ter is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car-ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to
more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour-age to be
cross - es I must bear; More earn-est ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-
rit.
true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan-der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.
CHORUS.
Take Thou my heart, . . I would be Thine a - lone; . . Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O
heart . . and make it all Thine own; . . Purge me from sin, . . O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

More Like the Master.

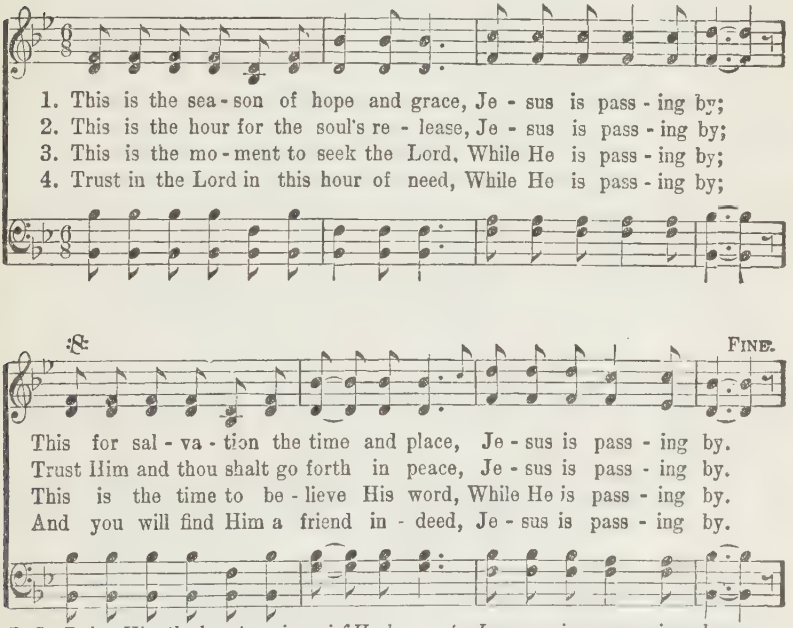

Lord, I now im-plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev-er-more.
Lord, I now implore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev-er - more.

No. 123. Jesus is Passing By.

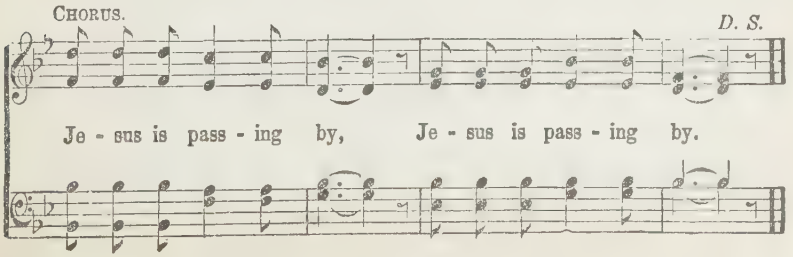
E. A. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1884, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.


1. This is the sea - son of hope and grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. This is the hour for the soul's re - lease, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. This is the mo - ment to seek the Lord, While He is pass - ing by;
4. Trust in the Lord in this hour of need, While He is pass - ing by;
FINE.
This for sal - va - tion the time and place, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
Trust Him and thou shalt go forth in peace, Je - sus is pass - ing by.
This is the time to be - lieve His word, While He is pass - ing by.
And you will find Him a friend in - deed, Je - sus is pass - ing by.

D. S.–*Bring Him thy heart ere in grief He de - part; Je - sus is pass - ing by.*

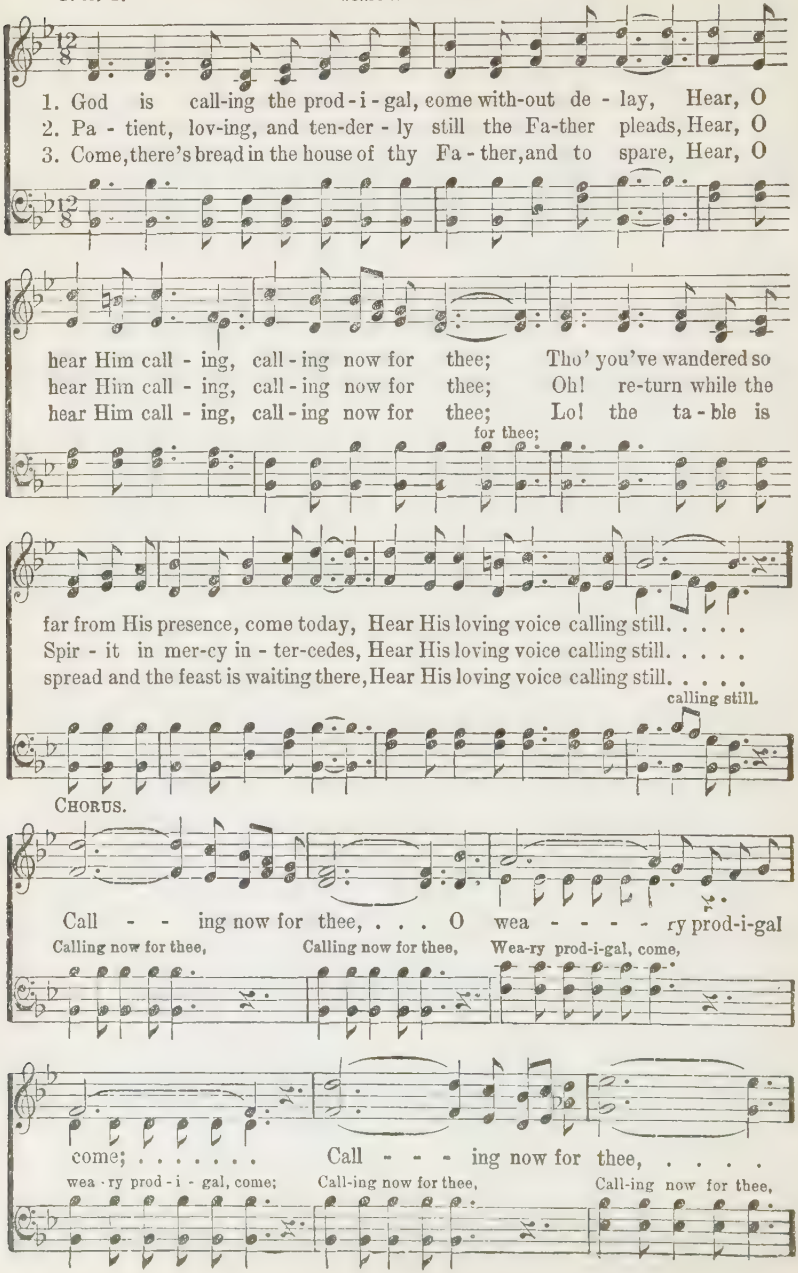


No. 124. Calling the Prodigal.

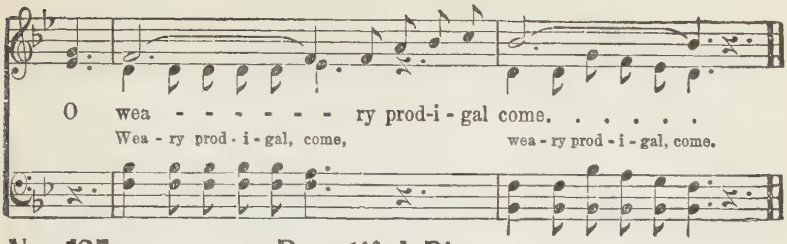
C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. God is call-ing the prod-i-gal, come with-out de-lay, Hear, O
2. Pa-tient, lov-ing, and ten-der-ly still the Fa-ther pleads, Hear, O
3. Come, there's bread in the house of thy Fa-ther, and to spare, Hear, O
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Tho' you've wandered so
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Oh! re-turn while the
hear Him call-ing, call-ing now for thee; Lo! the ta-ble is
for thee;
far from His presence, come today, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
Spir-it in mer-cy in-ter-cedes, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
spread and the feast is waiting there, Hear His loving voice calling still. . . . .
calling still.
CHORUS.
Call - - ing now for thee, . . . O wea - - - - ry prod-i-gal
Calling now for thee,
Calling now for thee,
Wea-ry prod-i-gal, come,
come; . . . . . Call - - - ing now for thee, ...
wea-ry prod-i-gal, come;
Call-ing now for thee,
Call-ing now for thee,

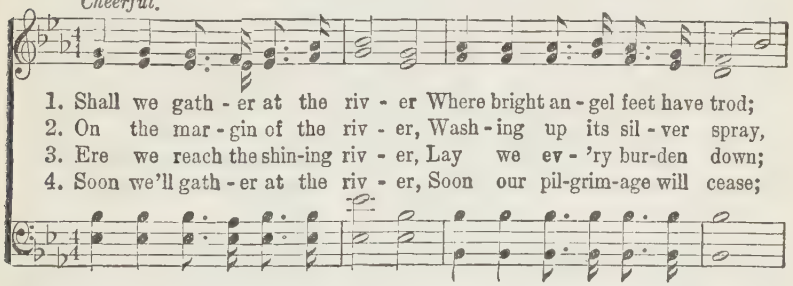
Calling the Prodigal.

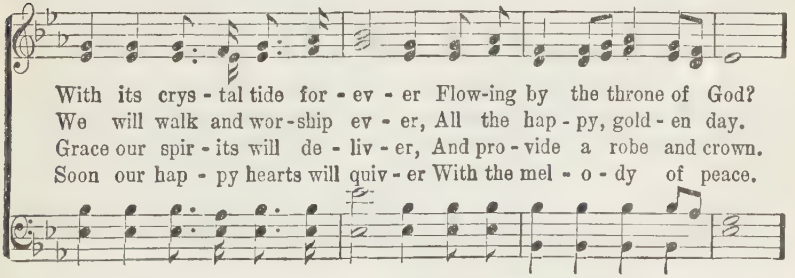


No. 125. Beautiful River.

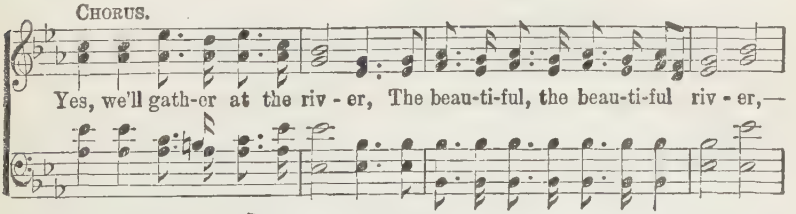
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PER.

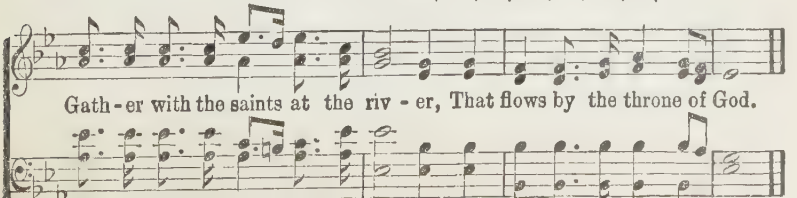
R. L. *Cheerful.* Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur-den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;


With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.

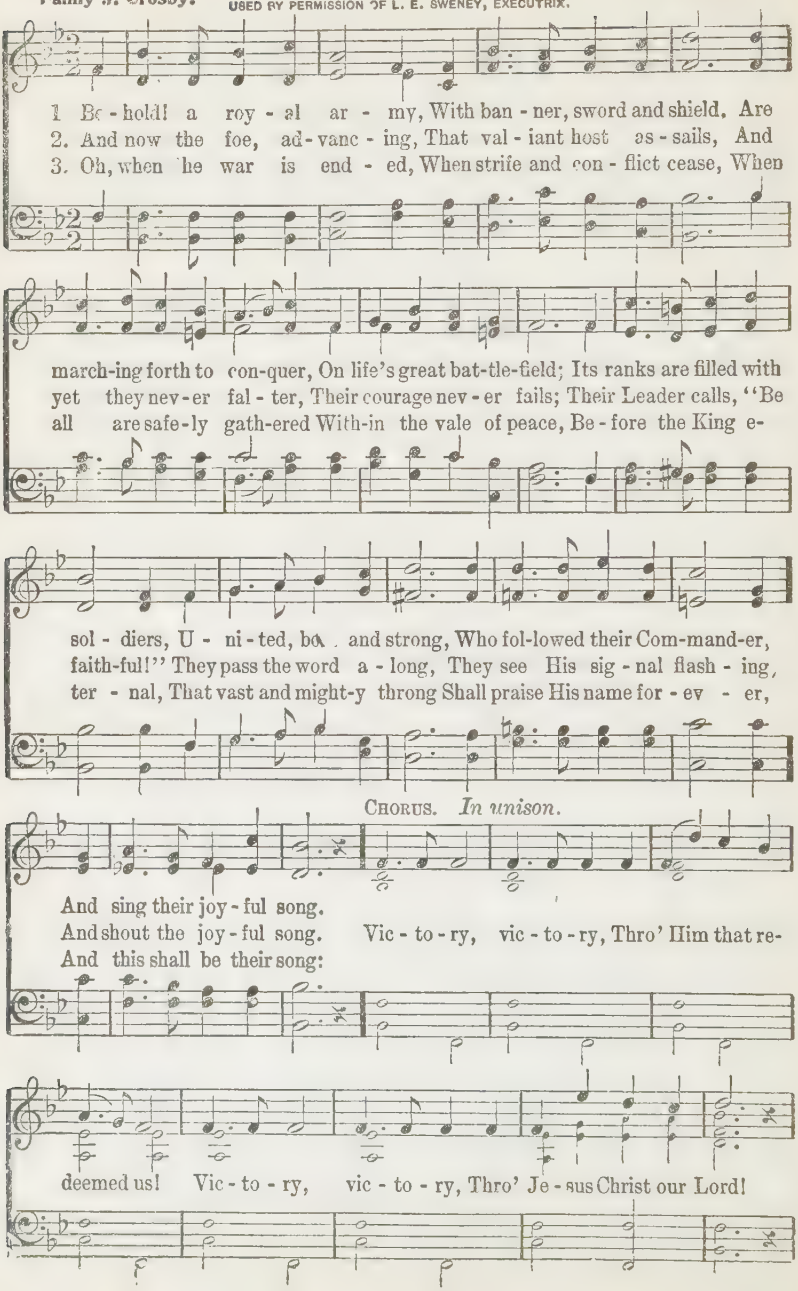
CHORUS.



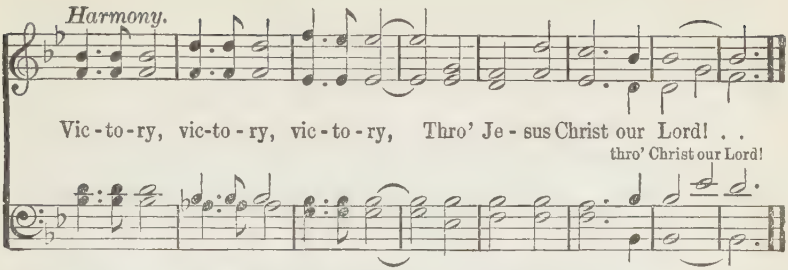


No. 126. The Joyful Song.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. USED BY PERMISSION OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX. Adam Geibel.

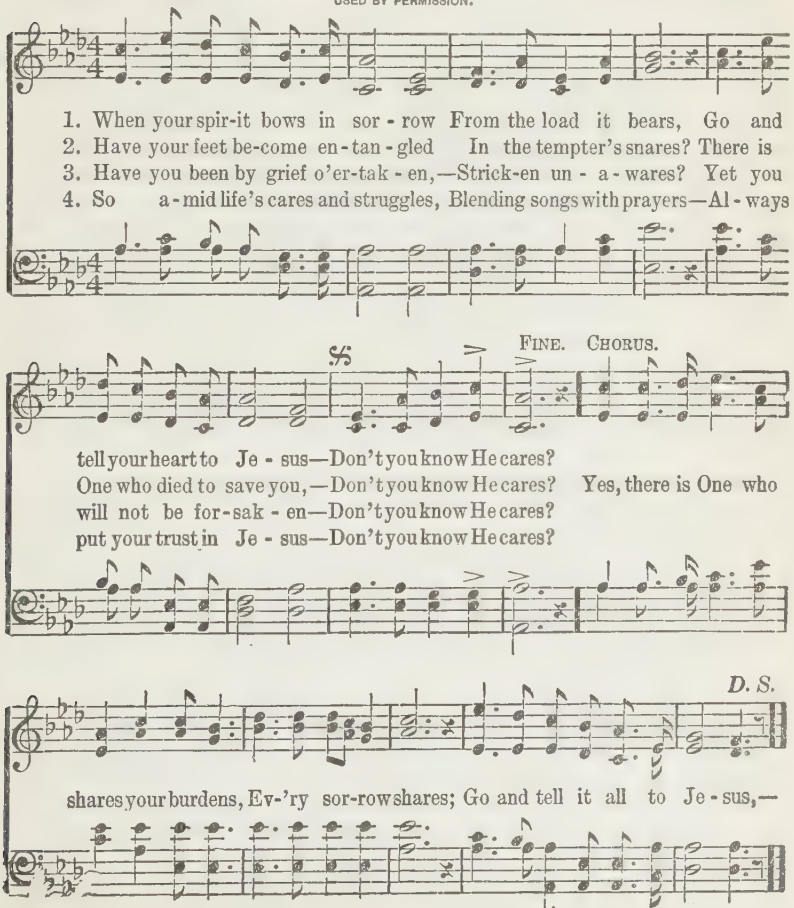

1 Be - hold! a roy - al ar - my, With ban - ner, sword and shield, Are
2. And now the foe, ad - vanc - ing, That val - iant host as - sails, And
3. Oh, when the war is end - ed, When strife and con - flict cease, When
march-ing forth to con-quer, On life's great bat-tle-field; Its ranks are filled with
yet they nev - er fal - ter, Their courage nev - er fails; Their Leader calls, "Be
all are safe - ly gath-ered With-in the vale of peace, Be - fore the King e-
sol - diers, U - ni - ted, bo . and strong, Who fol-lowed their Com-mand-er,
faith-ful!" They pass the word a - long, They see His sig - nal flash - ing,
ter - nal, That vast and might-y throng Shall praise His name for - ev - er,
CHORUS. In unison.
And sing their joy - ful song.
And shout the joy - ful song. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Him that re-
And this shall be their song:
deemed us! Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, Thro' Je - sus Christ our Lord!

The Joyful Song.

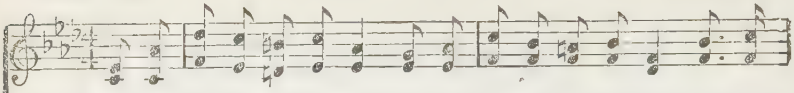
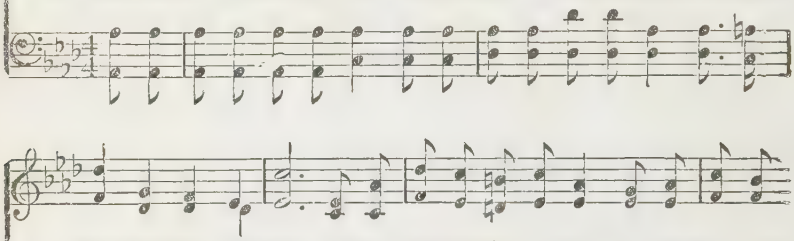
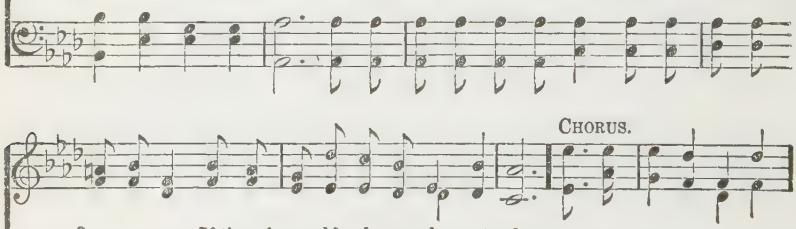


No. 127. Don't You Know He Cares?

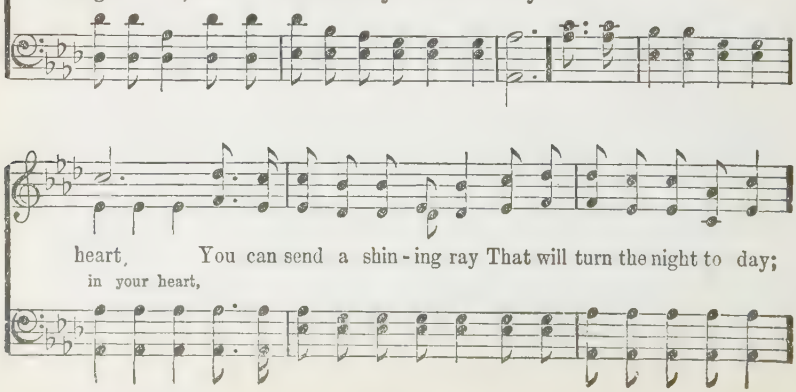
Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JOHN J. HOOD. USED BY PERMISSION. J. Howard Entwisle.


1. When your spir-it bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet be-come en-tan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'er-tak - en,—Strick-en un - a - wares? Yet you
4. So a - mid life's cares and struggles, Blending songs with prayers—Al - ways
FINE. CHORUS.
tell your heart to Je - sus—Don't you know He cares?
One who died to save you,—Don't you know He cares? Yes, there is One who
will not be for-sak - en—Don't you know He cares?
put your trust in Je - sus—Don't you know He cares?
D. S.
shares your burdens, Ev-'ry sor-row shares; Go and tell it all to Je - sus,—

No. 128. If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.

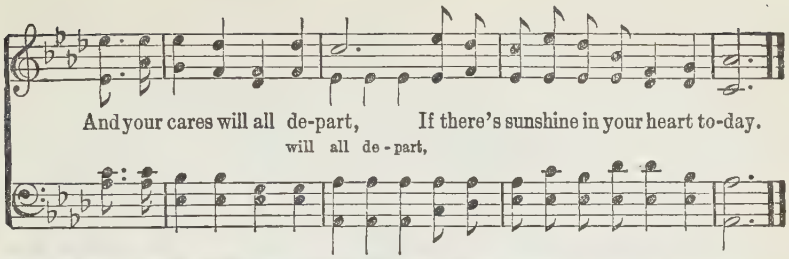
Helen Dungan. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. M. Dungan.

1. You can make the pathway bright, Fill the soul with heaven's light, If there's
2. You can speak the gen - tle word To the heart with an-ger stirred, If there's
3. You can do a kind - ly deed To your neighbor in his need, If there's
4. You can live a hap - py life In this world of toil and strife, If there's

sun - shine in your heart; Turning dark-ness in - to day, As the shad - ows
sun - shine in your heart; Tho' it seems a lit - tle thing, It will heav - en's
sun - shine in your heart; And his bur - den you will share, As you lift his
sun - shine in your heart; And your soul will glow with love From the per - fect

CHORUS.

fly a - way, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.
blessing bring, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. If there's sunshine in your
load of care, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day. sun-shine
Light above, If there's sunshine in your heart to-day.



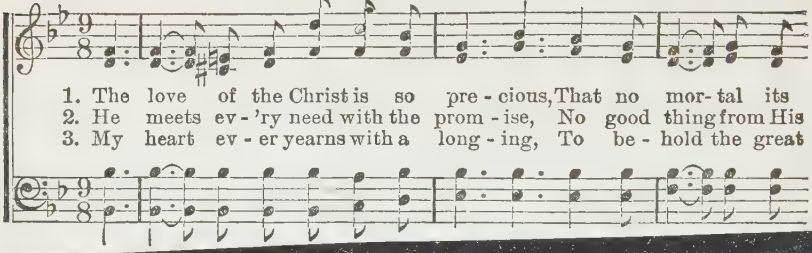
heart, You can send a shin - ing ray That will turn the night to day;
in your heart,

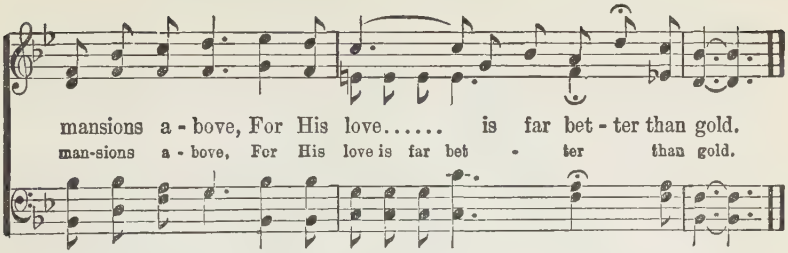
If There's Sunshine in Your Heart.



No. 130. His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

A. H, A. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY RODEHEAVER-ACKLEY CO. Rev. A.H. Ackley.

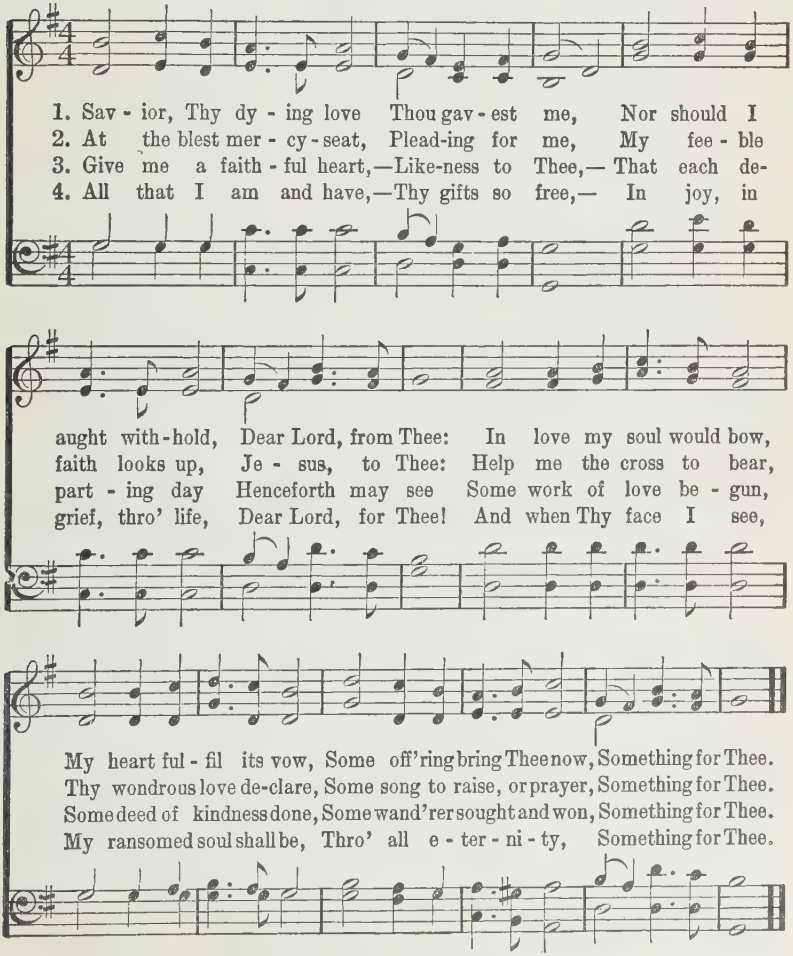

1. The love of the Christ is so pre - cious, That no mor - tal its
2. He meets ev - 'ry need with the prom - ise, No good thing from His
3. My heart ev - er yearns with a long - ing, To be - hold the great

His Love is Far Better Than Gold.

No. 131. Something for Jesus.

S. D. Phelps, D. D.

COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY ROBERT LOWRY.
RENEWAL. USED BY PERMISSION.

Robert Lowry, D. D.


1. Sav - ior, Thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me, Nor should I
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee - ble
3. Give me a faith - ful heart,—Like-ness to Thee,— That each de-
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in
aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee: In love my soul would bow,
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,
grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,
My heart ful - fil its vow, Some off'ring bring Thee now, Something for Thee.
Thy wondrous love de-clare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rer sought and won, Something for Thee.
My ransomed soul shall be, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

No. 132. Linger With Me, Precious Savior.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. Edw. Prior.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Lin-ger with me, precious Sav-ior, Earthly joys are fad-ing fast;
2. Lin-ger with me, precious Sav-ior, Let the west-ern sun-set's glow,
3. Lin-ger with me, precious Sav-ior, Let Thine arms a-round me fold;

Lending, Lord, Thy grace and fa-vor Till this fleet-ing life has passed.
Rays of bright and shin-ing brilliance O'er my hap-py spir-it throw.
When the Jordan's wave I en-ter, Do not then re-lease Thy hold.

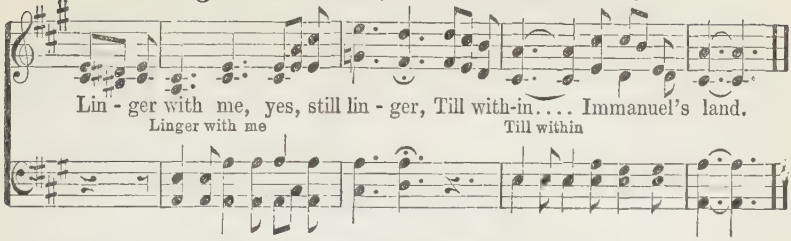
Dear-est friends a-round me gath-er, Tho' o'er some the grave has closed;
Light-er, light-er be the eve-ning When the day of life is done;
When the bright, e-ter-nal morn-ing Shall my glad, free spir-it wake,

Heed-ing not the i-cy fin-ger, Calm their souls on Thee re-posed.
Dear-er, dear-er be Thy presence With me at the set of sun.
Still be with me, O my Sav-ior, And my soul to glo-ry take.

CHORUS.

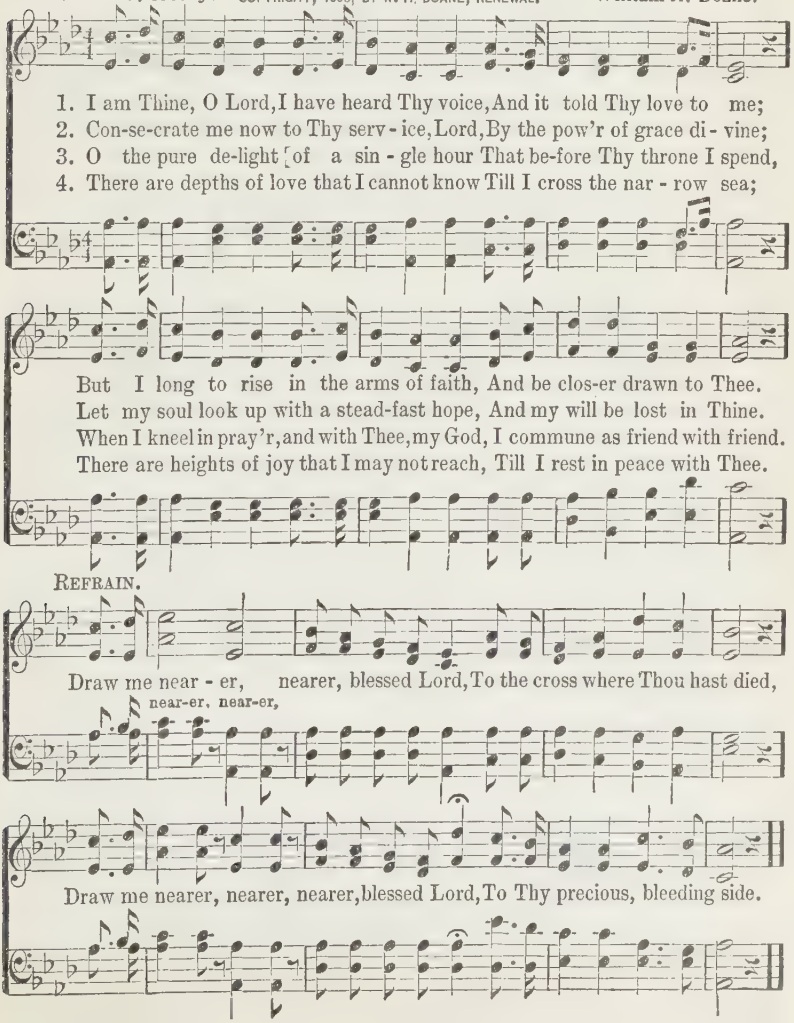
Lin-ger with me, precious Sav-ior, Closely hold in Thine my hand;
Linger with me, precious Savior, Closely hold in Thine my hand;

Linger With Me, Precious Savior.



No. 133. Draw Me Nearer.

Fannie J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE, RENEWAL. William H. Doane.


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
2. Con-se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
3. O the pure de-light of a sin - gle hour That be-fore Thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the nar - row sea;
But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos-er drawn to Thee.
Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
There are heights of joy that I may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.
REFRAIN.
Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,
Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

No. 134. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

B. M. J. J. M. BLACK OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. USED BY PER. J. M. Black.

1. When the trum-pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise,
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set-ting sun,

And the morn-ing breaks, e - ter-nal, bright and fair, When the saved of
And the glo - ry of His res - ur-rec - tion share; When His chos-en
Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of

earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is
ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is
life is o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is

CHORUS.

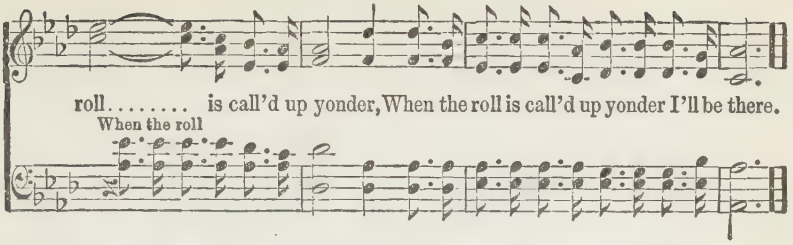
called up yon-der, I'll be there. When the roll . . . . . is called up
called up yon-der, I'll be there.
called up yon-der, I'll be there.

When the roll is called up

yon - der, When the roll . . . is called up yon - der, When the

yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.

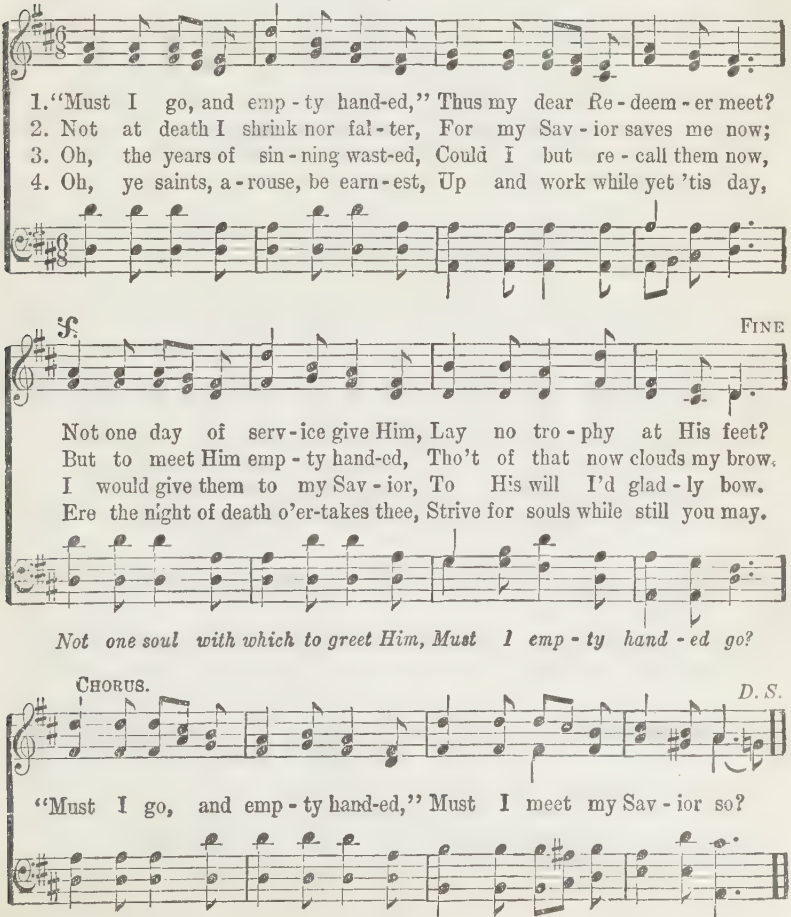
When the Roll is Called.



No. 135. Must I Go, and Empty Handed?

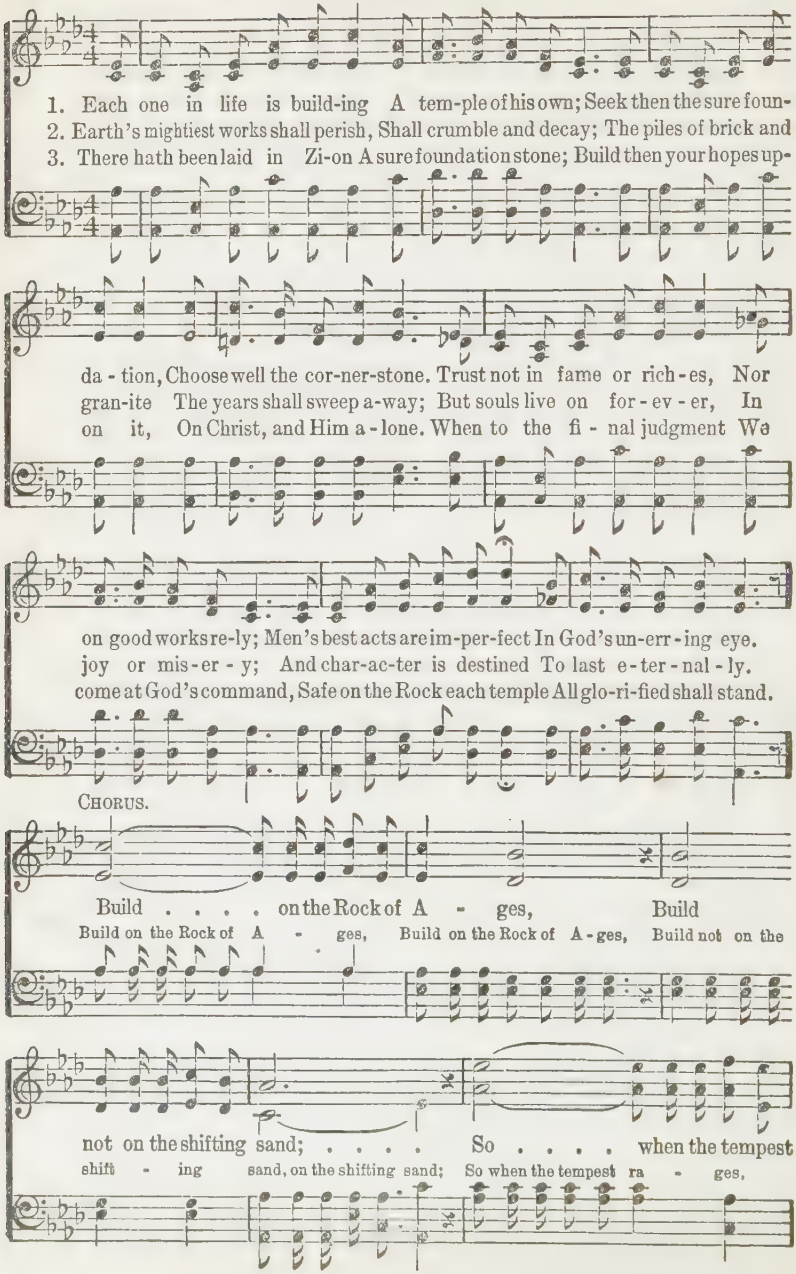
After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now: but oh, *must I go, and empty handed?*

C. C. Luther. COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. Geo. C. Stebbins.

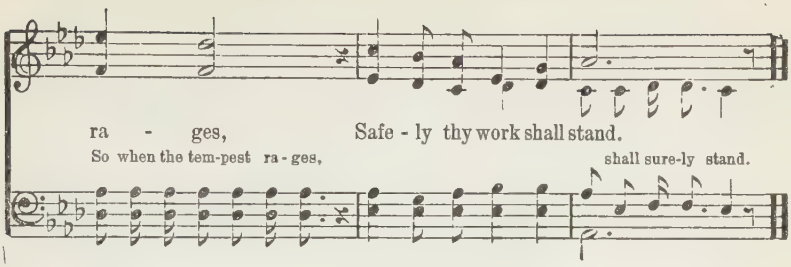

1. "Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - ior saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast-ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,
FINE
Not one day of serv - ice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
But to meet Him emp - ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
I would give them to my Sav - ior, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.
Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?
CHORUS.
D. S.
"Must I go, and emp - ty hand-ed," Must I meet my Sav - ior so?

No. 136. The Sure Foundation.

Luella McCutcheon. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY H. N. LINCOLN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. C. L. Chamberlin.

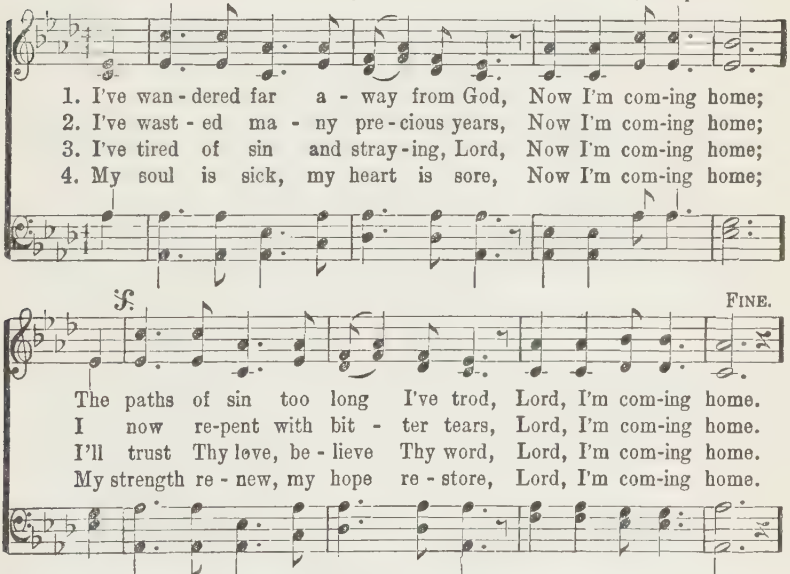

1. Each one in life is build-ing A tem-ple of his own; Seek then the sure foun-
2. Earth's mightiest works shall perish, Shall crumble and decay; The piles of brick and
3. There hath been laid in Zi-on A sure foundation stone; Build then your hopes up-
da-tion, Choose well the cor-ner-stone. Trust not in fame or rich-es, Nor
gran-ite The years shall sweep a-way; But souls live on for-ev-er, In
on it, On Christ, and Him a-lone. When to the fi-nal judgment We
on good works re-ly; Men's best acts are im-per-fect In God's un-err-ing eye.
joy or mis-er-y; And char-ac-ter is destined To last e-ter-nal-ly.
come at God's command, Safe on the Rock each temple All glo-ri-fied shall stand.
CHORUS.
Build . . . . on the Rock of A-ges, Build
Build on the Rock of A-ges, Build on the Rock of A-ges, Build not on the
not on the shifting sand; . . . . So . . . . when the tempest
shift-ing sand, on the shifting sand; So when the tempest ra-ges,

The Sure Foundation.



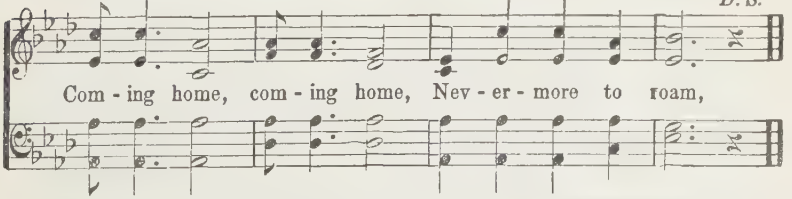
No. 137. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY W. J. KIRKPATRICK.
USED BY PER.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.–O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

S. FINE.

CHORUS. *D. S.*



5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home;
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

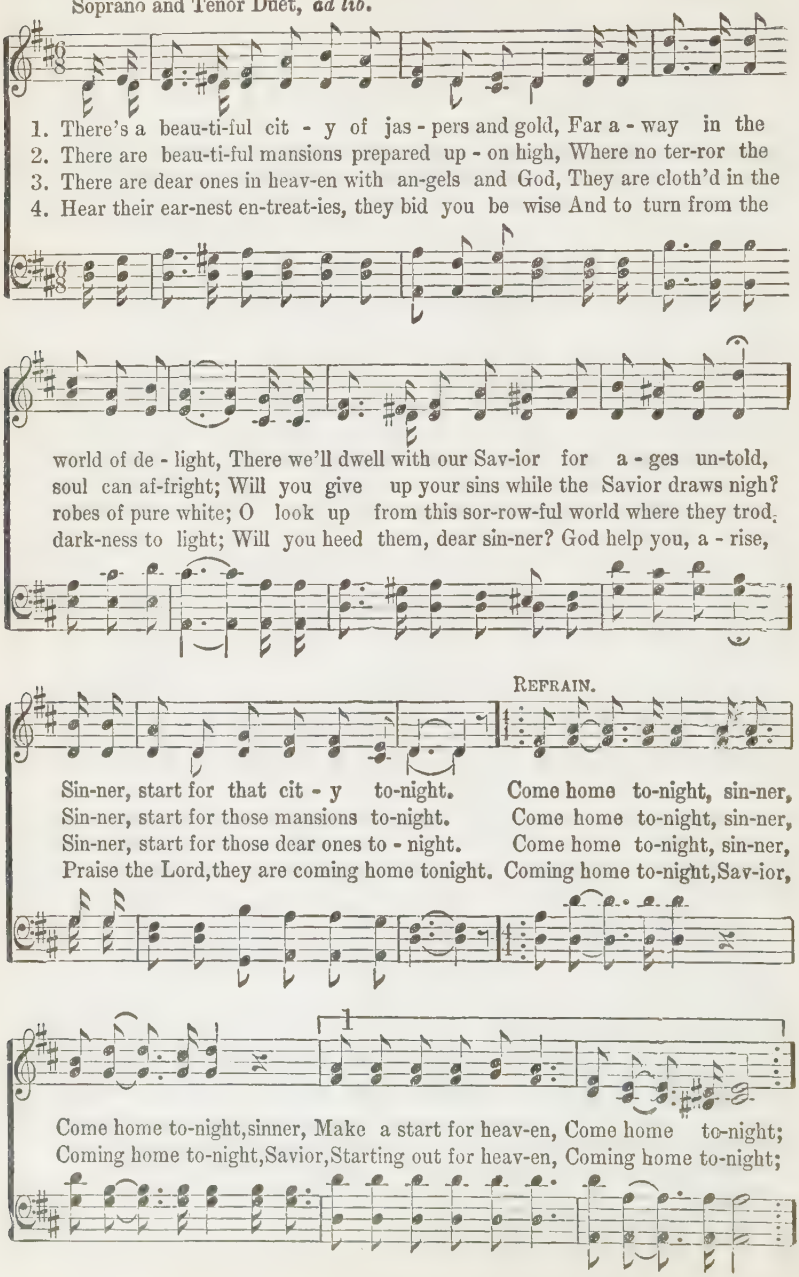
6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
O wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

No. 138. Come Home To-Night.

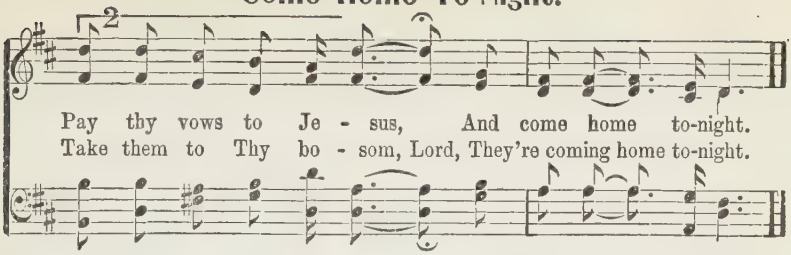
COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY H. N. LINCOLN.

Rev. F. M. McConnell. H. N. Lincoln.

Soprano and Tenor Duet, *ad lib.*


1. There's a beau-ti-ful cit - y of jas - pers and gold, Far a - way in the
2. There are beau-ti-ful mansions prepared up - on high, Where no ter-ror the
3. There are dear ones in heav-en with an-gels and God, They are cloth'd in the
4. Hear their ear-nest en-treat-ies, they bid you be wise And to turn from the
world of de - light, There we'll dwell with our Sav-ior for a - ges un-told,
soul can af-fright; Will you give up your sins while the Savior draws nigh?
robes of pure white; O look up from this sor-row-ful world where they trod.
dark-ness to light; Will you heed them, dear sin-ner? God help you, a - rise,
REFRAIN.
Sin-ner, start for that cit - y to-night. Come home to-night, sin-ner,
Sin-ner, start for those mansions to-night. Come home to-night, sin-ner,
Sin-ner, start for those dear ones to - night. Come home to-night, sin-ner,
Praise the Lord, they are coming home tonight. Coming home to-night, Sav-ior,
1
Come home to-night, sinner, Make a start for heav-en, Come home to-night;
Coming home to-night, Savior, Starting out for heav-en, Coming home to-night;

Come Home To-Night.



No. 139. I Shall Be Satisfied.

Dr. Horatio Bonar.

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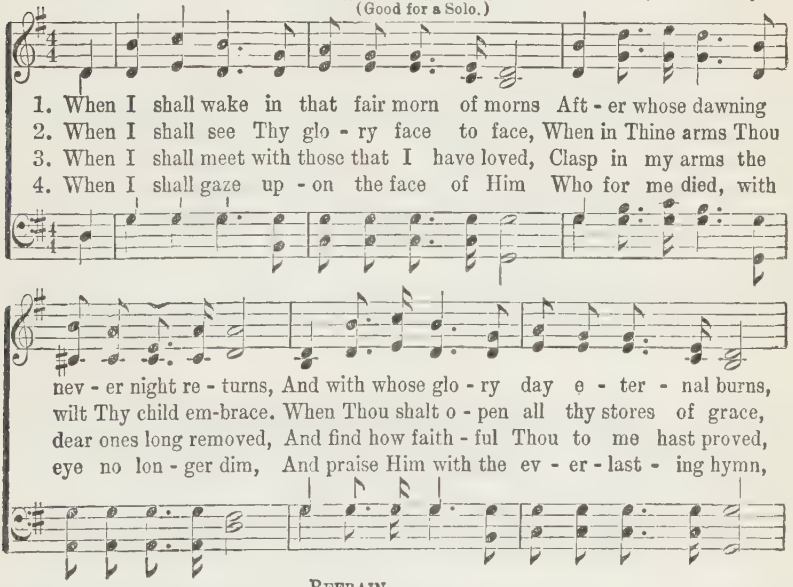
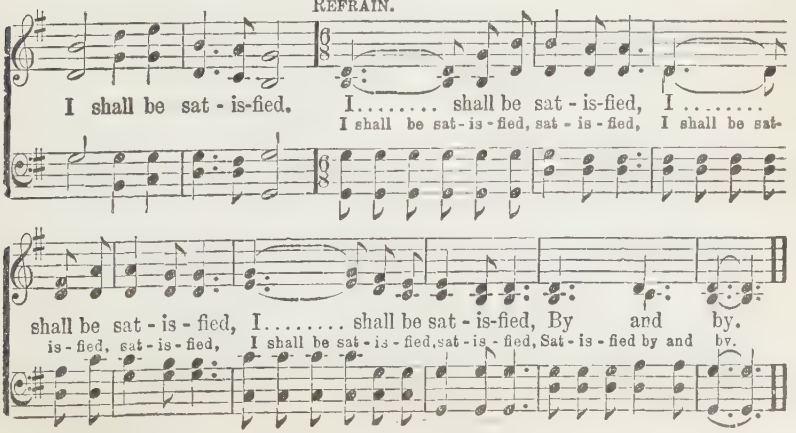
(Good for a Solo.)

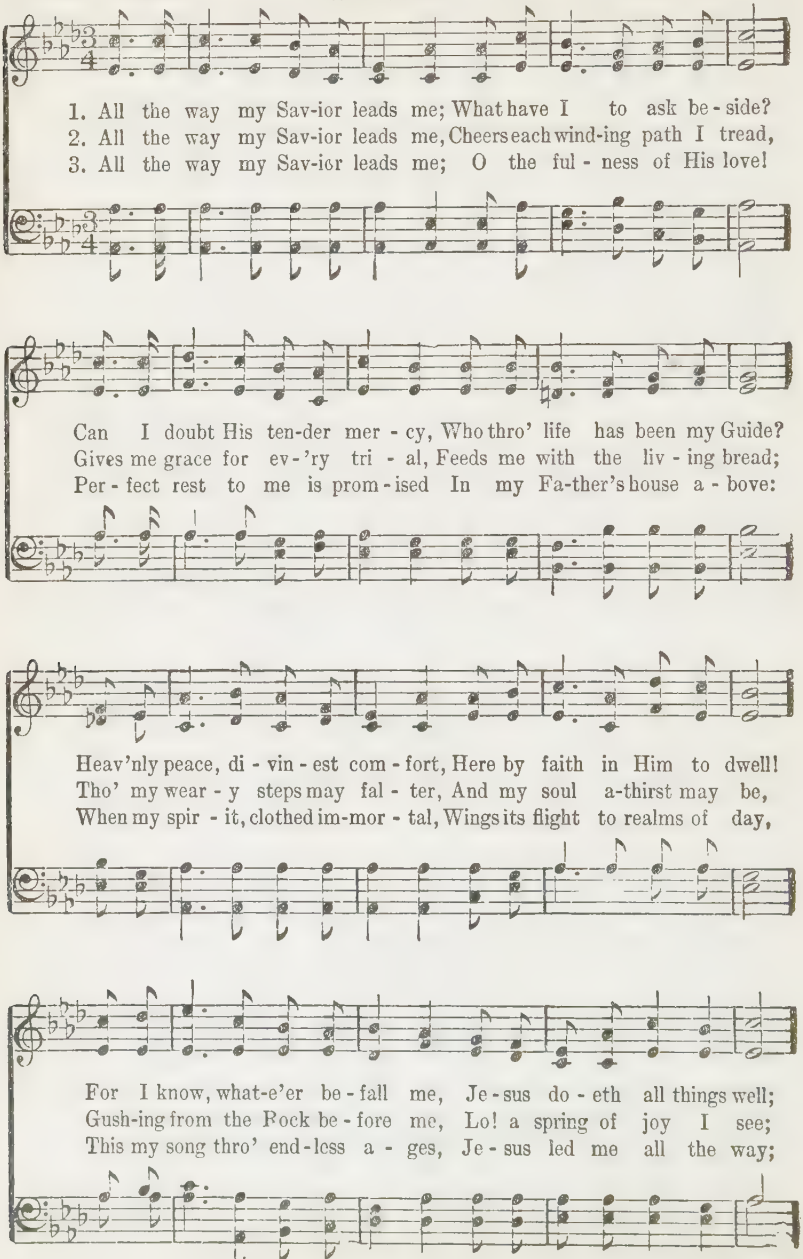
H. N. Lincoln.


1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns Aft - er whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with
nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child em-brace. When Thou shalt o - pen all thy stores of grace,
dear ones long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,
eye no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

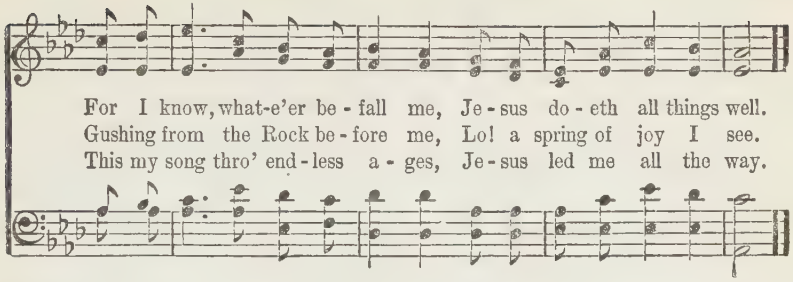

REFRAIN.
I shall be sat - is-fied. I..... shall be sat - is-fied, I.....
I shall be sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, I shall be sat-
shall be sat - is - fied, I..... shall be sat - is-fied, By and by.
is - fied, sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, sat - is - fied, Sat - is - fied by and by.

No. 140. All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY MARY RUNYON LOWRY. RENEWAL USED BY PERMISSION. Robert Lowry.


1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread,
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O the ful-ness of His love!
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my Guide?
Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove:
Heav'nly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
Tho' my wear-y steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
When my spir-it, clothed im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,
For I know, what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end-less a-ges, Je-sus led me all the way;

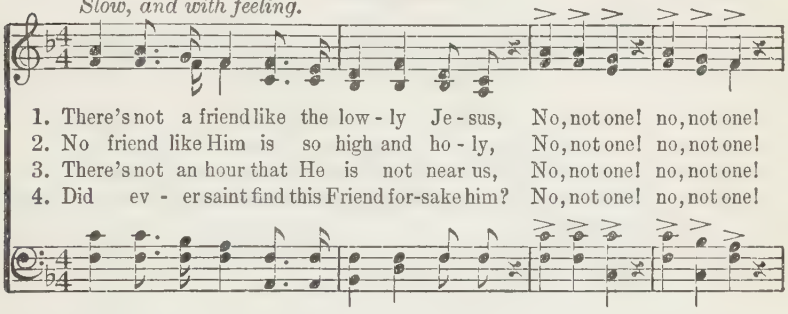
All the Way My Savior Leads Me.

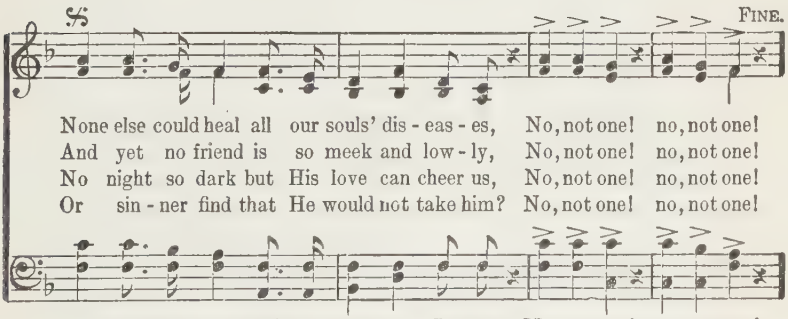

For I know, what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well.
Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
This my song thro' end - less a - ges, Je - sus led me all the way.

No. 141. No, Not One.

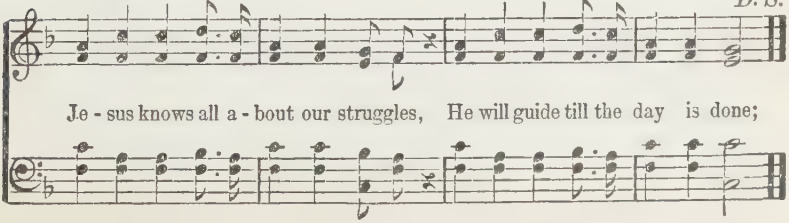
Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. **Geo. C. Hugg.**

Slow, and with feeling.


1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev - er saint find this Friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!


𝄋
FINE.
None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.–*There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!*



No. 142. The Lost Soul's Lament.

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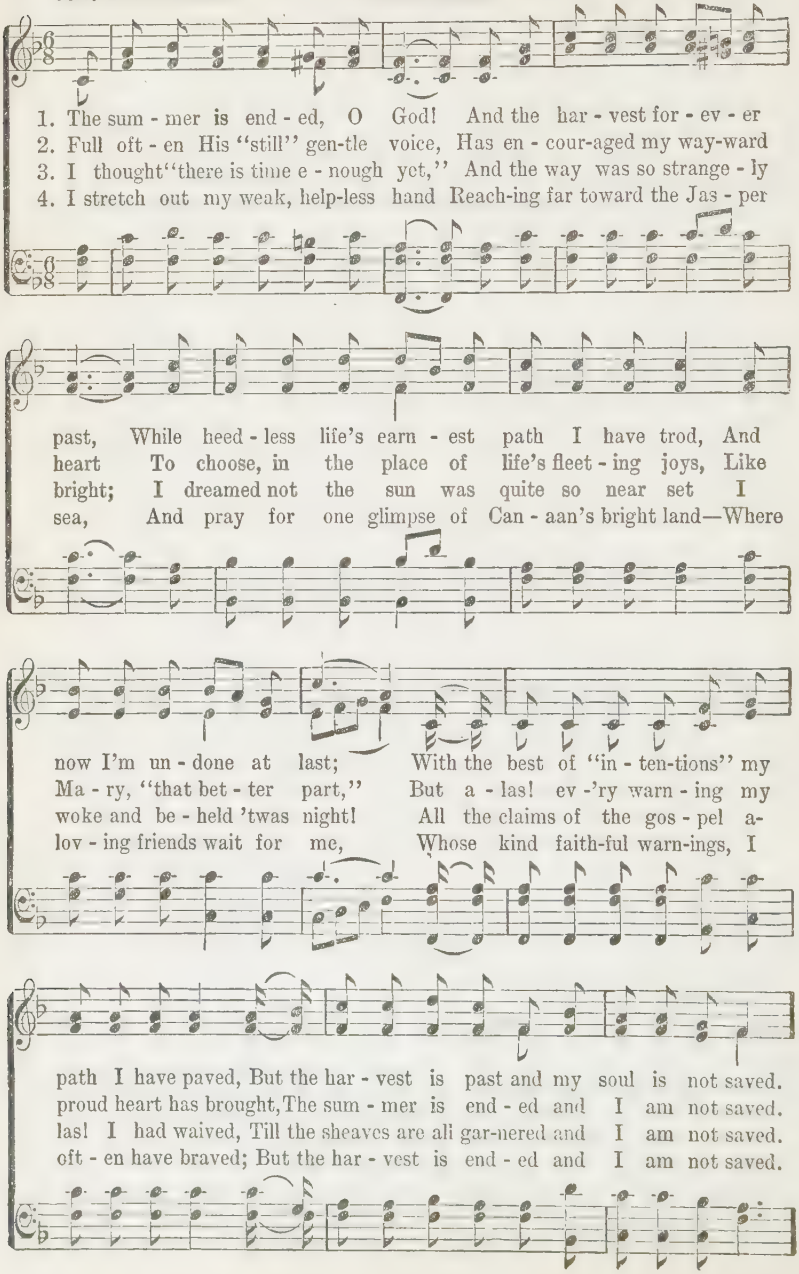
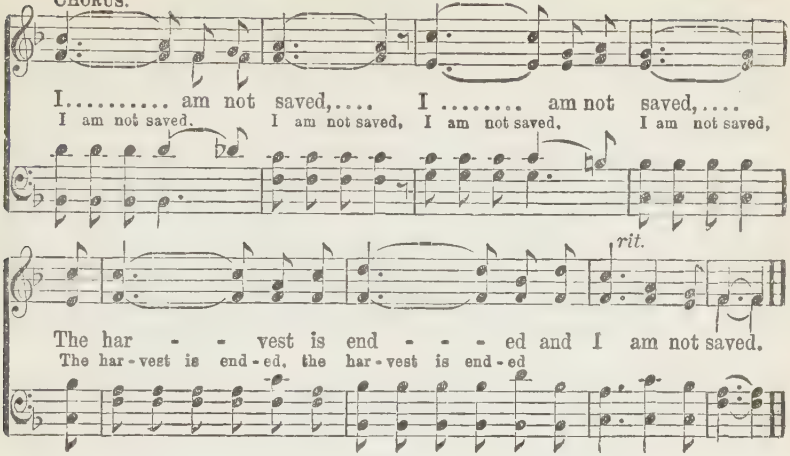
Mrs. Lou S. Bedford. H. N. Lincoln.


1. The sum - mer is end - ed, O God! And the har - vest for - ev - er
2. Full oft - en His "still" gen-tle voice, Has en - cour-aged my way-ward
3. I thought "there is time e - nough yet," And the way was so strange - ly
4. I stretch out my weak, help-less hand Reach-ing far toward the Jas - per
past, While heed - less life's earn - est path I have trod, And
heart To choose, in the place of life's fleet - ing joys, Like
bright; I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set I
sea, And pray for one glimpse of Can - aan's bright land—Where
now I'm un - done at last; With the best of "in - ten-tions" my
Ma - ry, "that bet - ter part," But a - las! ev -'ry warn - ing my
woke and be - held 'twas night! All the claims of the gos - pel a-
lov - ing friends wait for me, Whose kind faith-ful warn-ings, I
path I have paved, But the har - vest is past and my soul is not saved.
proud heart has brought, The sum - mer is end - ed and I am not saved.
las! I had waived, Till the sheaves are all gar-nered and I am not saved.
oft - en have braved; But the har - vest is end - ed and I am not saved.

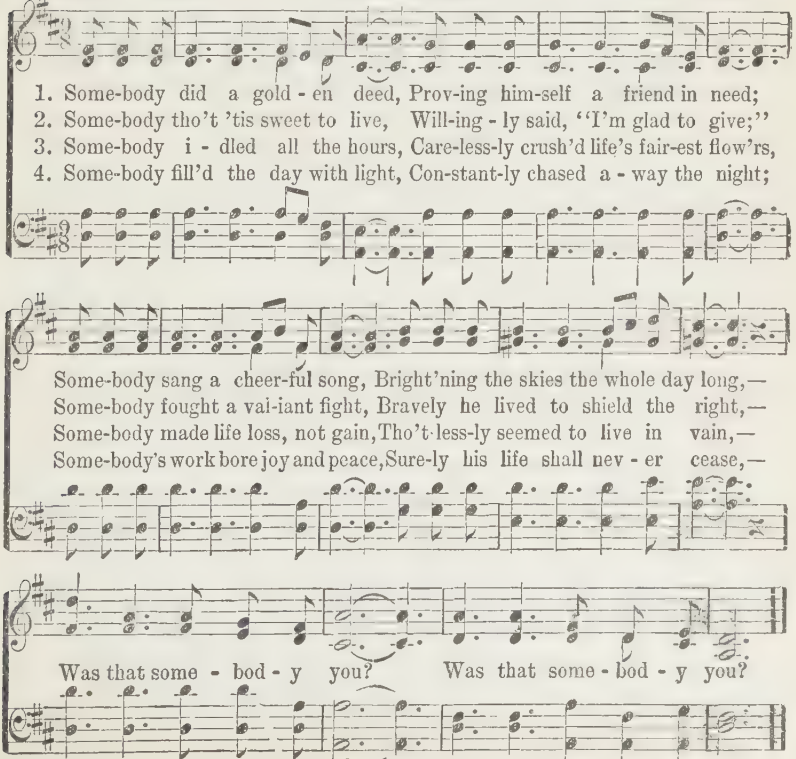
The Lost Soul's Lament.

CHORUS.

I..... am not saved,.... I ..... am not saved,....
I am not saved. I am not saved, I am not saved, I am not saved,
rit.
The har - - vest is end - - - ed and I am not saved.
The har-vest is end-ed, the har-vest is end-ed

No. 143. Somebody.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY W. S. WEEDEN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

John R. Clements, W. S. Weeden.


1. Some-body did a gold - en deed, Prov-ing him-self a friend in need;
2. Some-body tho't 'tis sweet to live, Will-ing - ly said, "I'm glad to give;"
3. Some-body i - dled all the hours, Care-less-ly crush'd life's fair-est flow'rs,
4. Some-body fill'd the day with light, Con-stant-ly chased a - way the night;
Some-body sang a cheer-ful song, Bright'ning the skies the whole day long,—
Some-body fought a val-iant fight, Bravely he lived to shield the right,—
Some-body made life loss, not gain, Tho't-less-ly seemed to live in vain,—
Some-body's work bore joy and peace, Sure-ly his life shall nev - er cease,—
Was that some - bod - y you? Was that some - bod - y you?

No. 144.

A More Convenient Day,

Satan's Lullaby.

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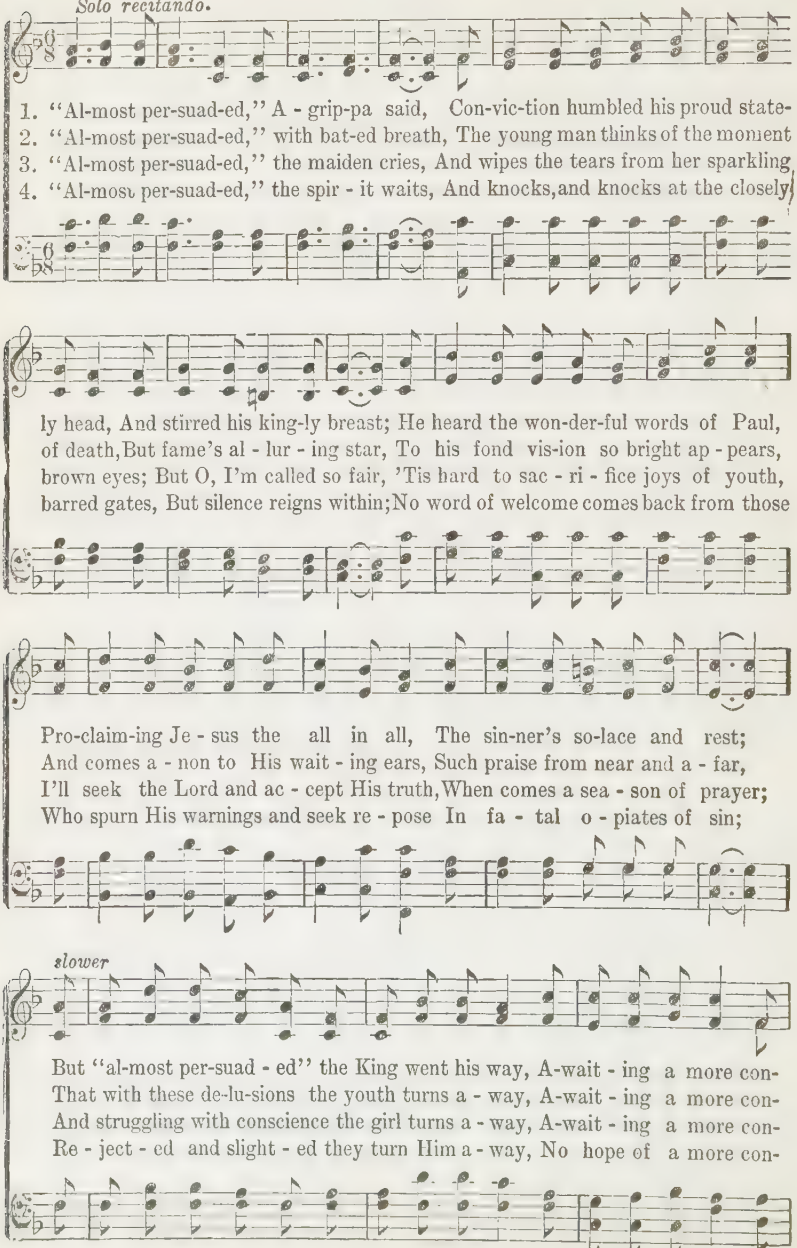
Mrs. Lou S. Bedford,
Alt. by H. N. Lincoln.

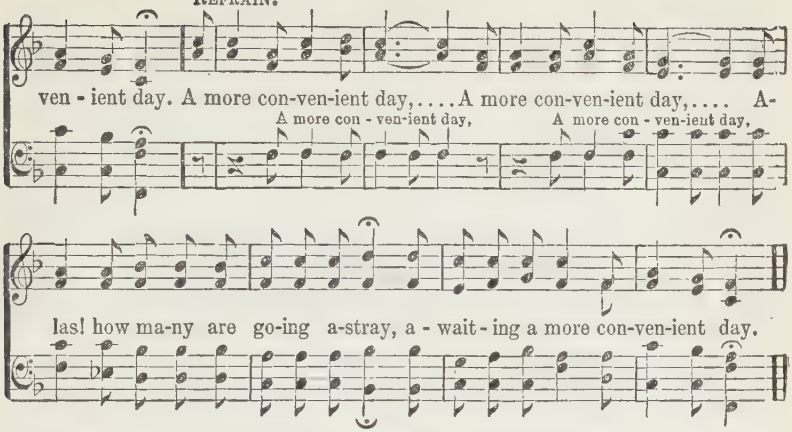
H. N. Lincoln.

Solo recitando.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," A - grip-pa said, Con-vic-tion humbled his proud state-
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," with bat-ed breath, The young man thinks of the moment
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," the maiden cries, And wipes the tears from her sparkling
4. "Al-most per-suad-ed," the spir - it waits, And knocks, and knocks at the closely
ly head, And stirred his king-ly breast; He heard the won-der-ful words of Paul,
of death, But fame's al - lur - ing star, To his fond vis-ion so bright ap - pears,
brown eyes; But O, I'm called so fair, 'Tis hard to sac - ri - fice joys of youth,
barred gates, But silence reigns within; No word of welcome comes back from those
Pro-claim-ing Je - sus the all in all, The sin-ner's so-lace and rest;
And comes a - non to His wait - ing ears, Such praise from near and a - far,
I'll seek the Lord and ac - cept His truth, When comes a sea - son of prayer;
Who spurn His warnings and seek re - pose In fa - tal o - piates of sin;
slower
But "al-most per-suad - ed" the King went his way, A-wait - ing a more con-
That with these de-lu-sions the youth turns a - way, A-wait - ing a more con-
And struggling with conscience the girl turns a - way, A-wait - ing a more con-
Re - ject - ed and slight - ed they turn Him a - way, No hope of a more con-

A More Convenient Day.

REFRAIN.


ven - ient day. A more con-ven-ient day,.... A more con-ven-ient day,.... A-
A more con - ven-ient day,
A more con - ven-ient day,
las! how ma-ny are go-ing a-stray, a - wait - ing a more con-ven-ient day.

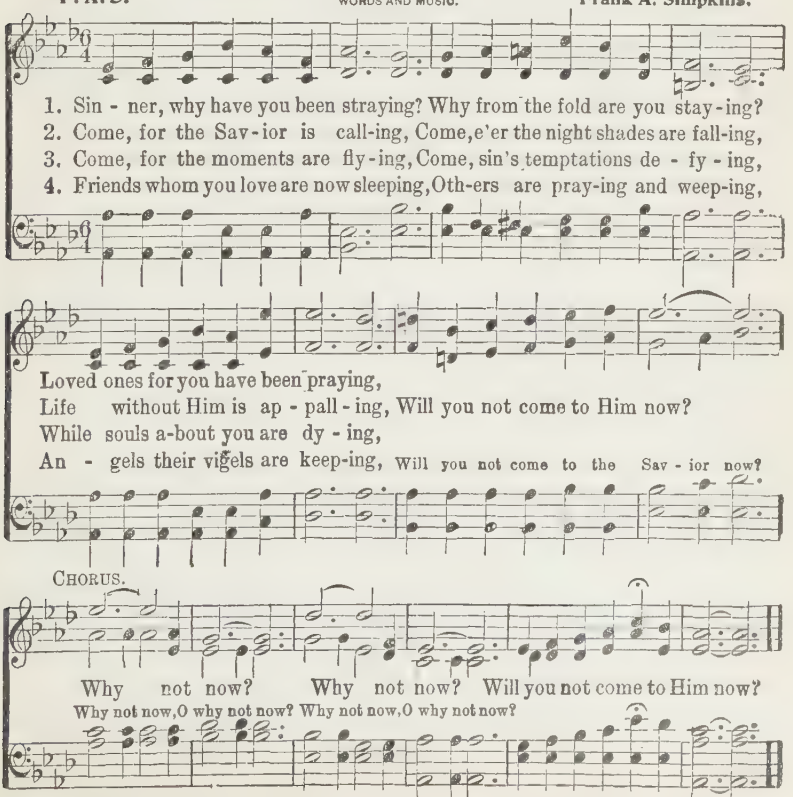
No. 145. Why Not Come to Him Now.

F. A. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY E. O. EXCELL.

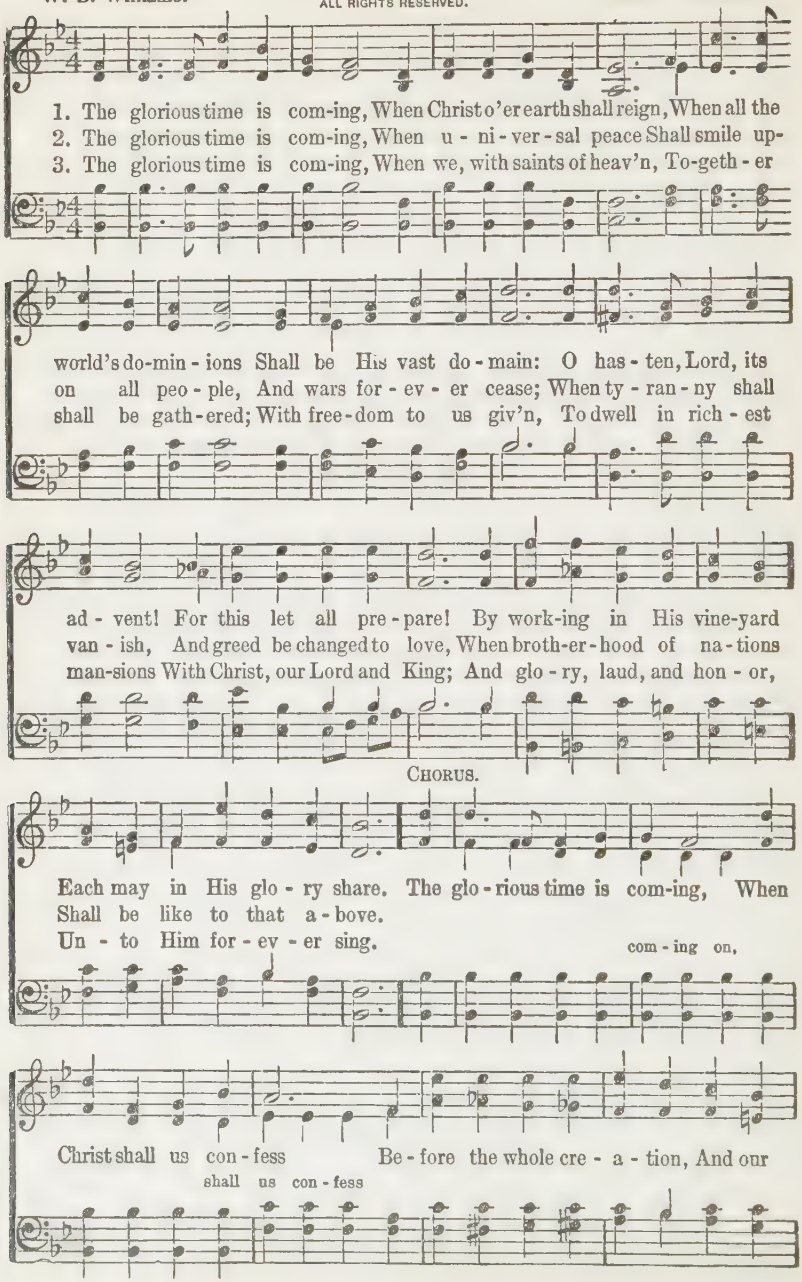
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Frank A. Simpkins.

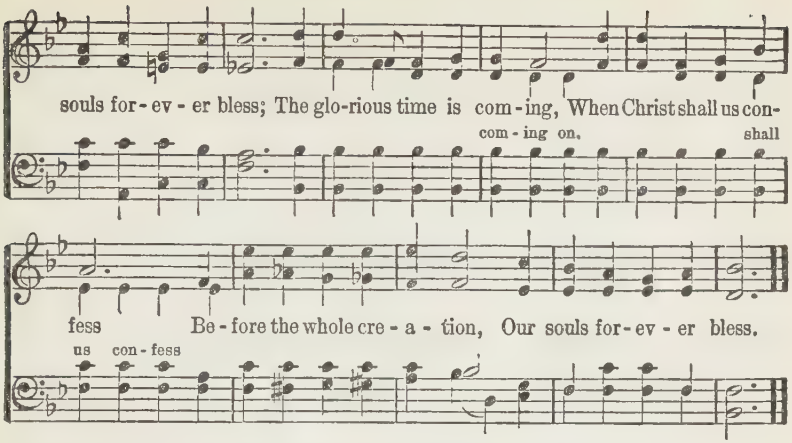

1. Sin - ner, why have you been straying? Why from the fold are you stay - ing?
2. Come, for the Sav - ior is call-ing, Come, e'er the night shades are fall-ing,
3. Come, for the moments are fly - ing, Come, sin's temptations de - fy - ing,
4. Friends whom you love are now sleeping, Oth-ers are pray-ing and weep-ing,
Loved ones for you have been praying,
Life without Him is ap - pall - ing, Will you not come to Him now?
While souls a-bout you are dy - ing,
An - gels their vigels are keep-ing, Will you not come to the Sav - ior now?
CHORUS.
Why not now? Why not now? Will you not come to Him now?
Why not now, O why not now? Why not now, O why not now?

No. 146. The Glorious Time is Coming.

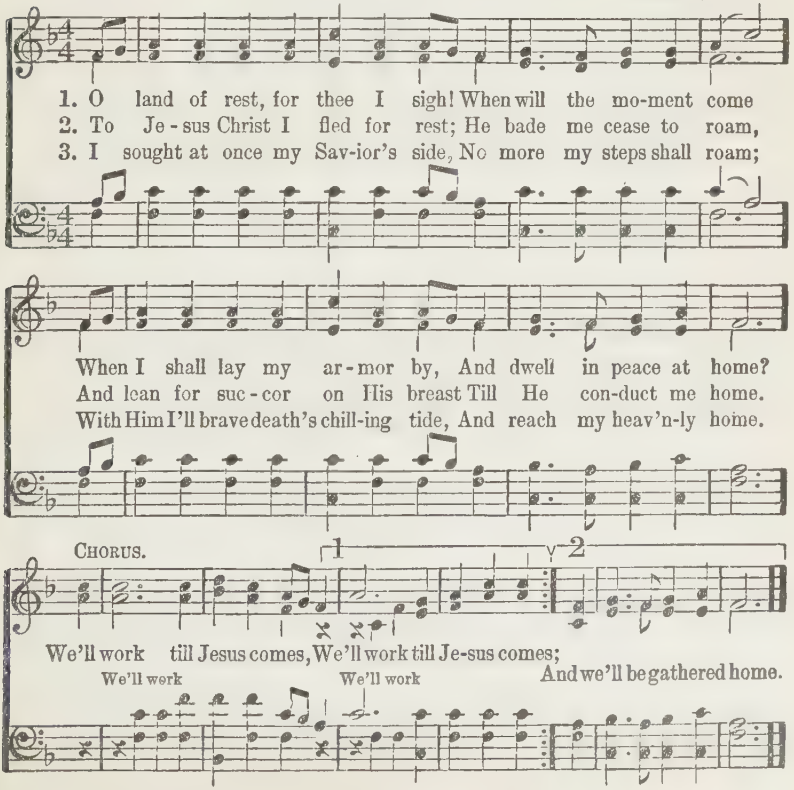
W. B. Williams. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY H. N. LINCOLN. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. The glorious time is com-ing, When Christ o'er earth shall reign, When all the world's do-min-ions Shall be His vast do-main: O has-ten, Lord, its ad-vent! For this let all pre-pare! By work-ing in His vine-yard
2. The glorious time is com-ing, When u-ni-ver-sal peace Shall smile up-on all peo-ple, And wars for-ev-er cease; When ty-ran-ny shall van-ish, And greed be changed to love, When broth-er-hood of na-tions
3. The glorious time is com-ing, When we, with saints of heav'n, To-geth-er shall be gath-ered; With free-dom to us giv'n, To dwell in rich-est man-sions With Christ, our Lord and King; And glo-ry, laud, and hon-or,
CHORUS.
Each may in His glo-ry share. The glo-rious time is com-ing, When Shall be like to that a-bove. Un-to Him for-ev-er sing.
com-ing on,
Christ shall us con-fess Be-fore the whole cre-a-tion, And our
shall us con-fess

The Glorious Time is Coming.


souls for-ev-er bless; The glo-rious time is com-ing, When Christ shall us con-
com-ing on.
shall
fess Be-fore the whole cre-a-tion, Our souls for-ev-er bless.
us con-fess

No. 147. We'll Work till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills. USED BY P. ISSION. William Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the mo-ment come
2. To Je-sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
3. I sought at once my Sav-ior's side, No more my steps shall roam;
When I shall lay my ar-mor by, And dwell in peace at home?
And lean for suc-cor on His breast Till He con-duct me home.
With Him I'll brave death's chill-ing tide, And reach my heav'n-ly home.
CHORUS.
1
2
We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes;
We'll work
We'll work
And we'll be gathered home.

No. 148. On to the Land of Glory.

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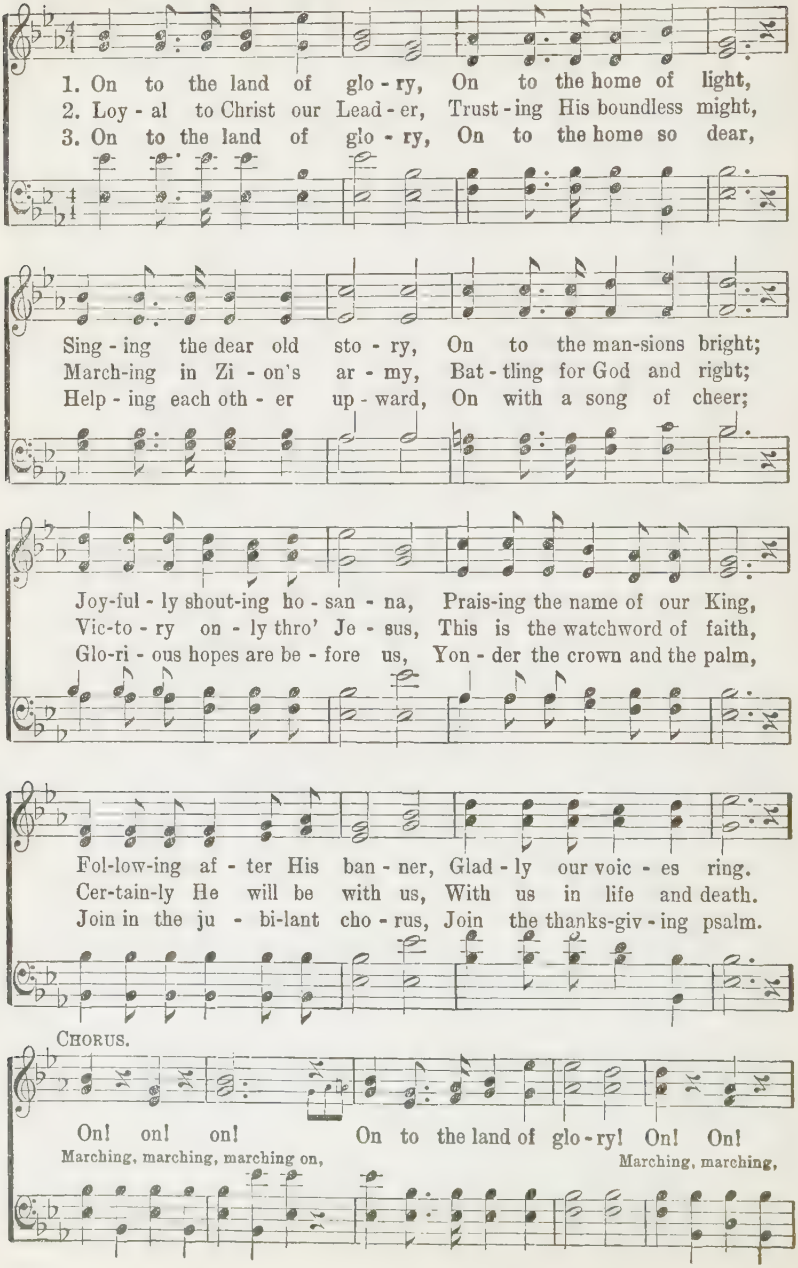
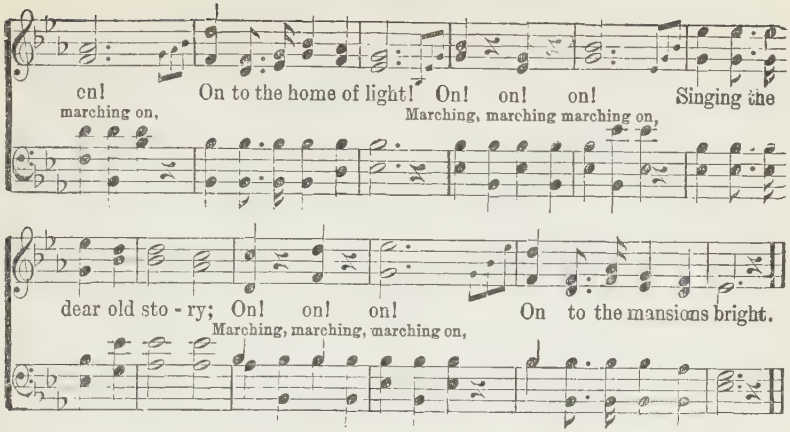
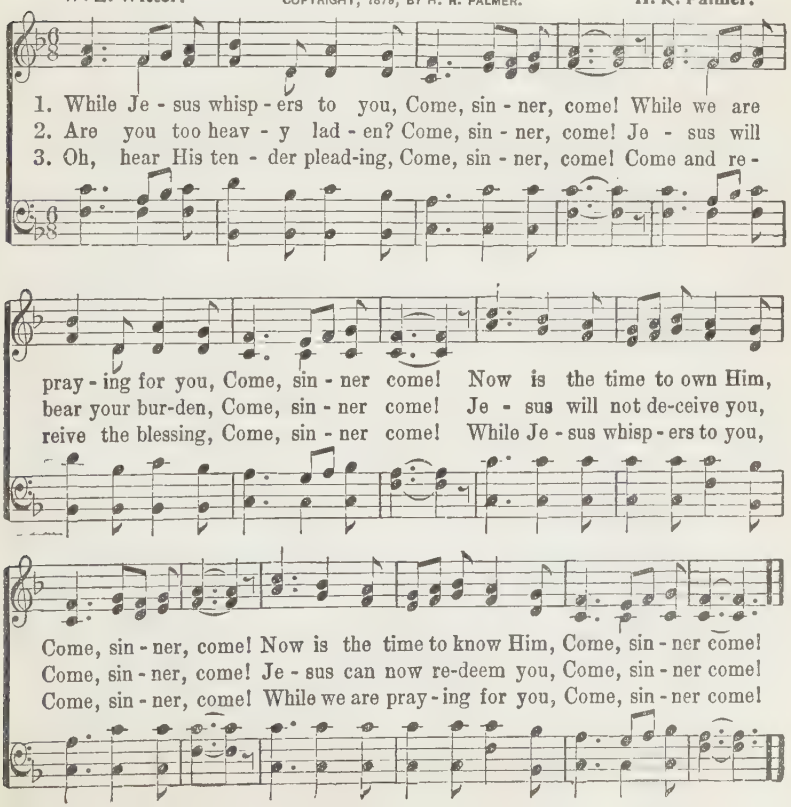
E. E. Hewitt. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home of light,
2. Loy - al to Christ our Lead - er, Trust - ing His boundless might,
3. On to the land of glo - ry, On to the home so dear,
Sing - ing the dear old sto - ry, On to the man-sions bright;
March-ing in Zi - on's ar - my, Bat - tling for God and right;
Help - ing each oth - er up - ward, On with a song of cheer;
Joy-ful - ly shout-ing ho - san - na, Prais-ing the name of our King,
Vic-to - ry on - ly thro' Je - sus, This is the watchword of faith,
Glo-ri - ous hopes are be - fore us, Yon - der the crown and the palm,
Fol-low-ing af - ter His ban - ner, Glad - ly our voic - es ring.
Cer-tain-ly He will be with us, With us in life and death.
Join in the ju - bi-lant cho - rus, Join the thanks-giv - ing psalm.
CHORUS.
On! on! on! On to the land of glo - ry! On! On!
Marching, marching, marching on,
Marching, marching,

On to the Land of Glory.

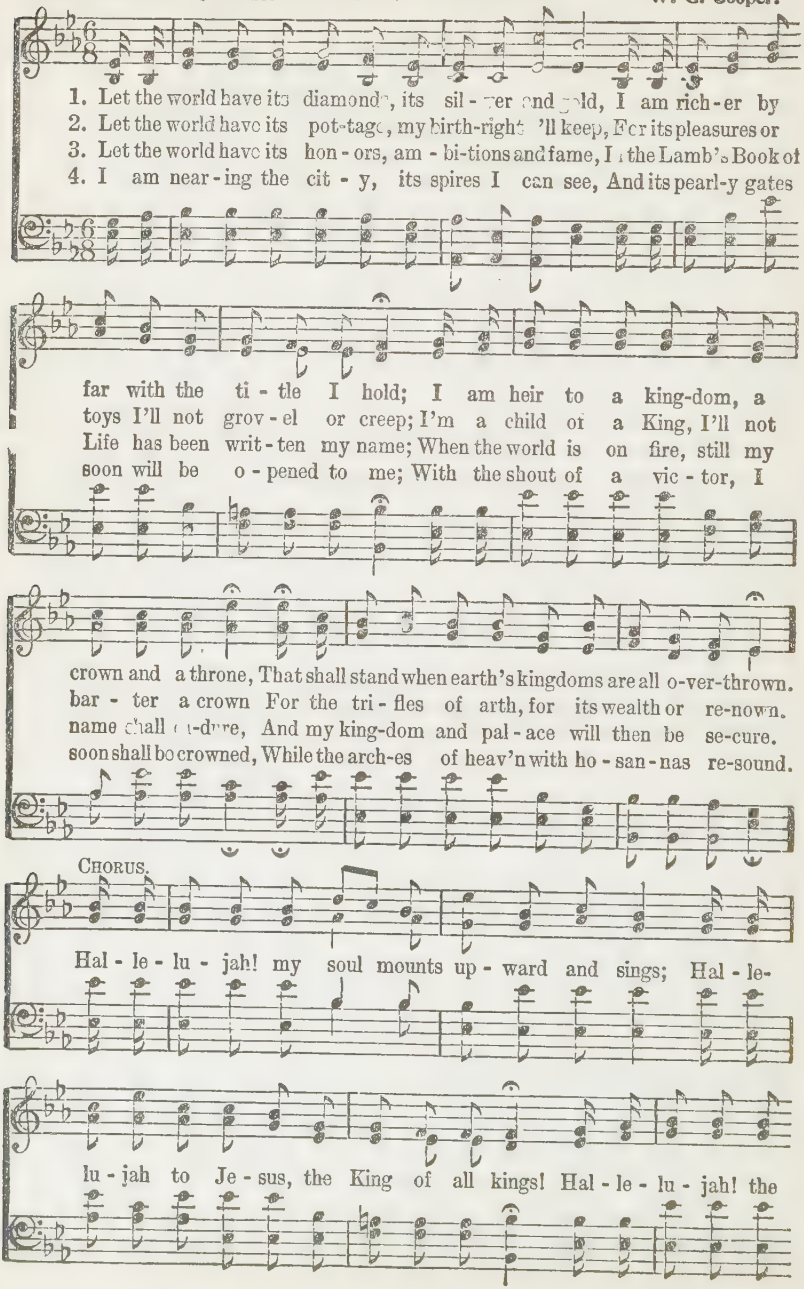

on! On to the home of light! On! on! on! Singing the
marching on, Marching, marching marching on,
dear old sto - ry; On! on! on! On to the mansions bright.
Marching, marching, marching on,

No. 149. Come, Sinner, Come!

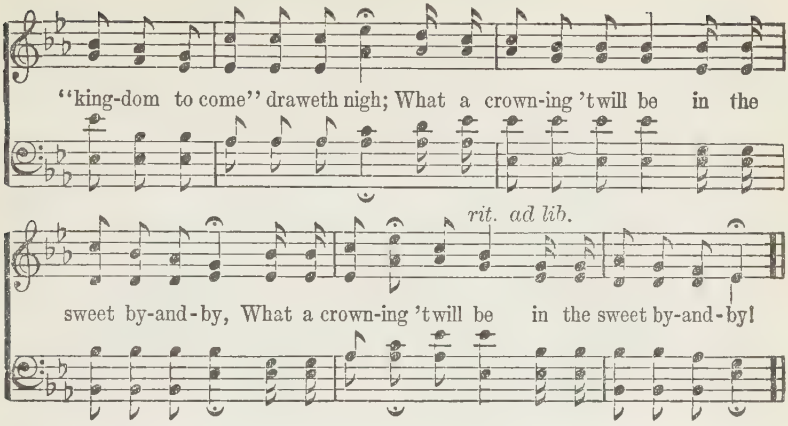
W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Je - sus whisp - ers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y lad - en? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -
pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
reive the blessing, Come, sin - ner come! While Je - sus whisp - ers to you,
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re-deem you, Come, sin - ner come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner come!

No. 150. The Christian's Inheritance.

Mrs. Hannah M. Richards. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. N. LINCOLN. W. G. Cooper.

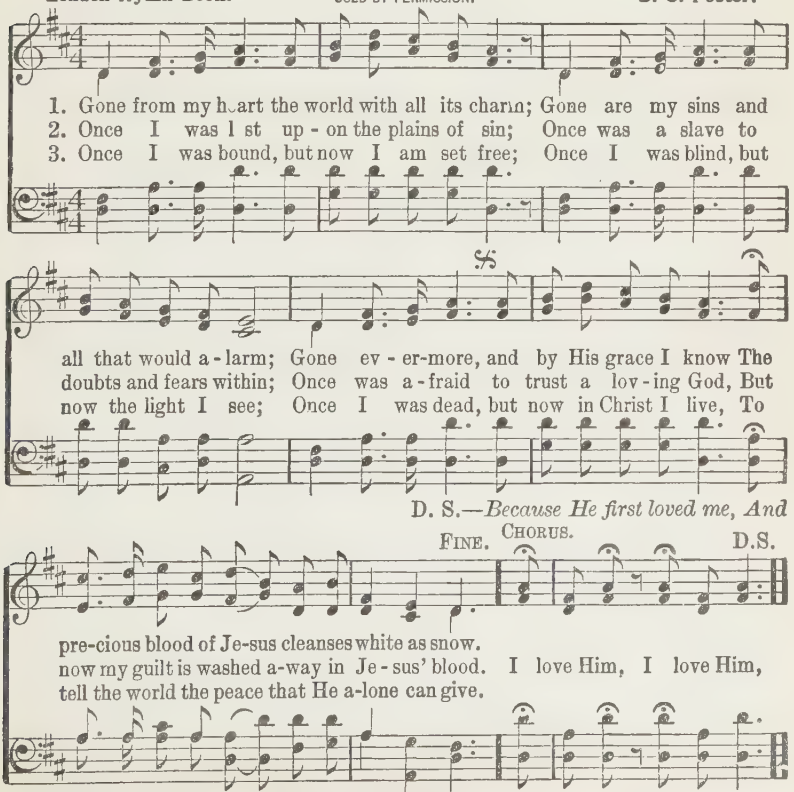

1. Let the world have its diamonds, its sil - ver and gold, I am rich-er by
2. Let the world have its pot-tage, my birth-right I'll keep, For its pleasures or
3. Let the world have its hon - ors, am - bi-tions and fame, I the Lamb's Book of
4. I am near - ing the cit - y, its spires I can see, And its pearl-y gates
far with the ti - tle I hold; I am heir to a king-dom, a
toys I'll not grov - el or creep; I'm a child of a King, I'll not
Life has been writ - ten my name; When the world is on fire, still my
soon will be o - pened to me; With the shout of a vic - tor, I
crown and a throne, That shall stand when earth's kingdoms are all o-ver-thrown.
bar - ter a crown For the tri - fles of arth, for its wealth or re-nown.
name shall ad-dore, And my king-dom and pal - ace will then be se-cure.
soon shall be crowned, While the arch-es of heav'n with ho - san - nas re-sound.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! my soul mounts up - ward and sings; Hal - le-
lu - jah to Je - sus, the King of all kings! Hal - le - lu - jah! the

The Christian's Inheritance.


"king-dom to come" draweth nigh; What a crown-ing 'twill be in the
rit. ad lib.
sweet by-and-by, What a crown-ing 'twill be in the sweet by-and-by!

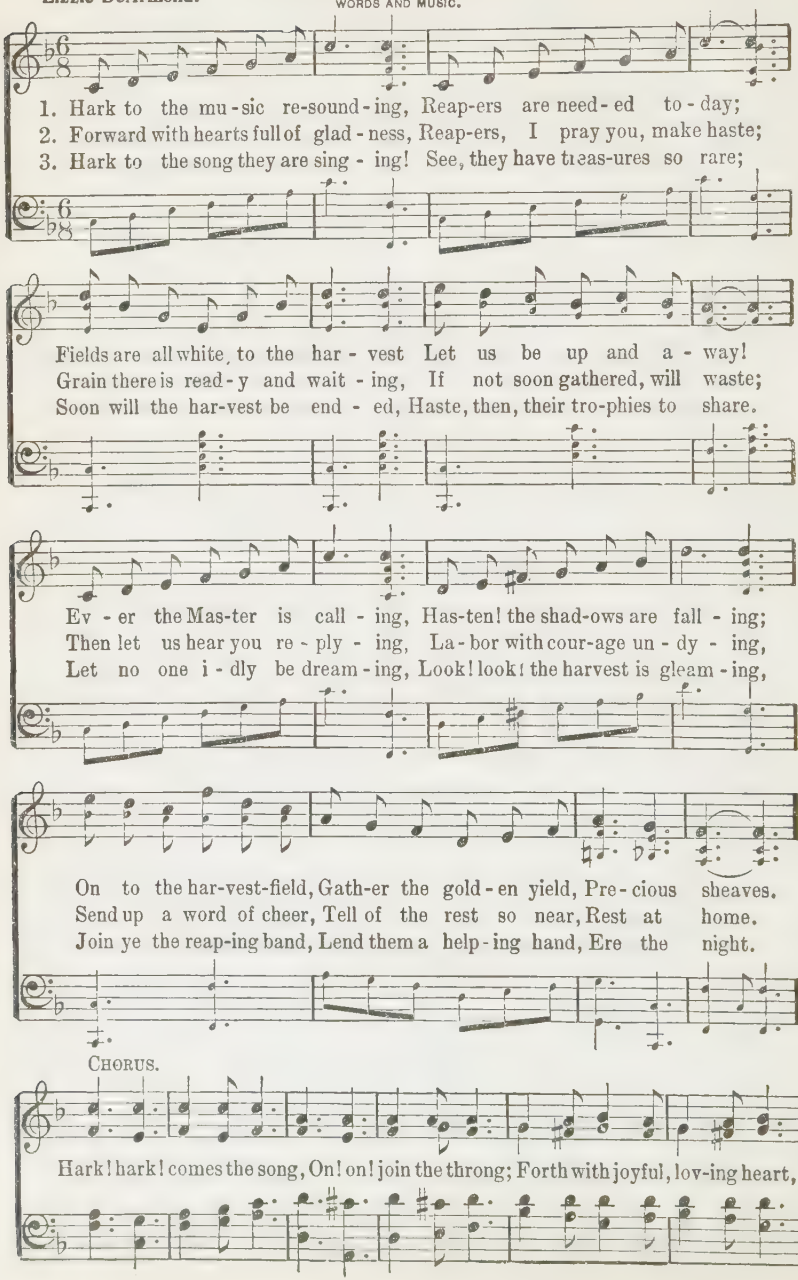
No. 151. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

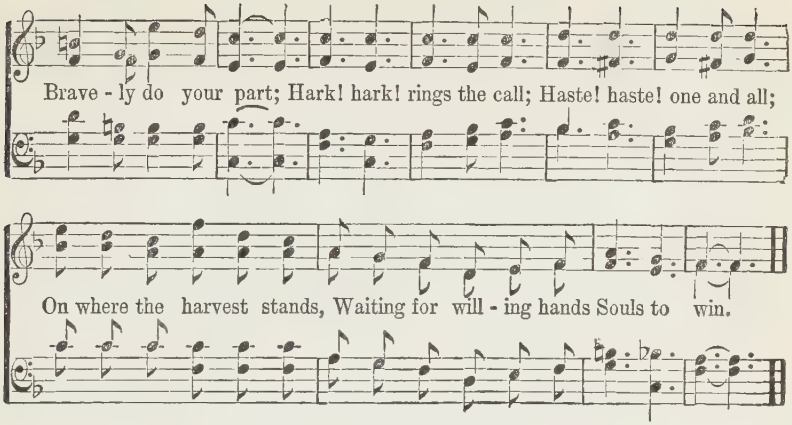

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and
2. Once I was lost up - on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but
all that would a - larm; Gone ev - er-more, and by His grace I know The
doubts and fears within; Once was a - fraid to trust a lov - ing God, But
now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To
D. S.—Because He first loved me, And
FINE.
CHORUS.
D.S.
pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je - sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.
purchased my sal-va - tion On Calv'ry's tree.

No. 152. Reapers Are Needed.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Samuel W. Beazley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. Hark to the mu-sic re-sound-ing, Reap-ers are need-ed to-day;
2. Forward with hearts full of glad-ness, Reap-ers, I pray you, make haste;
3. Hark to the song they are sing-ing! See, they have treas-ures so rare;
Fields are all white, to the har-vest Let us be up and a-way!
Grain there is read-y and wait-ing, If not soon gathered, will waste;
Soon will the har-vest be end-ed, Haste, then, their tro-phies to share.
Ev-er the Mas-ter is call-ing, Has-ten! the shad-ows are fall-ing;
Then let us hear you re-ply-ing, La-bor with cour-age un-dy-ing,
Let no one i-dly be dream-ing, Look! look! the harvest is gleam-ing,
On to the har-vest-field, Gath-er the gold-en yield, Pre-cious sheaves.
Send up a word of cheer, Tell of the rest so near, Rest at home.
Join ye the reap-ing band, Lend them a help-ing hand, Ere the night.
CHORUS.
Hark! hark! comes the song, On! on! join the throng; Forth with joyful, lov-ing heart,

Reapers are Needed.


Brave - ly do your part; Hark! hark! rings the call; Haste! haste! one and all;
On where the harvest stands, Waiting for will - ing hands Souls to win.

No. 153. Lost, But Jesus Saved Me.

Mrs. Emma Pitt.

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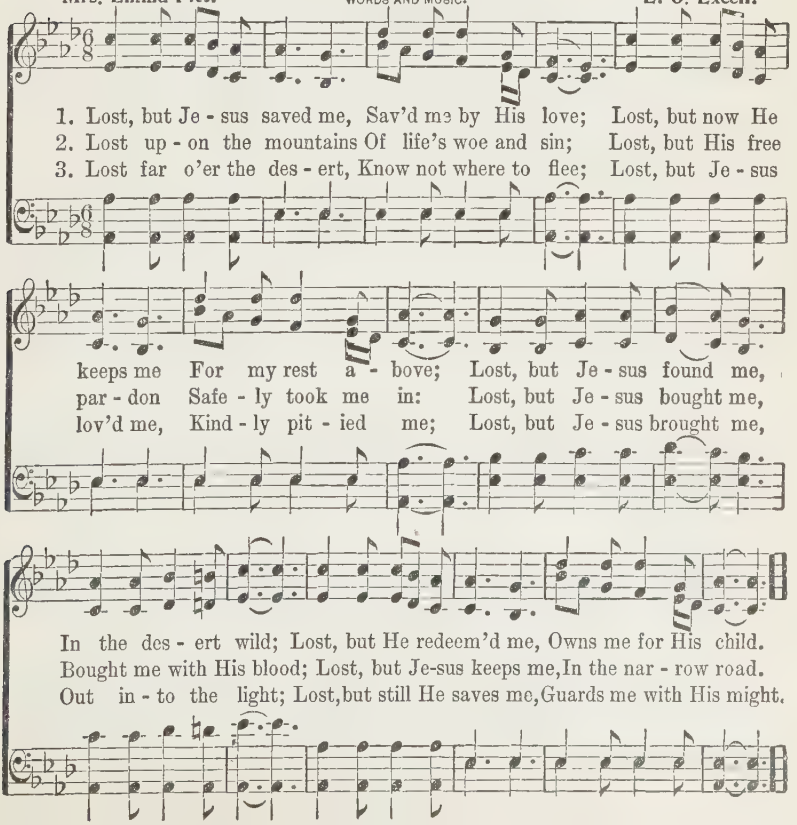
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. Lost, but Je - sus saved me, Sav'd me by His love; Lost, but now He
2. Lost up - on the mountains Of life's woe and sin; Lost, but His free
3. Lost far o'er the des - ert, Know not where to flee; Lost, but Je - sus
keeps me For my rest a - bove; Lost, but Je - sus found me,
par - don Safe - ly took me in: Lost, but Je - sus bought me,
lov'd me, Kind - ly pit - ied me; Lost, but Je - sus brought me,
In the des - ert wild; Lost, but He redeem'd me, Owns me for His child.
Bought me with His blood; Lost, but Je-sus keeps me, In the nar - row road.
Out in - to the light; Lost, but still He saves me, Guards me with His might.

No. 154. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

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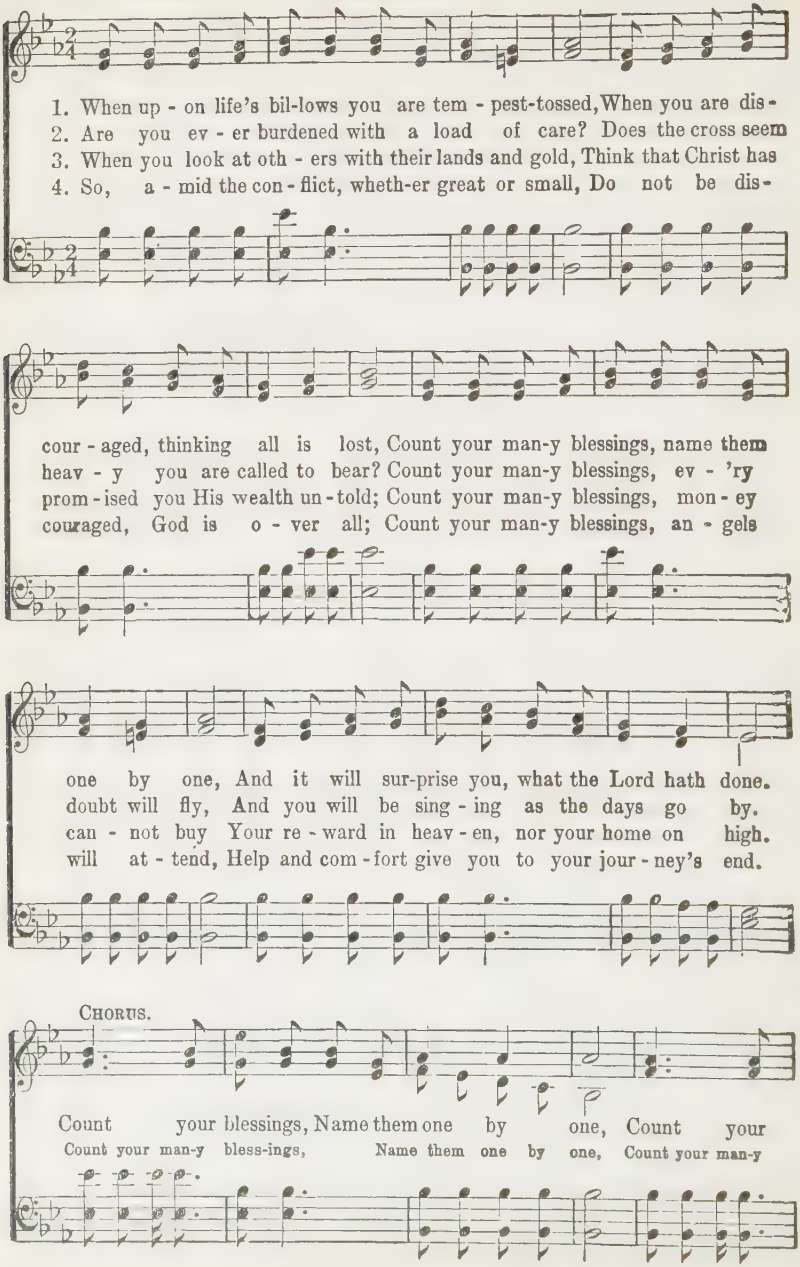
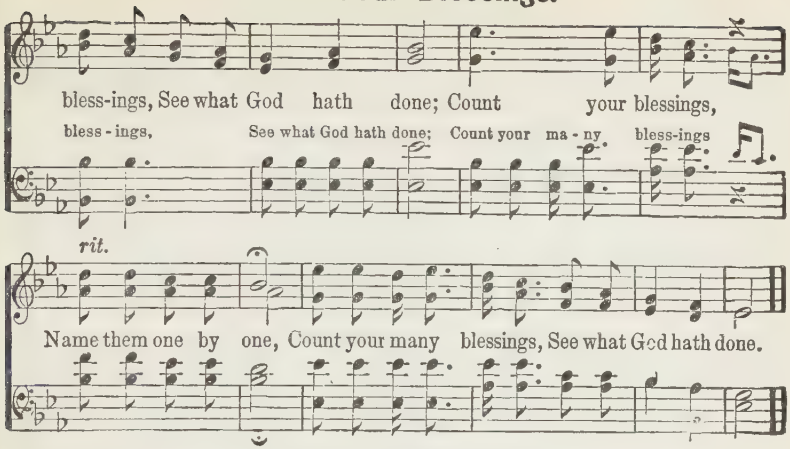
WORDS AND MUSIC.

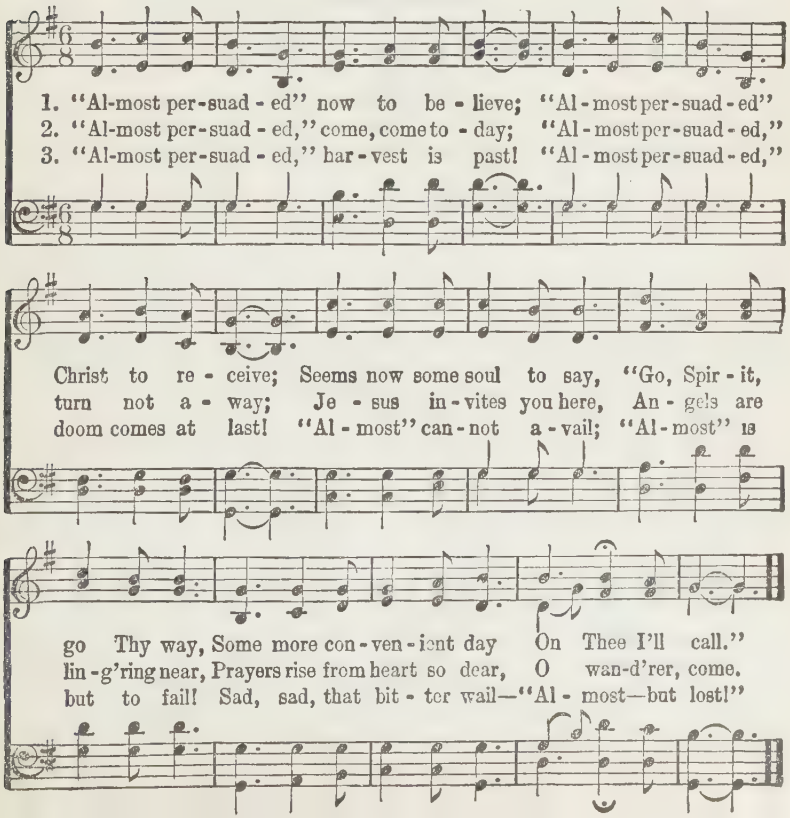
E. O. Excell.


1. When up - on life's bil-lows you are tem - pest-tossed, When you are dis-
cour - aged, thinking all is lost, Count your man-y blessings, name them
one by one, And it will sur-prise you, what the Lord hath done.
2. Are you ev - er burdened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y blessings, ev - 'ry
doubt will fly, And you will be sing - ing as the days go by.
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
prom - ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y blessings, mon - ey
can - not buy Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-
cour - aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y blessings, an - gels
will at - tend, Help and com - fort give you to your jour - ney's end.
CHORUS.
Count your blessings, Name them one by one, Count your
Count your man-y bless-ings, Name them one by one, Count your man-y

Count Your Blessings.


bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your blessings,
bless - ings, See what God hath done; Count your ma - ny bless-ings
rit.
Name them one by one, Count your many blessings, See what God hath done.

No. 155. "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERM. ION. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al-most per-suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per-suad - ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per-suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin - g'ring near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come.
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

No. 156. God is For Us.

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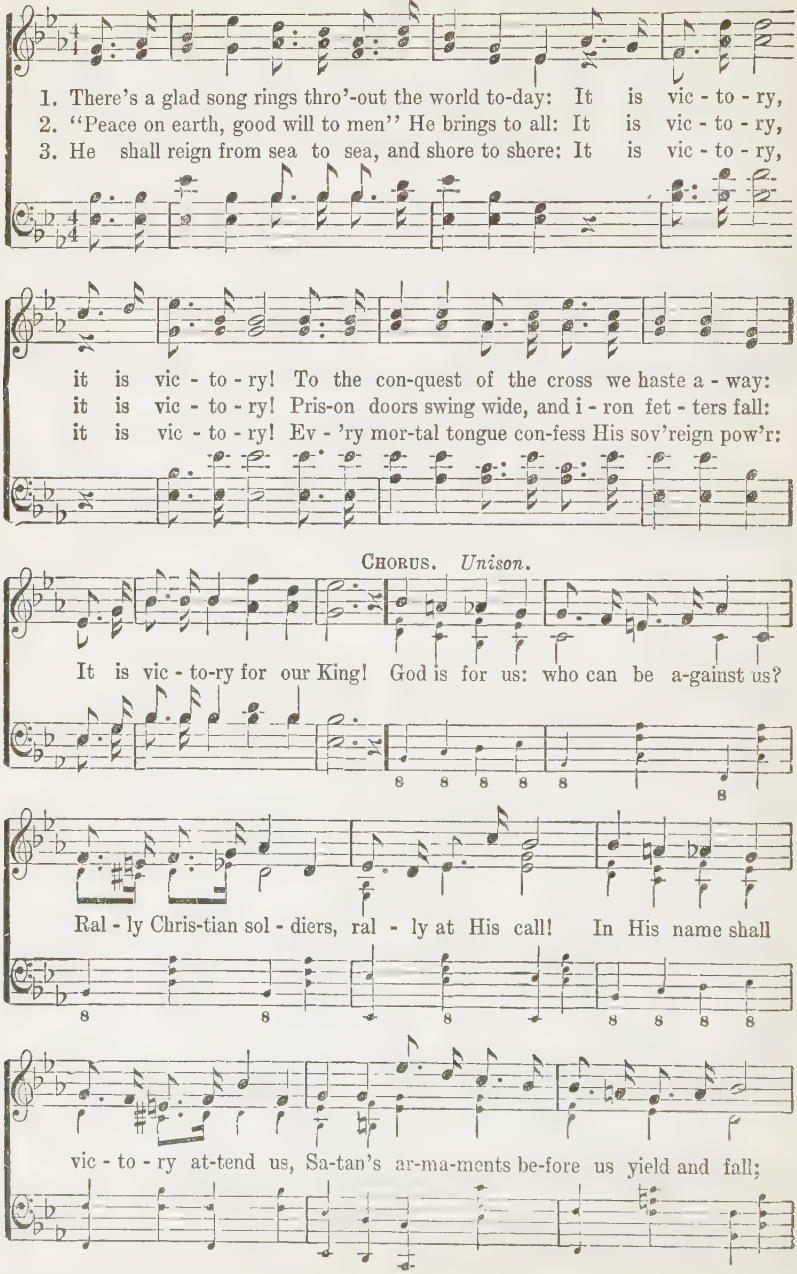
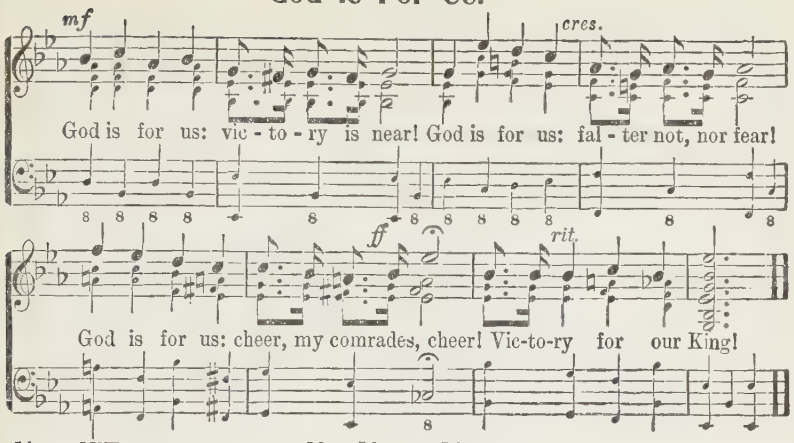
Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. There's a glad song rings thro'-out the world to-day: It is vic - to - ry,
2. "Peace on earth, good will to men" He brings to all: It is vic - to - ry,
3. He shall reign from sea to sea, and shore to shore: It is vic - to - ry,
it is vic - to - ry! To the con-quest of the cross we haste a - way:
it is vic - to - ry! Pris-on doors swing wide, and i - ron fet - ters fall:
it is vic - to - ry! Ev - 'ry mor-tal tongue con-fess His sov'reign pow'r:
Chorus. Unison.
It is vic - to-ry for our King! God is for us: who can be a-gainst us?
Ral - ly Chris-tian sol - diers, ral - ly at His call! In His name shall
vic - to - ry at-tend us, Sa-tan's ar-ma-ments be-fore us yield and fall;

God is For Us.


mf
cres.
God is for us: vic - to - ry is near! God is for us: fal - ter not, nor fear!
ff
rit.
God is for us: cheer, my comrades, cheer! Vic-to-ry for our King!

No. 157. He Uses Me.

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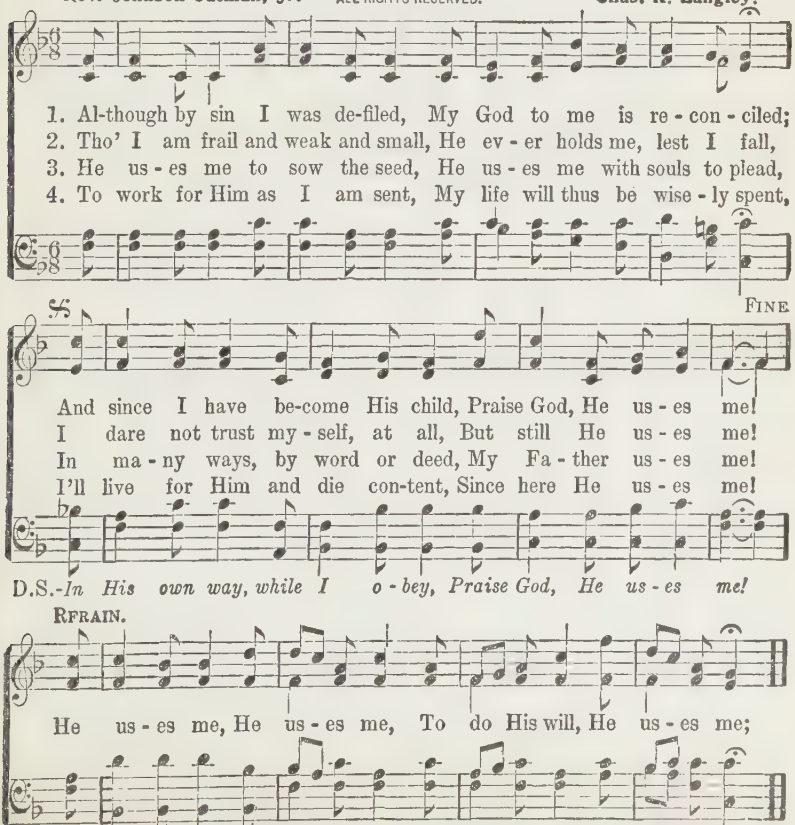
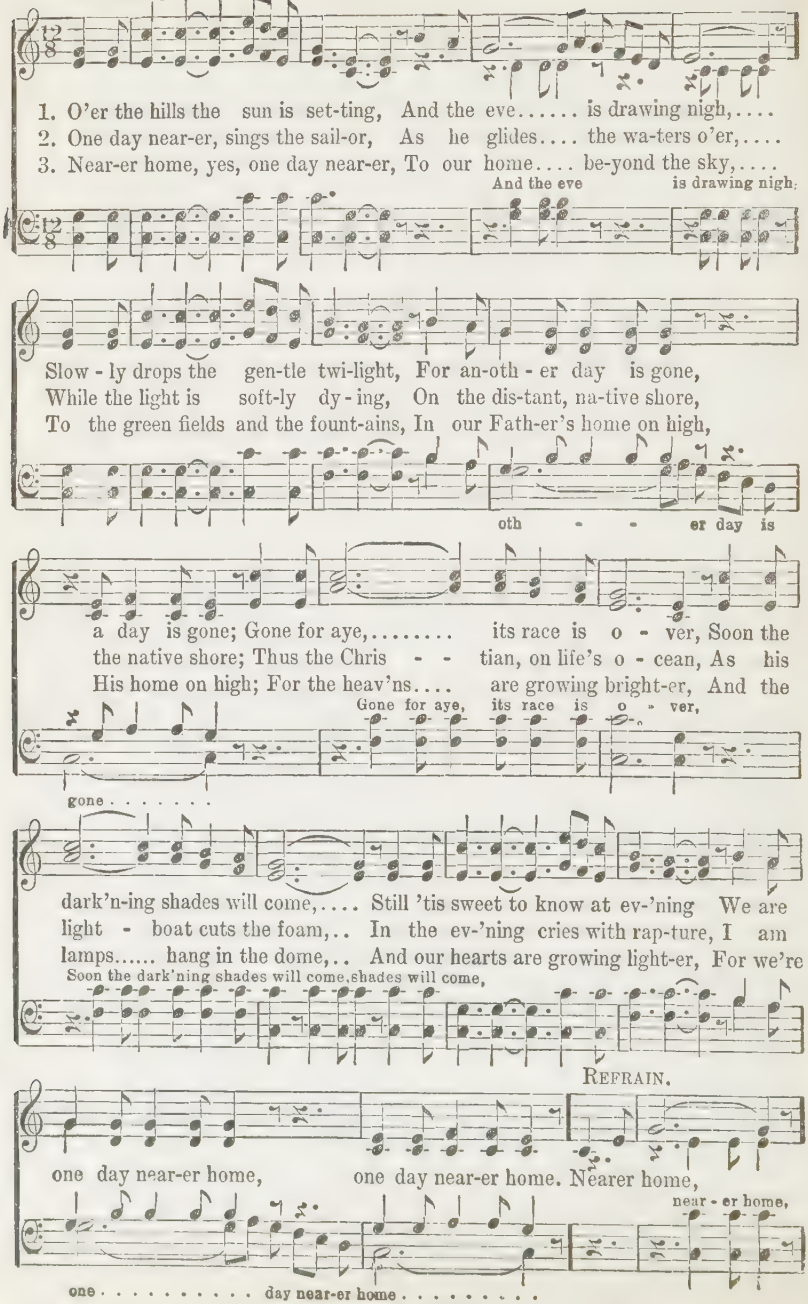
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. K. Langley.

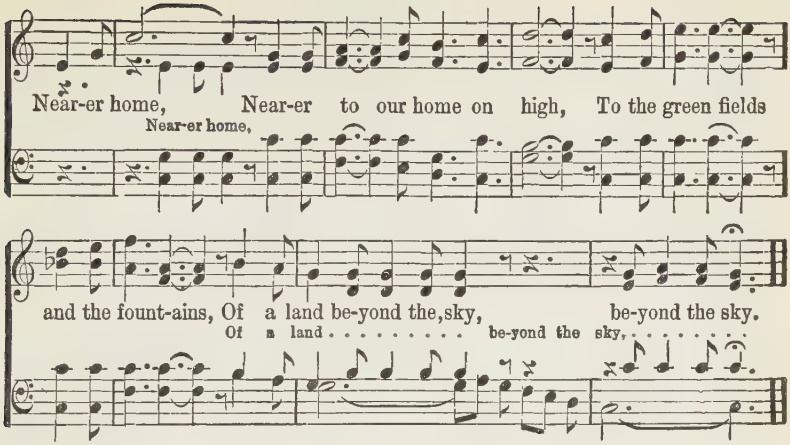

1. Al-though by sin I was de-filed, My God to me is re - con - ciled;
2. Tho' I am frail and weak and small, He ev - er holds me, lest I fall,
3. He us - es me to sow the seed, He us - es me with souls to plead,
4. To work for Him as I am sent, My life will thus be wise - ly spent,
FINE
And since I have be-come His child, Praise God, He us - es me!
I dare not trust my - self, at all, But still He us - es me!
In ma - ny ways, by word or deed, My Fa - ther us - es me!
I'll live for Him and die con-tent, Since here He us - es me!
D.S.-In His own way, while I o - bey, Praise God, He us - es me!
REFRAIN.
He us - es me, He us - es me, To do His will, He us - es me;

No. 158. Nearer Home.

Alice Carey. BY PER. OF W. A. OGDEN. E. D. Keck.


1. O'er the hills the sun is set-ting, And the eve..... is drawing nigh,....
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides.... the wa-ters o'er,....
3. Near-er home, yes, one day near-er, To our home.... be-yond the sky,....
And the eve is drawing nigh.
Slow - ly drops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth - er day is gone,
While the light is soft-ly dy - ing, On the dis-tant, na-tive shore,
To the green fields and the fount-ains, In our Fath-er's home on high,
oth - - er day is
a day is gone; Gone for aye,..... its race is o - ver, Soon the
the native shore; Thus the Chris - - tian, on life's o - cean, As his
His home on high; For the heav'ns.... are growing bright-er, And the
Gone for aye, its race is o - ver,
gone.....
dark'n-ing shades will come,.... Still 'tis sweet to know at ev-'ning We are
light - boat cuts the foam,.. In the ev-'ning cries with rap-ture, I am
lamps..... hang in the dome,.. And our hearts are growing light-er, For we're
Soon the dark'ning shades will come, shades will come,
REFRAIN.
one day near-er home, one day near-er home. Nearer home,
near - er home,
one..... day near-er home.....

Nearer Home.


Near-er home, Near-er to our home on high, To the green fields
Near-er home,
and the fount-ains, Of a land be-yond the, sky, be-yond the sky.
Of a land . . . . . be-yond the sky, ...

No. 159. Everything for Jesus.

Flora E. Breck.

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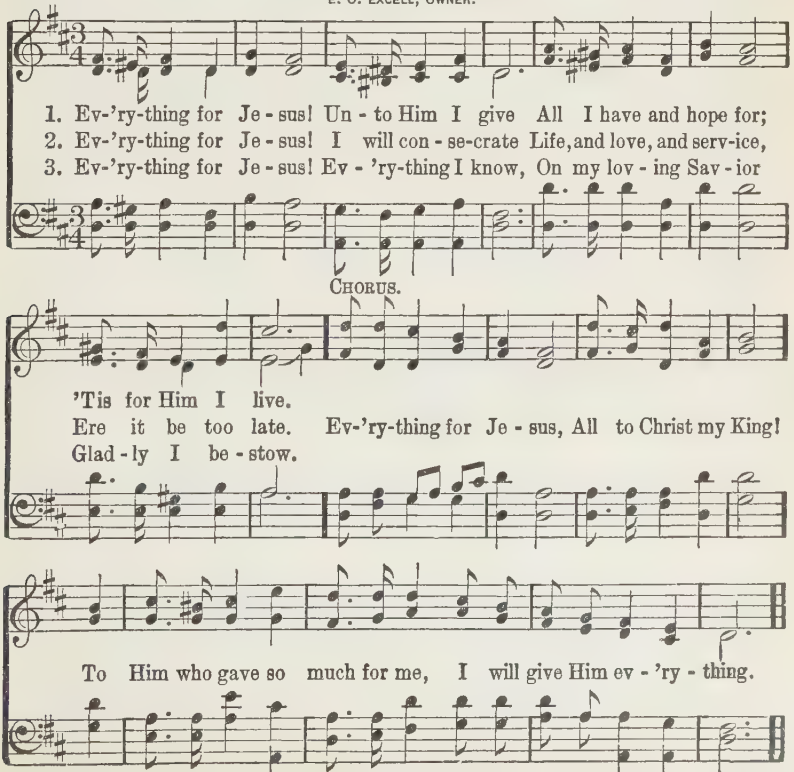
Carl Fischer.


1. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! Un - to Him I give All I have and hope for;
2. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! I will con - se-crate Life, and love, and serv-ice,
3. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus! Ev - 'ry-thing I know, On my lov - ing Sav - ior
CHORUS.
'Tis for Him I live.
Ere it be too late. Ev-'ry-thing for Je - sus, All to Christ my King!
Glad - ly I be - stow.
To Him who gave so much for me, I will give Him ev - 'ry - thing.

No. 160. Lo! A Mighty Army.

H. G. Jackson.

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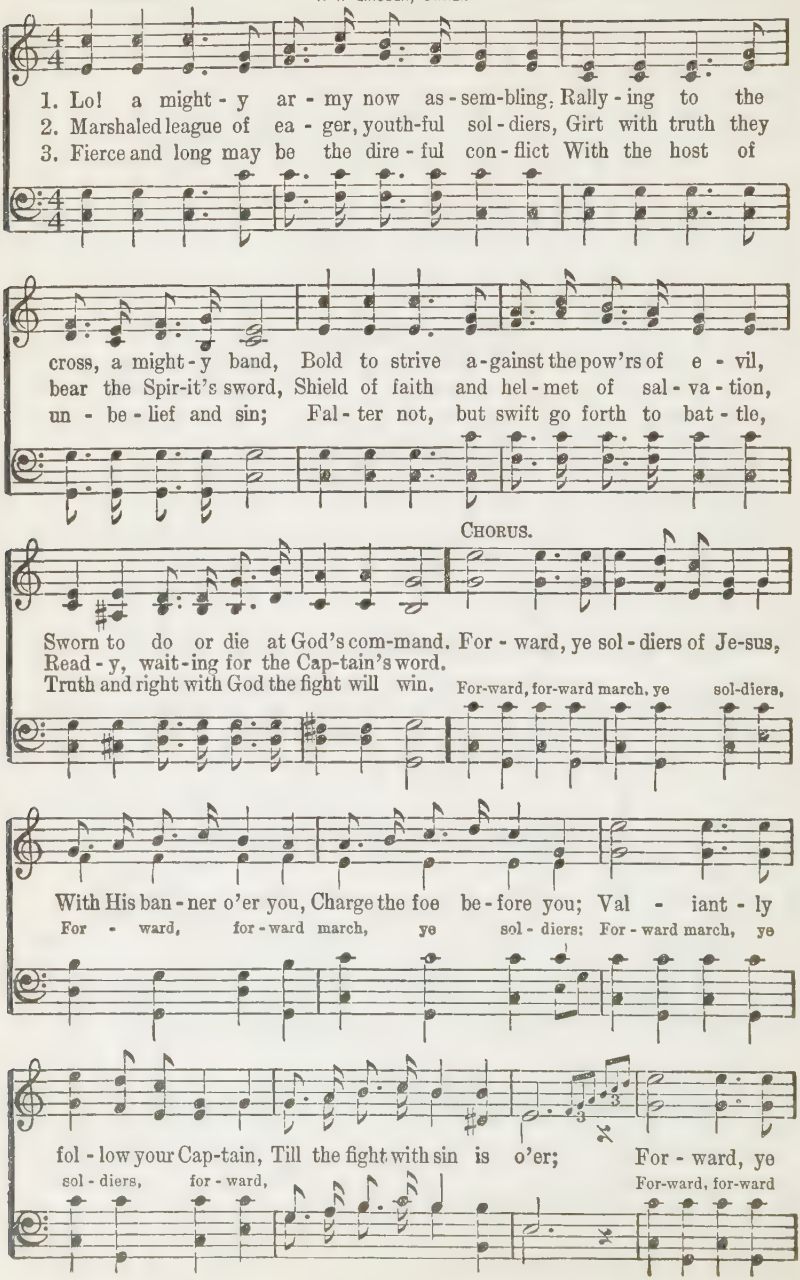
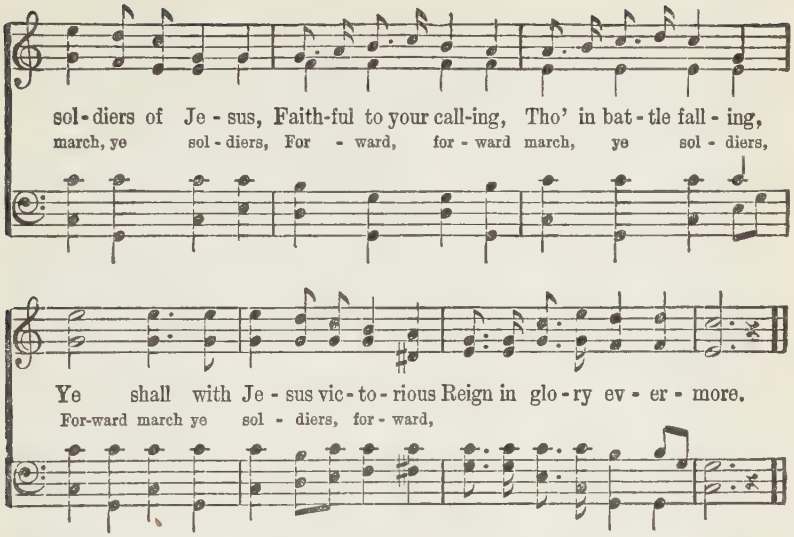
H N LINCOLN, OWNER

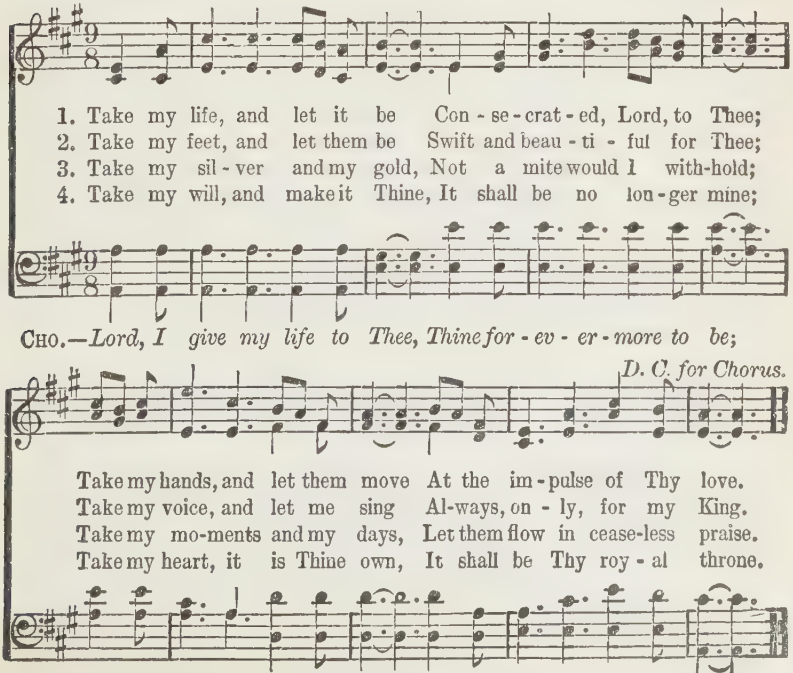
Arr. by Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lo! a might - y ar - my now as - sem-bling, Rally - ing to the
2. Marshaled league of ea - ger, youth-ful sol - diers, Girt with truth they
3. Fierce and long may be the dire - ful con - flict With the host of
cross, a might - y band, Bold to strive a-gainst the pow'rs of e - vil,
bear the Spir-it's sword, Shield of faith and hel - met of sal - va - tion,
un - be - lief and sin; Fal - ter not, but swift go forth to bat - tle,
CHORUS.
Sworn to do or die at God's com-mand. For - ward, ye sol - diers of Je-sus,
Read - y, wait - ing for the Cap-tain's word.
Truth and right with God the fight will win.
For-ward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,
With His ban - ner o'er you, Charge the foe be - fore you; Val - iant - ly
For - ward, for - ward march, ye sol - diers: For - ward march, ye
fol - low your Cap-tain, Till the fight with sin is o'er;
For - ward, ye
sol - diers, for - ward,
For-ward, for-ward

Lo! A Mighty Army.


sol-diers of Je-sus, Faith-ful to your call-ing, Tho' in bat-tle fall-ing,
march, ye sol-diers, For-ward, for-ward march, ye sol-diers,
Ye shall with Je-sus vic-to-rious Reign in glo-ry ev-er-more.
For-ward march ye sol-diers, for-ward,

No. 161. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
Cho.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;
D. C. for Chorus.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.

No. 162. Holy Twilight Hour.

(The Winona Bethany Hymn.)

S. W. B.

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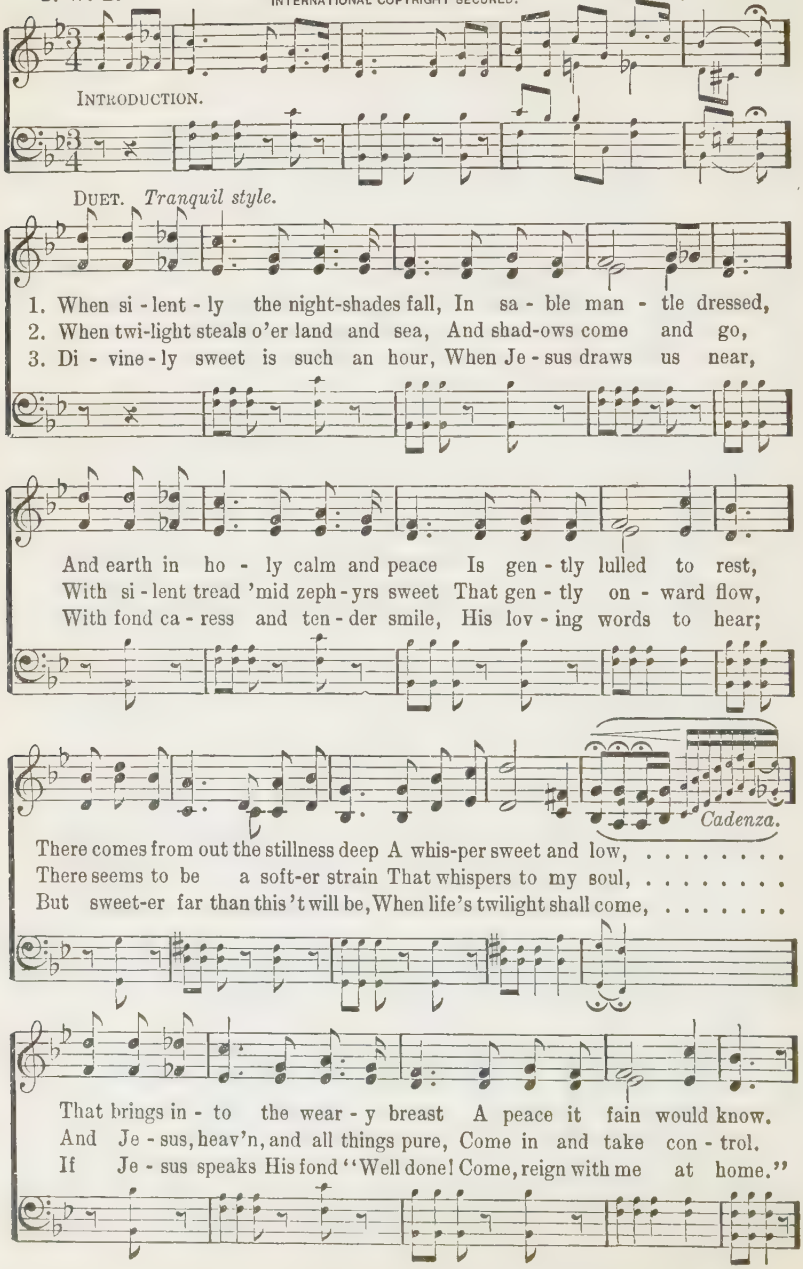
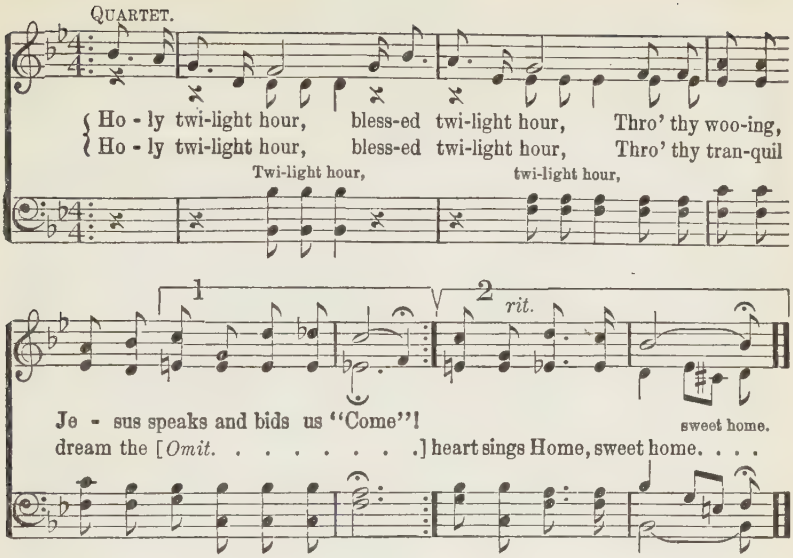
Samuel W. Beazley.


INTRODUCTION.
DUET. Tranquil style.
1. When si - lent - ly the night-shades fall, In sa - ble man - tle dressed,
2. When twi-light steals o'er land and sea, And shad-ows come and go,
3. Di - vine - ly sweet is such an hour, When Je - sus draws us near,
And earth in ho - ly calm and peace Is gen - tly lulled to rest,
With si - lent tread 'mid zeph - yrs sweet That gen - tly on - ward flow,
With fond ca - ress and ten - der smile, His lov - ing words to hear;
Cadenza.
There comes from out the stillness deep A whis-per sweet and low, ...
There seems to be a soft-er strain That whispers to my soul, ...
But sweet-er far than this 't will be, When life's twilight shall come, ...
That brings in - to the wear - y breast A peace it fain would know.
And Je - sus, heav'n, and all things pure, Come in and take con - trol.
If Je - sus speaks His fond "Well done! Come, reign with me at home."

Holy Twilight Hour.


QUARTET.
Ho - ly twi-light hour, bless-ed twi-light hour, Thro' thy woo-ing,
Ho - ly twi-light hour, bless-ed twi-light hour, Thro' thy tran-quil
Twi-light hour, twi-light hour,
1
2
rit.
Je - sus speaks and bids us "Come"!
sweet home.
dream the [Omit. . . . . .] heart sings Home, sweet home. . . .

No. 163. Prepare Thy God to Meet.

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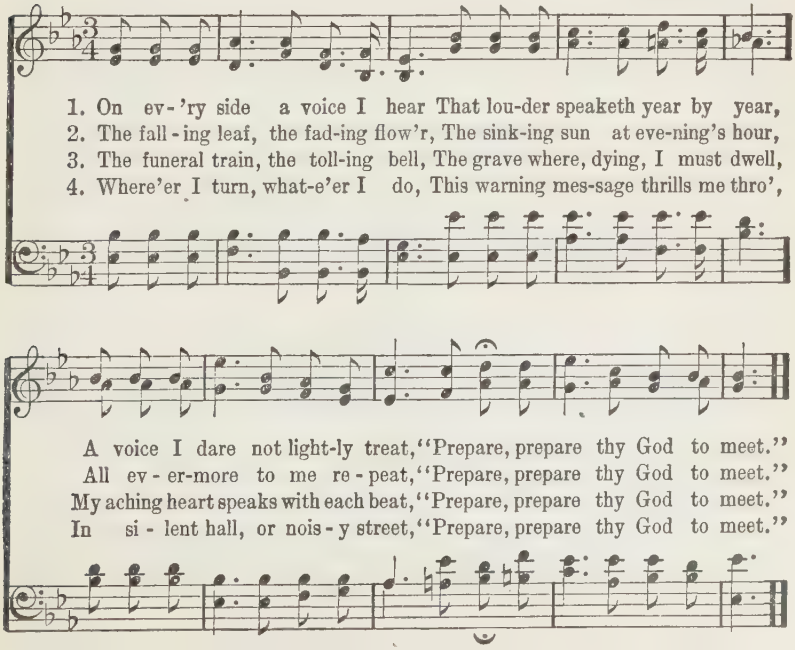
H. A. N. H. H. McGranahan.


1. On ev-'ry side a voice I hear That lou-der speaketh year by year,
2. The fall-ing leaf, the fad-ing flow'r, The sink-ing sun at eve-ning's hour,
3. The funeral train, the toll-ing bell, The grave where, dying, I must dwell,
4. Where'er I turn, what-e'er I do, This warning mes-sage thrills me thro',
A voice I dare not light-ly treat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
All ev-er-more to me re-peat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
My aching heart speaks with each beat, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."
In si-lent hall, or nois-y street, "Prepare, prepare thy God to meet."

No. 164. Some Day.

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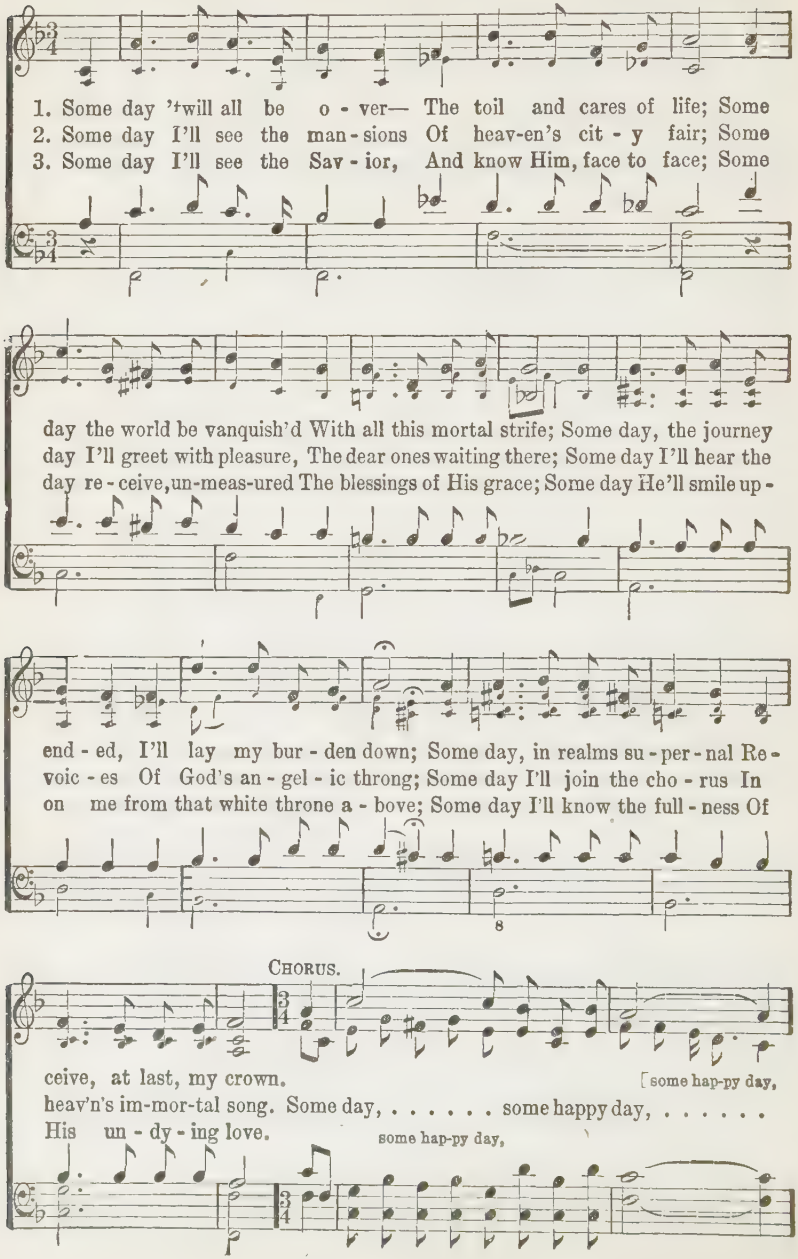
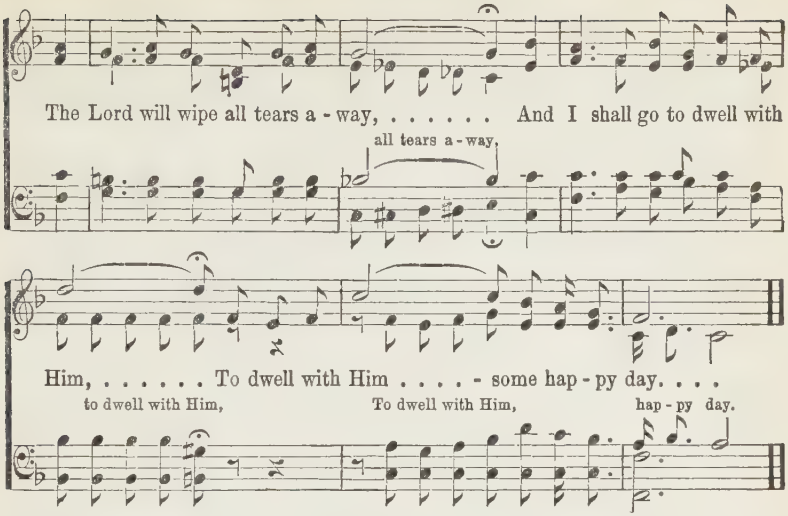
Dr. Victor M. Staley. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Some day 'twill all be o - ver— The toil and cares of life; Some
2. Some day I'll see the man - sions Of heav-en's cit - y fair; Some
3. Some day I'll see the Sav - ior, And know Him, face to face; Some
day the world be vanquish'd With all this mortal strife; Some day, the journey
day I'll greet with pleasure, The dear ones waiting there; Some day I'll hear the
day re - ceive, un-meas-ured The blessings of His grace; Some day He'll smile up -
end - ed, I'll lay my bur - den down; Some day, in realms su - per - nal Re -
voic - es Of God's an - gel - ic throng; Some day I'll join the cho - rus In
on me from that white throne a - bove; Some day I'll know the full - ness Of
CHORUS.
ceive, at last, my crown.
[some hap-py day,
heav'n's im-mor-tal song. Some day, ... some happy day, ...
His un - dy - ing love.
some hap-py day,

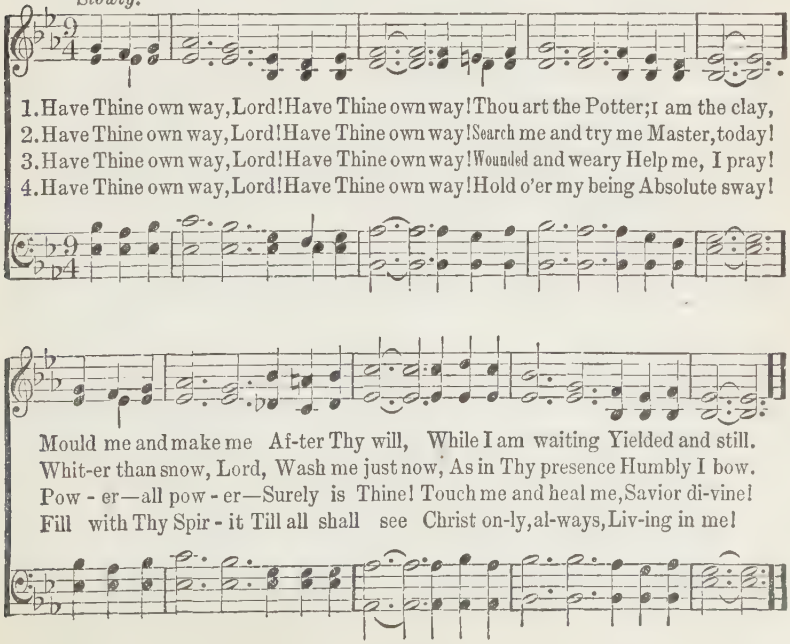
Some Day.


The Lord will wipe all tears a - way, ... And I shall go to dwell with
all tears a - way,
Him, ... To dwell with Him . . . . - some hap - py day. . . .
to dwell with Him,
To dwell with Him,
hap - py day.

No. 165. Have Thine Own Way, Lord!

COPYRIGPT, 1907, BY GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

A. A. P. *Slowly.* Geo. C. Stebbins.


1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the Potter; I am the clay,
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and try me Master, today!
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wounded and weary Help me, I pray!
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my being Absolute sway!
Mould me and make me Af-ter Thy will, While I am waiting Yielded and still.
Whit-er than snow, Lord, Wash me just now, As in Thy presence Humbly I bow.
Pow - er—all pow - er—Surely is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Savior di-vine!
Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall see Christ on-ly, al-ways, Liv-ing in me!

No. 166. A Little Bit of Love.

To my Friend, Marion Lawrance.

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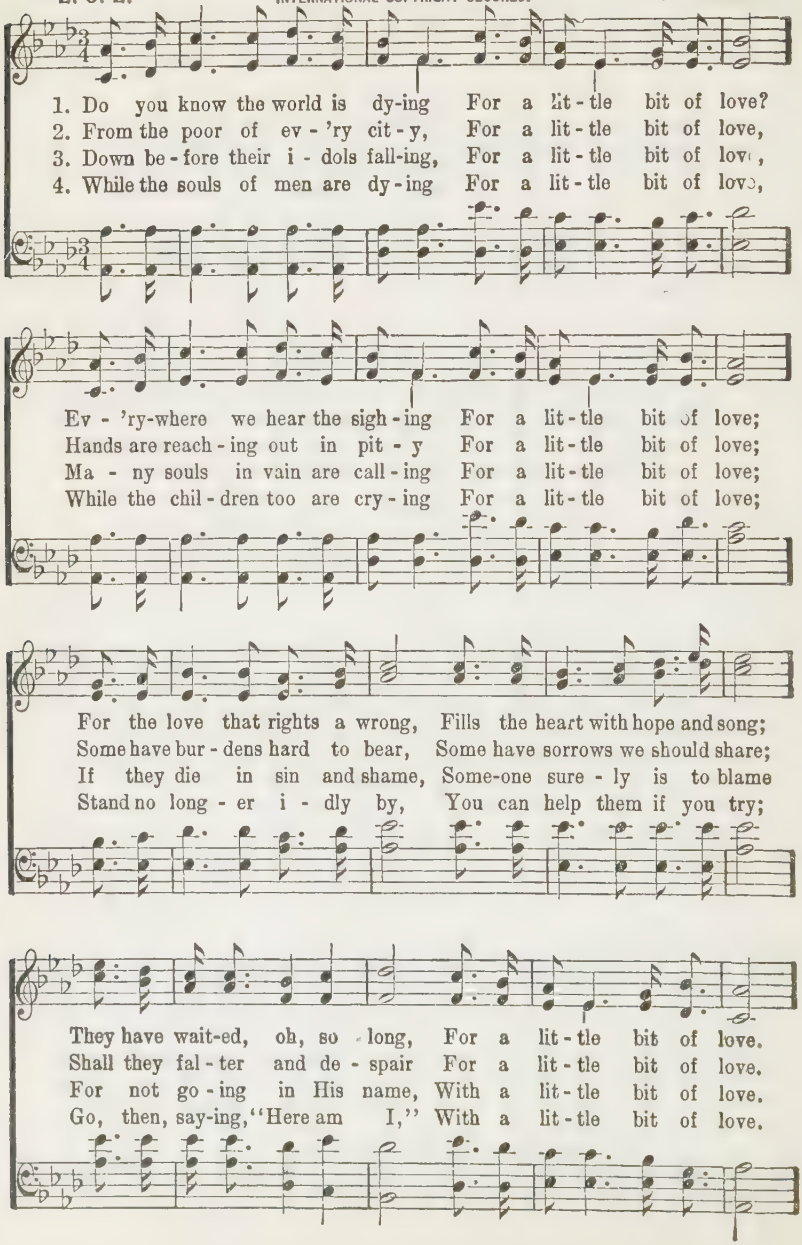
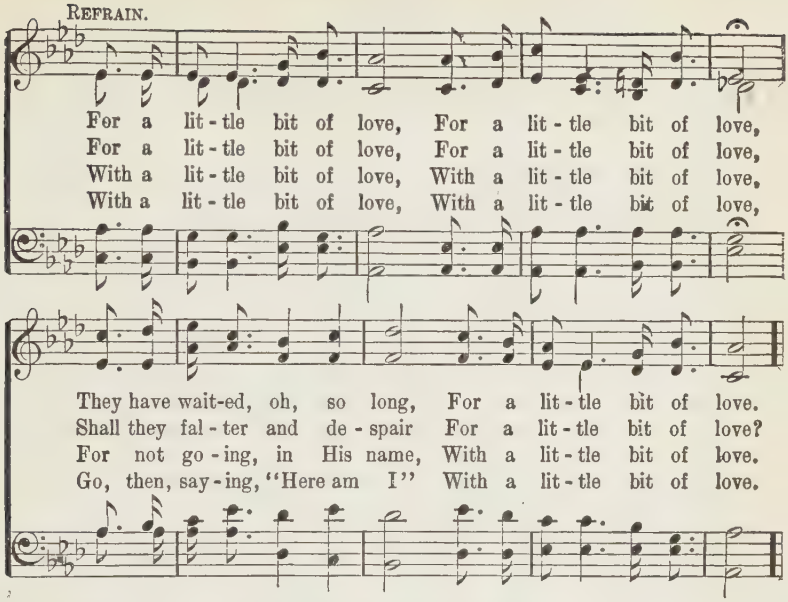
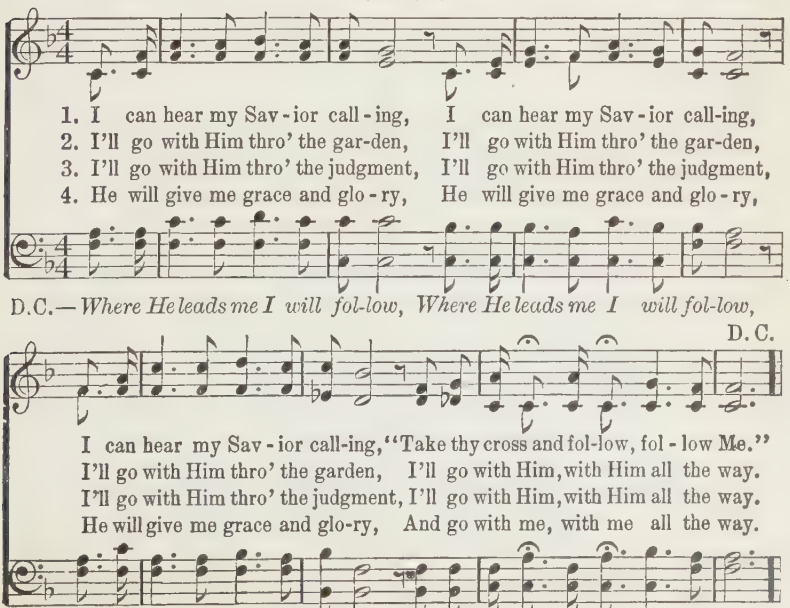
E. O. E. E. O. Excell.

1. Do you know the world is dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love?
2. From the poor of ev-'ry cit-y, For a lit-tle bit of love,
3. Down be-fore their i-dols fall-ing, For a lit-tle bit of love,
4. While the souls of men are dy-ing For a lit-tle bit of love,
Ev-'ry-where we hear the sigh-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
Hands are reach-ing out in pit-y For a lit-tle bit of love;
Ma-ny souls in vain are call-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
While the chil-dren too are cry-ing For a lit-tle bit of love;
For the love that rights a wrong, Fills the heart with hope and song;
Some have bur-dens hard to bear, Some have sorrows we should share;
If they die in sin and shame, Some-one sure-ly is to blame
Stand no long-er i-dly by, You can help them if you try;
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love.
For not go-ing in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I," With a lit-tle bit of love.

A Little Bit of Love.

REFRAIN.
For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love,
For a lit-tle bit of love, For a lit-tle bit of love,
With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love,
With a lit-tle bit of love, With a lit-tle bit of love,
They have wait-ed, oh, so long, For a lit-tle bit of love.
Shall they fal-ter and de-spair For a lit-tle bit of love?
For not go-ing, in His name, With a lit-tle bit of love.
Go, then, say-ing, "Here am I" With a lit-tle bit of love.

No. 167. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D. C.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

No. 168. The Good Old-Fashioned Way.

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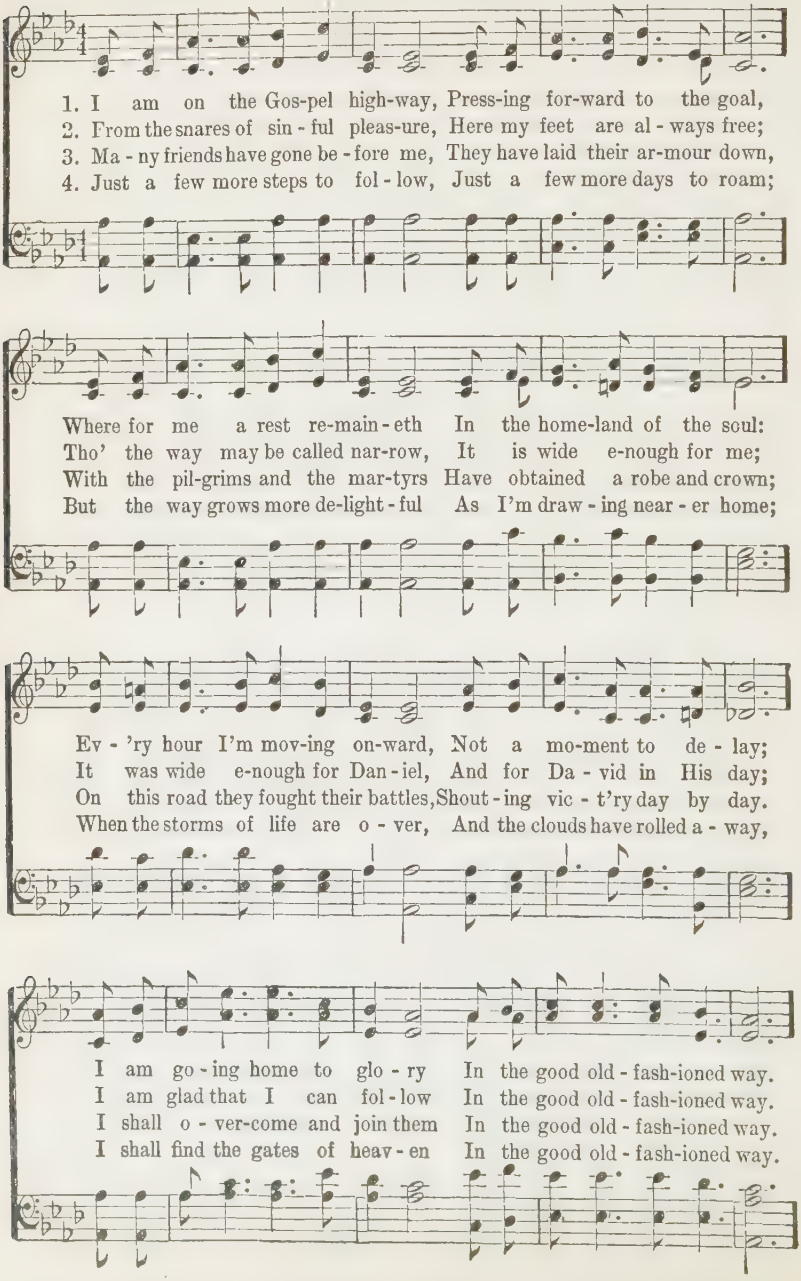
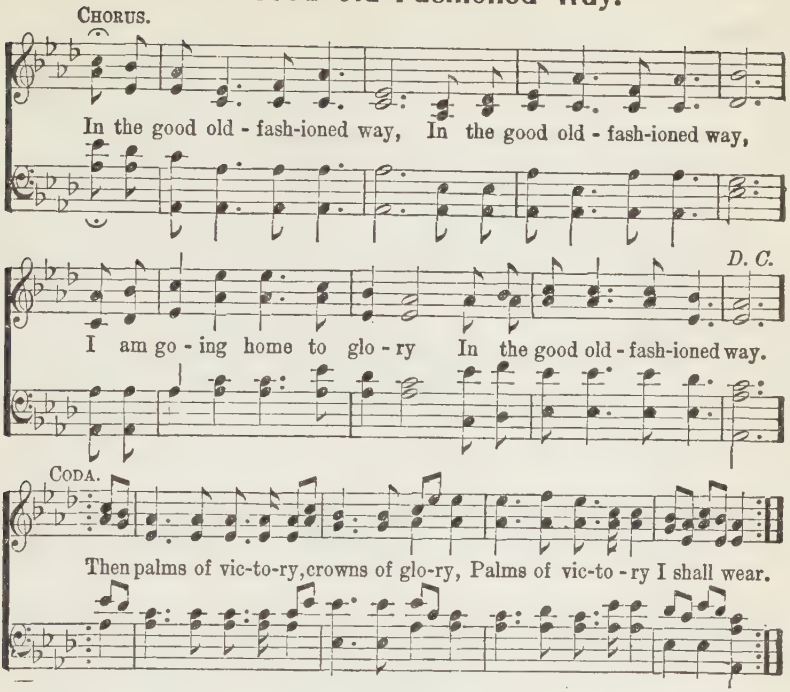
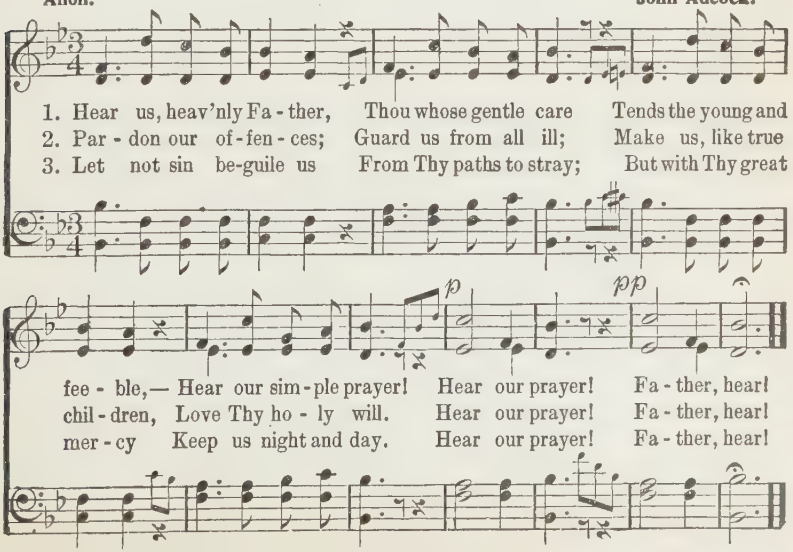
Rev. J. Oatman, Jr. E. O. Excell.

1. I am on the Gos-pel high-way, Press-ing for-ward to the goal,
2. From the snares of sin-ful pleas-ure, Here my feet are al-ways free;
3. Ma-ny friends have gone be-fore me, They have laid their ar-mour down,
4. Just a few more steps to fol-low, Just a few more days to roam;
Where for me a rest re-main-eth In the home-land of the soul:
Tho' the way may be called nar-row, It is wide e-nough for me;
With the pil-grims and the mar-tyrs Have obtained a robe and crown;
But the way grows more de-light-ful As I'm draw-ing near-er home;
Ev-'ry hour I'm mov-ing on-ward, Not a mo-ment to de-lay;
It was wide e-nough for Dan-iel, And for Da-vid in His day;
On this road they fought their battles, Shout-ing vic-t'ry day by day.
When the storms of life are o-ver, And the clouds have rolled a-way,
I am go-ing home to glo-ry In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I am glad that I can fol-low In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall o-ver-come and join them In the good old-fash-ioned way.
I shall find the gates of heav-en In the good old-fash-ioned way.

The Good Old Fashioned Way.

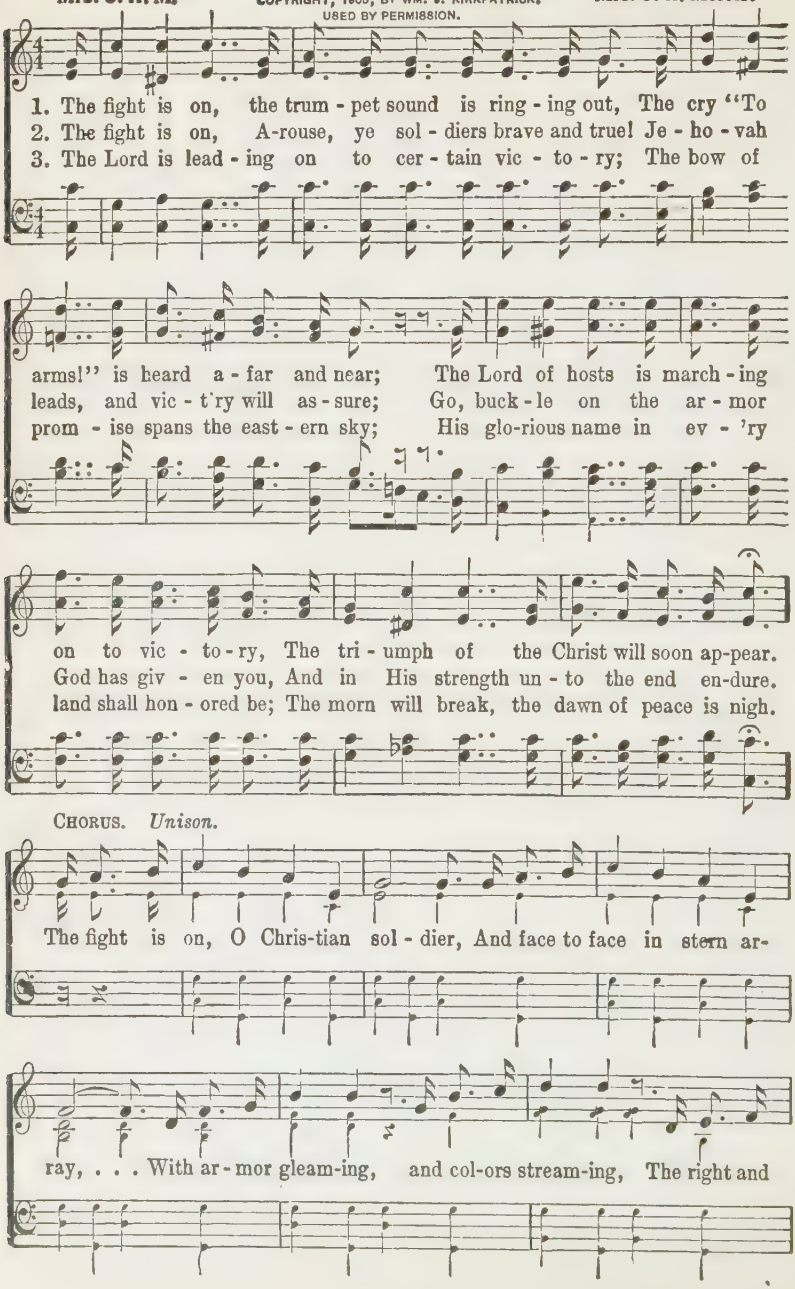

Chorus.
In the good old - fash-ioned way, In the good old - fash-ioned way,
D. C.
I am go - ing home to glo - ry In the good old - fash-ioned way.
Coda.
Then palms of vic-to-ry, crowns of glo-ry, Palms of vic-to - ry I shall wear.

No. 169. Hear Our Prayer.

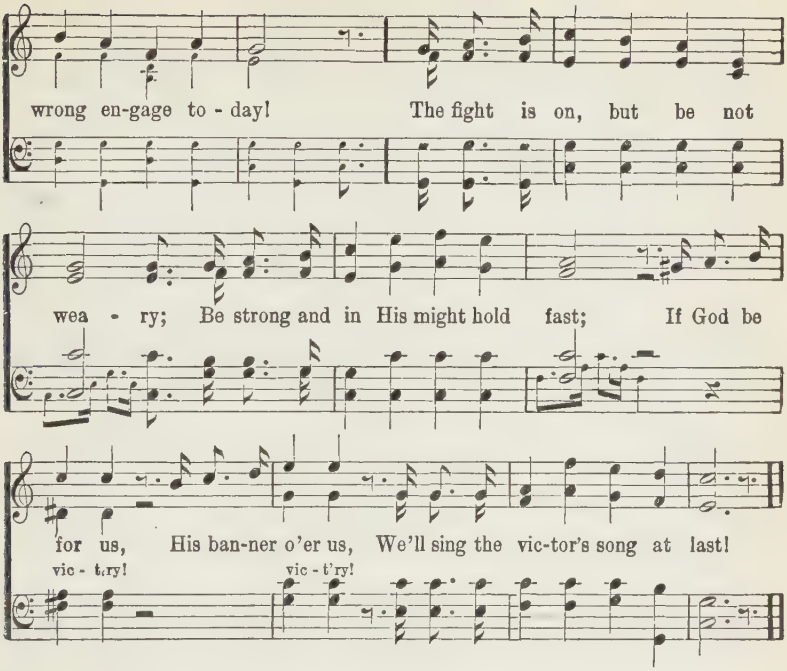
Anon. John Adcock.


1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa - ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par - don our of-fen - ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
fee - ble,— Hear our sim - ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
chil - dren, Love Thy ho - ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!
mer - cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa - ther, hear!

No. 170. The Fight is On.

Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
2. The fight is on, A-rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of
arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo-rious name in ev - 'ry
on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Chris-tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar-
ray, . . . With ar - mor gleam-ing, and col-ors stream-ing, The right and

The Fight is On.


wrong en-gage to-day! The fight is on, but be not
wea - ry; Be strong and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
vic - t'ry! vic - t'ry!

No. 171. Only a Word.

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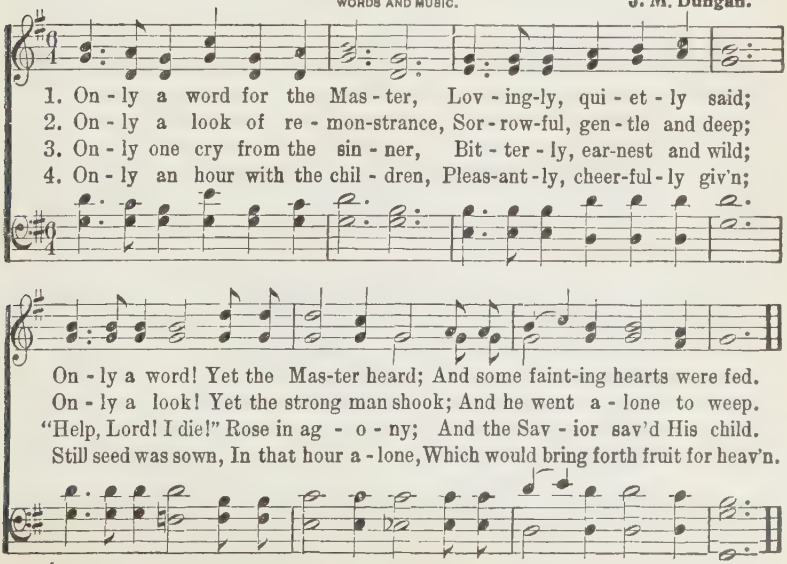
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. M. Dungan.


1. On - ly a word for the Mas - ter, Lov - ing-ly, qui - et - ly said;
2. On - ly a look of re - mon-strance, Sor - row-ful, gen - tle and deep;
3. On - ly one cry from the sin - ner, Bit - ter - ly, ear-nest and wild;
4. On - ly an hour with the chil - dren, Pleas-ant - ly, cheer-ful - ly giv'n;
On - ly a word! Yet the Mas-ter heard; And some faint-ing hearts were fed.
On - ly a look! Yet the strong man shook; And he went a - lone to weep.
"Help, Lord! I die!" Rose in ag - o - ny; And the Sav - ior sav'd His child.
Still seed was sown, In that hour a - lone, Which would bring forth fruit for heav'n.

No. 172. The Way-side Cross.

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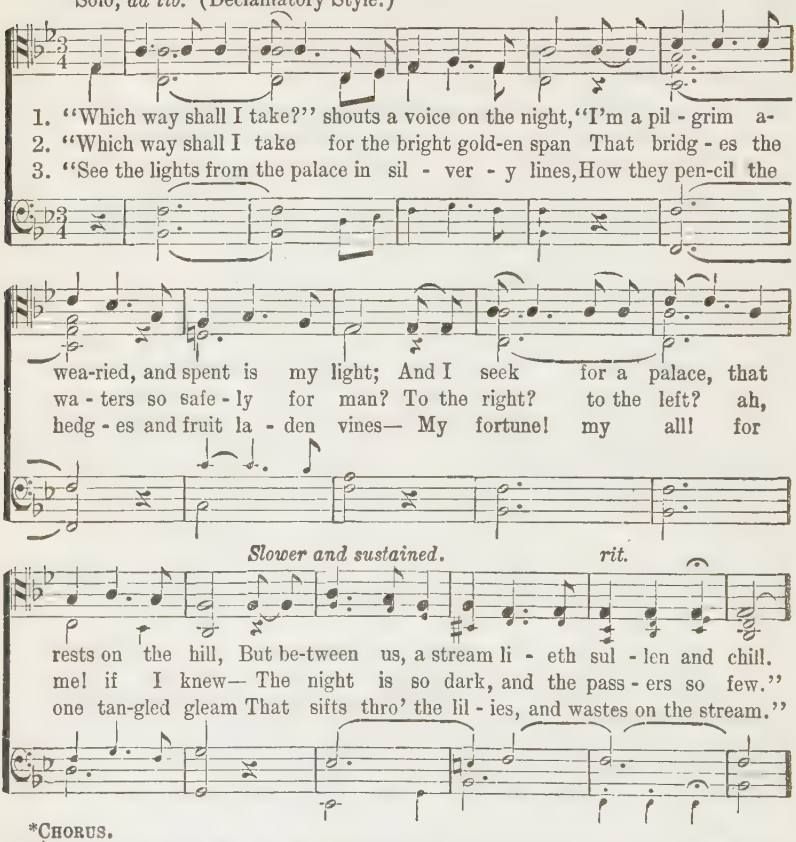
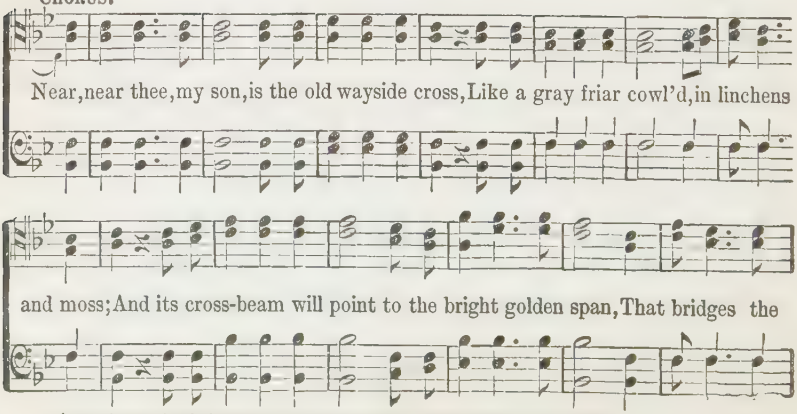
C. L. St. John. H. R. Palmer.

Solo, *ad lib.* (Declamatory Style.)


1. "Which way shall I take?" shouts a voice on the night, "I'm a pil - grim a-
2. "Which way shall I take for the bright gold-en span That bridg - es the
3. "See the lights from the palace in sil - ver - y lines, How they pen-cil the
wea-ried, and spent is my light; And I seek for a palace, that
wa - ters so safe - ly for man? To the right? to the left? ah,
hedg - es and fruit la - den vines— My fortune! my all! for
Slower and sustained.
rit.
rests on the hill, But be-tween us, a stream li - eth sul - len and chill.
me! if I knew— The night is so dark, and the pass - ers so few."
one tan-gled gleam That sifts thro' the lil - ies, and wastes on the stream."

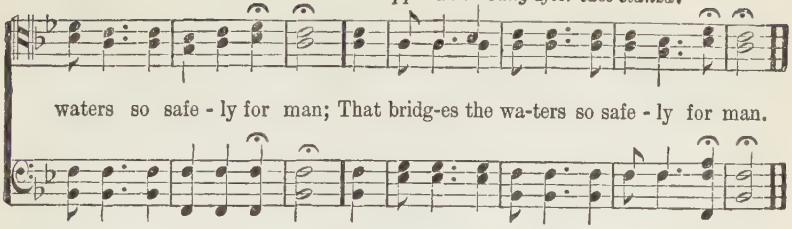
*CHORUS.


Near, near thee, my son, is the old wayside cross, Like a gray friar cowl'd, in linchens
and moss; And its cross-beam will point to the bright golden span, That bridges the

*The chorus should begin while the solo voice is still holding the last note.

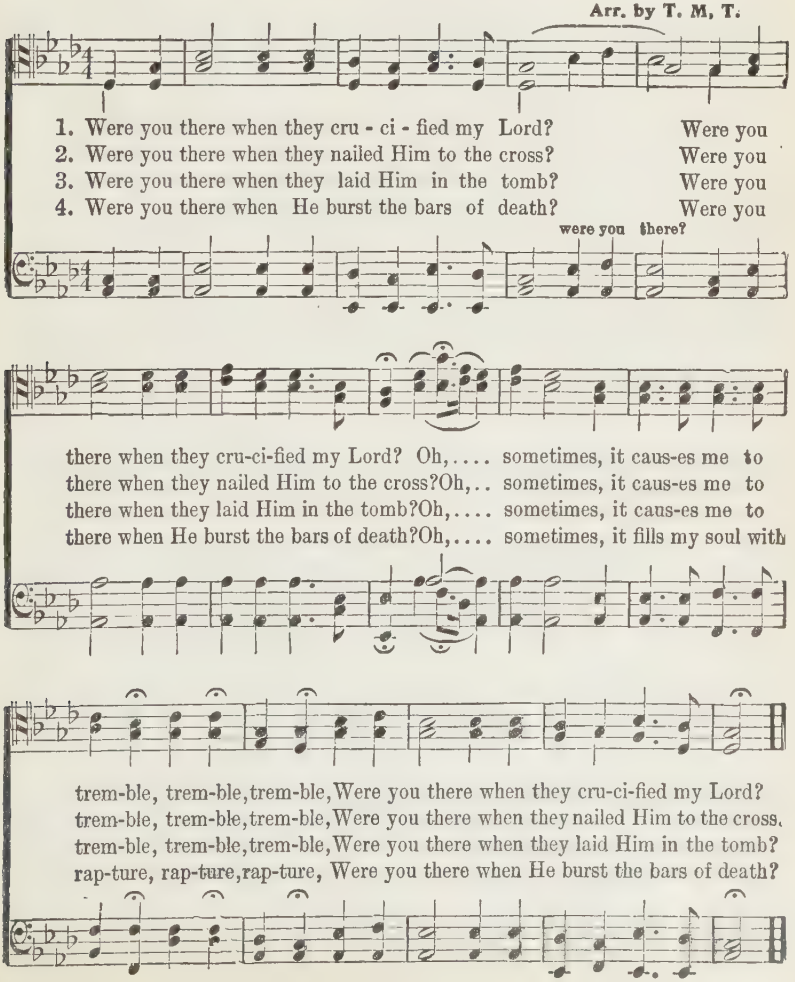
The Way-side Gross.

Coda. *pp* *To be sung after last stanza.*



No. 173. Were You There?

Arr. by T. M, T.


1. Were you there when they cru - ci - fied my Lord? Were you
2. Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross? Were you
3. Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb? Were you
4. Were you there when He burst the bars of death? Were you
were you there?
there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they nailed Him to the cross?Oh,.. sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when they laid Him in the tomb?Oh,.... sometimes, it caus-es me to
there when He burst the bars of death?Oh,.... sometimes, it fills my soul with
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord?
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they nailed Him to the cross.
trem-ble, trem-ble,trem-ble,Were you there when they laid Him in the tomb?
rap-ture, rap-ture,rap-ture, Were you there when He burst the bars of death?

No. 174. He Knows It All.

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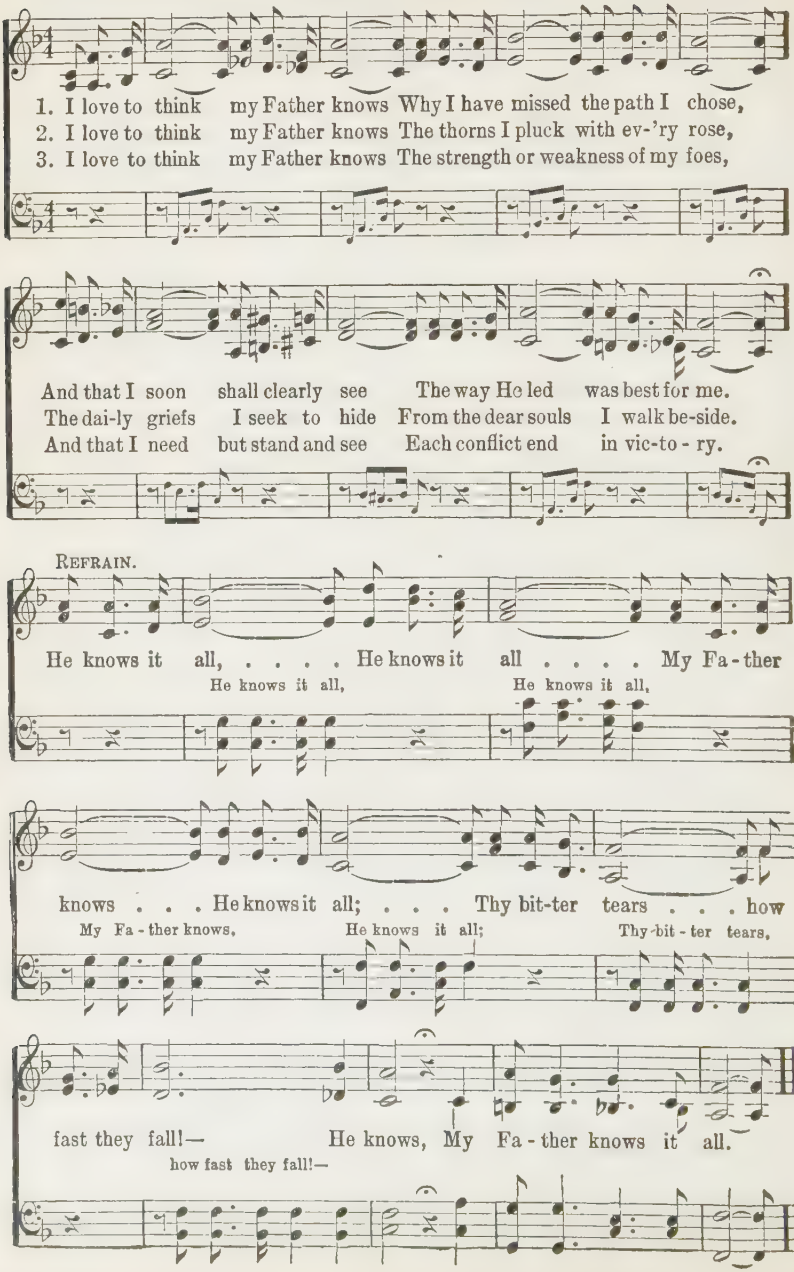
Mrs. Ophelia Adams. C. M. Davis.

1. I love to think my Father knows Why I have missed the path I chose,
2. I love to think my Father knows The thorns I pluck with ev-'ry rose,
3. I love to think my Father knows The strength or weakness of my foes,
And that I soon shall clearly see The way He led was best for me.
The dai-ly griefs I seek to hide From the dear souls I walk be-side.
And that I need but stand and see Each conflict end in vic-to-ry.
REFRAIN.
He knows it all, ... He knows it all . . . . My Fa-ther
He knows it all, He knows it all,
knows . . . He knows it all; . . . Thy bit-ter tears . . . how
My Fa-ther knows, He knows it all; Thy bit-ter tears,
fast they fall!— He knows, My Fa-ther knows it all.
how fast they fall!—

Children's Songs

No. 175. Little Sowers.

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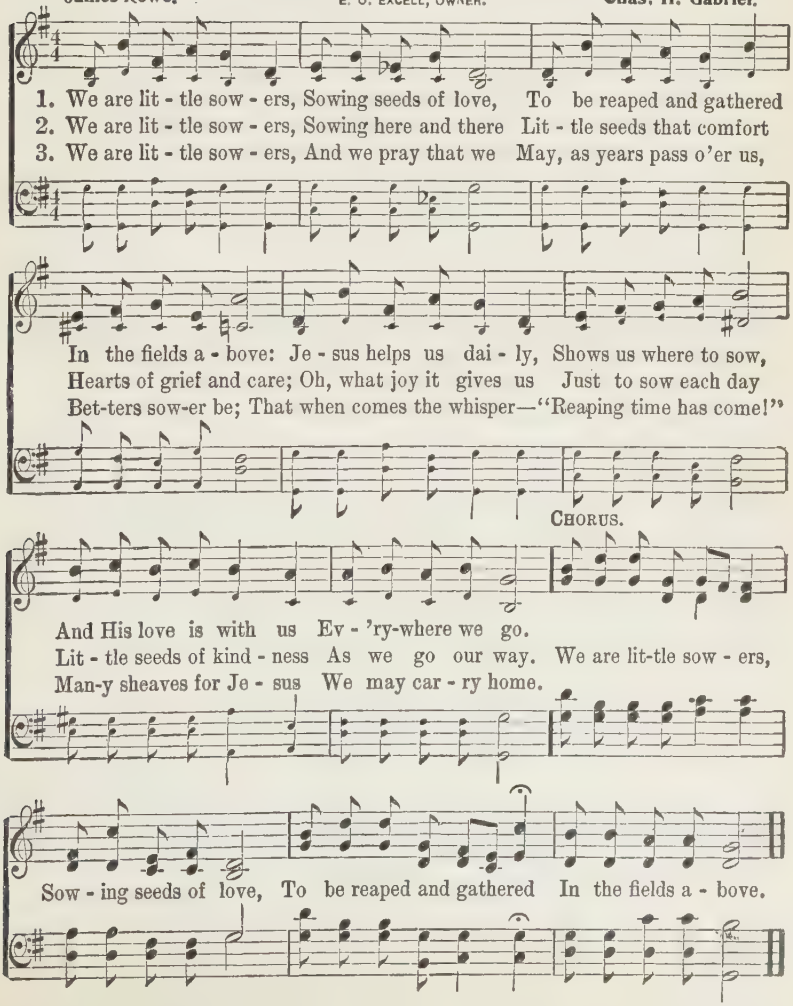
James Rowe. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sowing seeds of love, To be reaped and gathered
2. We are lit - tle sow - ers, Sowing here and there Lit - tle seeds that comfort
3. We are lit - tle sow - ers, And we pray that we May, as years pass o'er us,
In the fields a - bove: Je - sus helps us dai - ly, Shows us where to sow,
Hearts of grief and care; Oh, what joy it gives us Just to sow each day
Bet-ters sow-er be; That when comes the whisper—"Reaping time has come!"
CHORUS.
And His love is with us Ev - 'ry-where we go.
Lit - tle seeds of kind - ness As we go our way. We are lit-tle sow - ers,
Man-y sheaves for Je - sus We may car - ry home.
Sow - ing seeds of love, To be reaped and gathered In the fields a - bove.

No. 176. Little Evangels.

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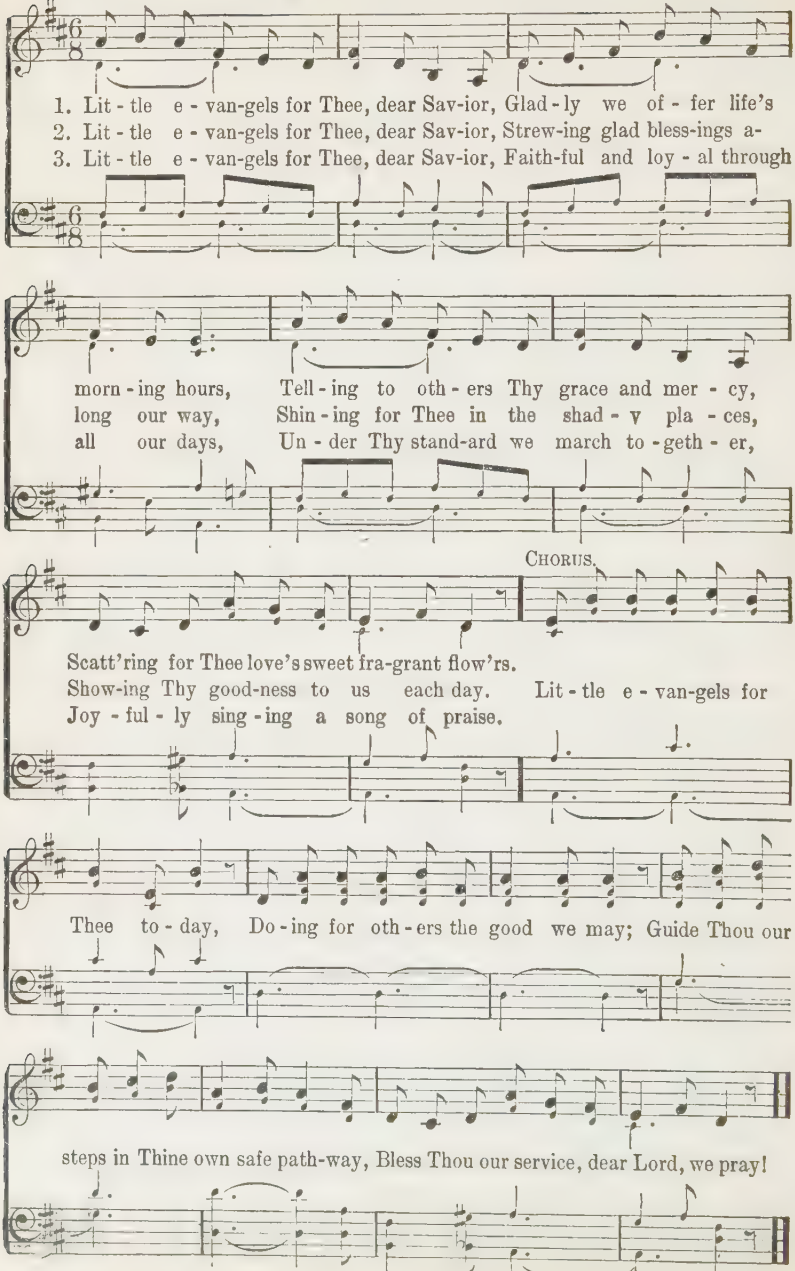
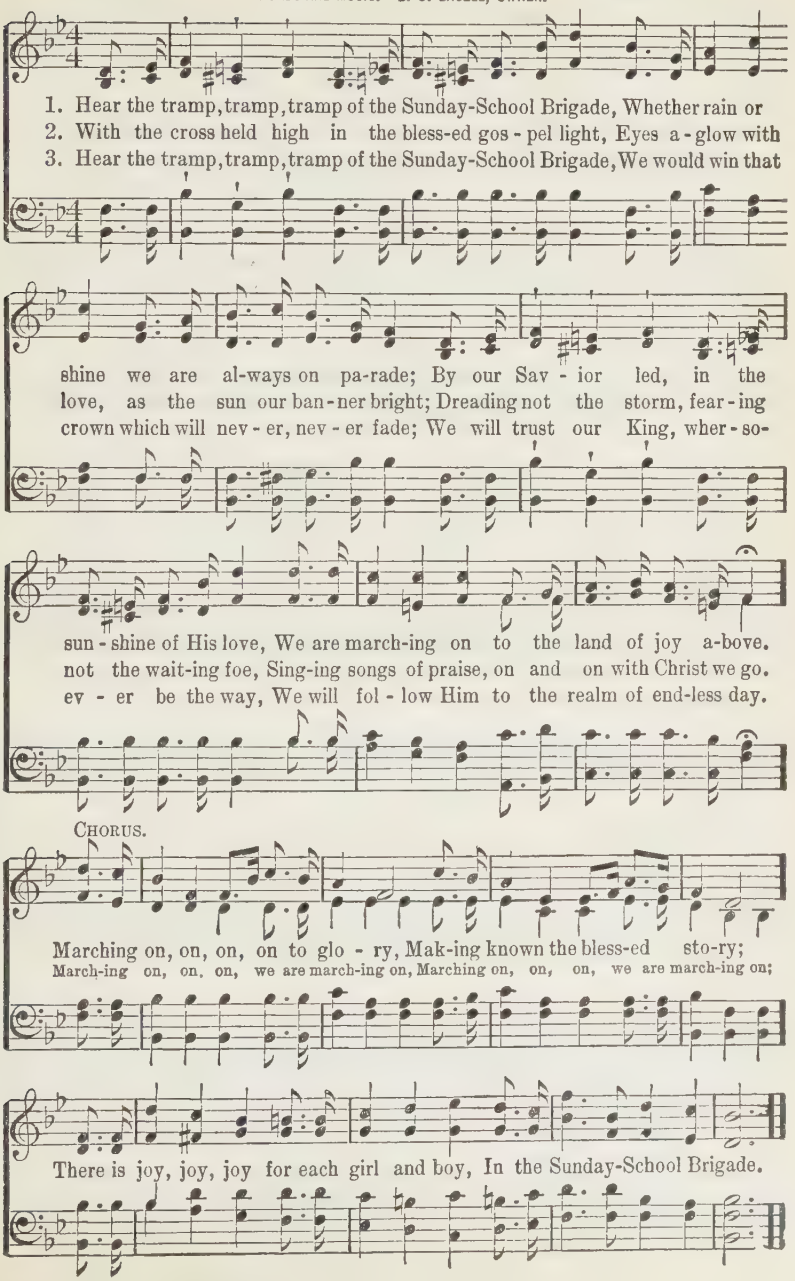
Ida L. Reed. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Glad - ly we of - fer life's
2. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Strew-ing glad bless-ings a-
3. Lit - tle e - van-gels for Thee, dear Sav-ior, Faith-ful and loy - al through
morn - ing hours, Tell - ing to oth - ers Thy grace and mer - cy,
long our way, Shin - ing for Thee in the shad - y pla - ces,
all our days, Un - der Thy stand-ard we march to - geth - er,
CHORUS.
Scatt'ring for Thee love's sweet fra-grant flow'rs.
Show-ing Thy good-ness to us each day. Lit - tle e - van-gels for
Joy - ful - ly sing - ing a song of praise.
Thee to - day, Do - ing for oth - ers the good we may; Guide Thou our
steps in Thine own safe path-way, Bless Thou our service, dear Lord, we pray!

No. 177. The Sunday-School Brigade.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL. WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, Whether rain or shine we are al-ways on pa-rade; By our Sav - ior led, in the sun - shine of His love, We are march-ing on to the land of joy a-bove.
2. With the cross held high in the bless-ed gos - pel light, Eyes a - glow with love, as the sun our ban - ner bright; Dreading not the storm, fear - ing not the wait-ing foe, Sing-ing songs of praise, on and on with Christ we go.
3. Hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the Sunday-School Brigade, We would win that crown which will nev - er, nev - er fade; We will trust our King, wher - so- ev - er be the way, We will fol - low Him to the realm of end-less day.
CHORUS.
Marching on, on, on, on to glo - ry, Mak-ing known the bless-ed sto-ry;
March-ing on, on, on, we are march-ing on, Marching on, on, on, we are march-ing on;
There is joy, joy, joy for each girl and boy, In the Sunday-School Brigade.

No. 178. Little Stars.

H. H. Pierson.

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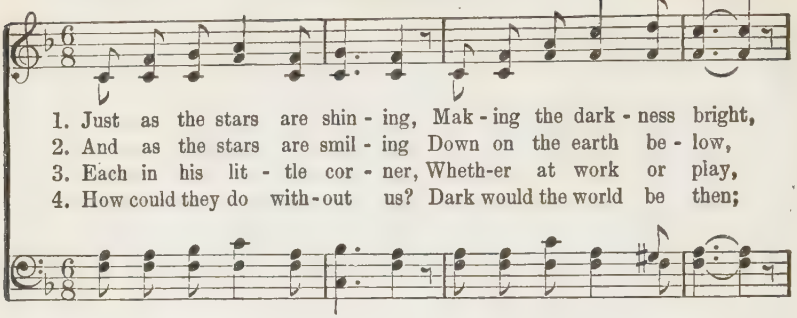
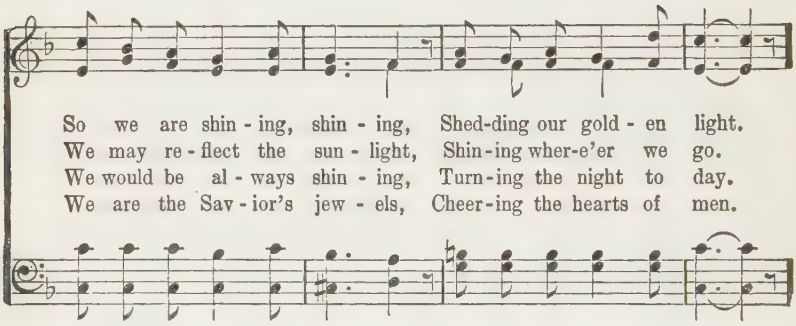
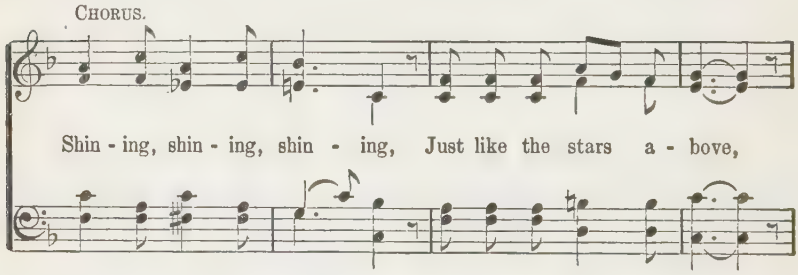
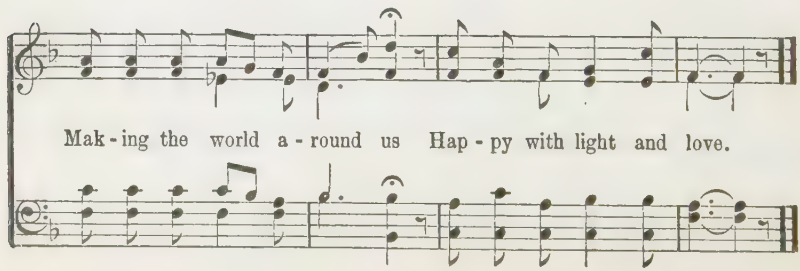
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. S. Fearis.


1. Just as the stars are shin - ing, Mak - ing the dark - ness bright,
2. And as the stars are smil - ing Down on the earth be - low,
3. Each in his lit - tle cor - ner, Wheth-er at work or play,
4. How could they do with - out us? Dark would the world be then;


So we are shin - ing, shin - ing, Shed-ding our gold - en light.
We may re - flect the sun - light, Shin - ing wher-e'er we go.
We would be al - ways shin - ing, Turn - ing the night to day.
We are the Sav - ior's jew - els, Cheer - ing the hearts of men.





No. 179. A Little Christian Soldier.

James Rowe.

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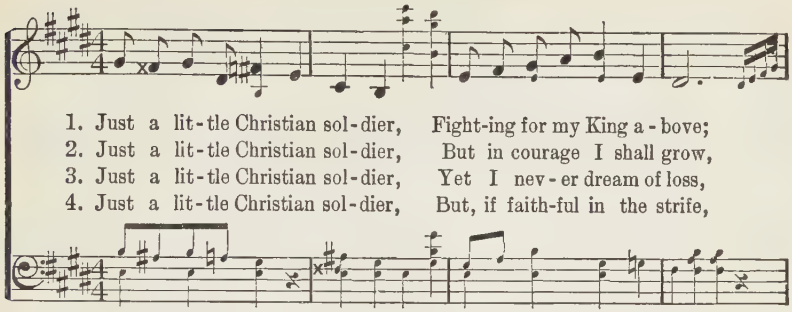
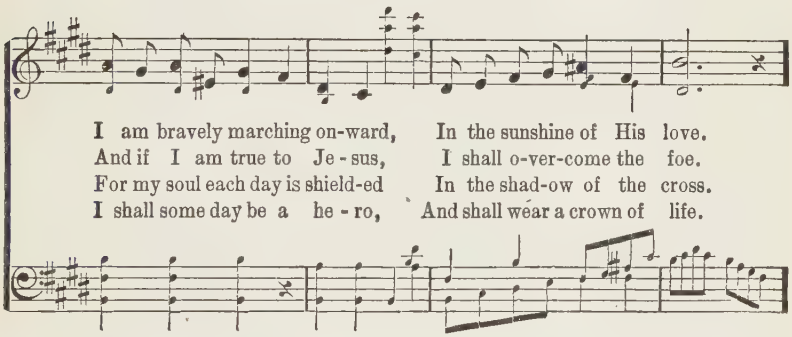
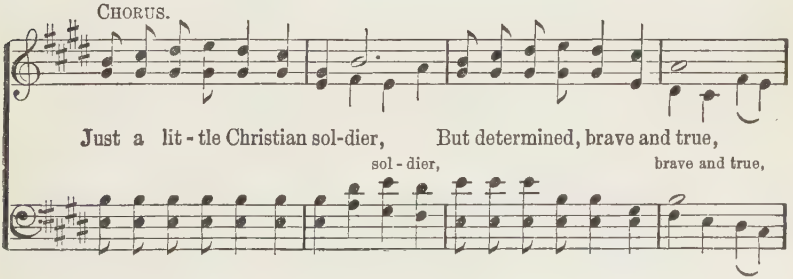
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

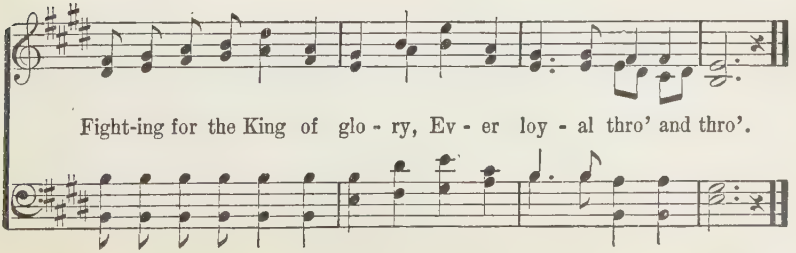


1. Just a lit-tle Christian sol-dier, Fight-ing for my King a-bove;
2. Just a lit-tle Christian sol-dier, But in courage I shall grow,
3. Just a lit-tle Christian sol-dier, Yet I nev-er dream of loss,
4. Just a lit-tle Christian sol-dier, But, if faith-ful in the strife,



I am bravely marching on-ward, In the sunshine of His love.
And if I am true to Je-sus, I shall o-ver-come the foe.
For my soul each day is shield-ed In the shad-ow of the cross.
I shall some day be a he-ro, And shall wear a crown of life.

CHORUS.

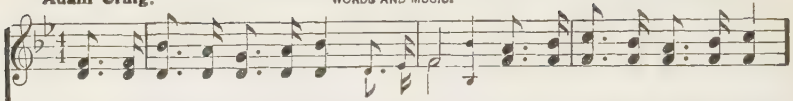
Just a lit-tle Christian sol-dier, But determined, brave and true,
sol-dier, brave and true,



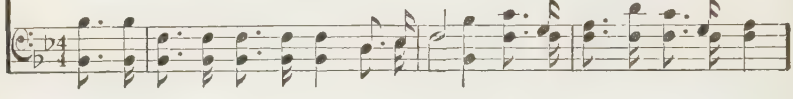
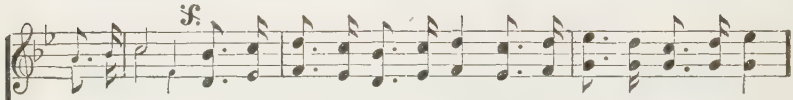
Fight-ing for the King of glo-ry, Ev-er loy-al thro' and thro'.

No. 180. Be A Hero.

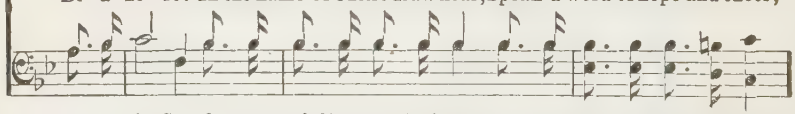
Adam Craig. COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.



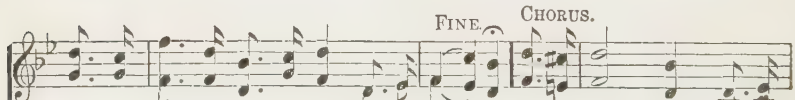
1. On the bat-tle field of life, Be a he-ro! In its tur-moil and its strife,
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he-ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he-ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,



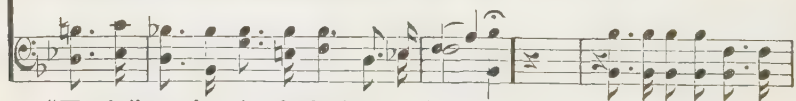
Be a he-ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And with sword and armor bright,
Be a he-ro! In the darkness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he-ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,

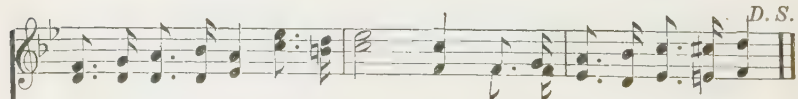


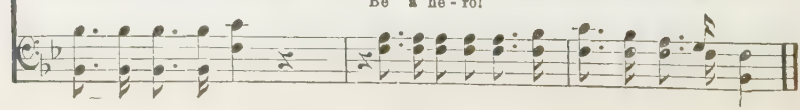
D. S.—*On, ye sol-diers to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,*



Strike out bravely for the right, Be a he-ro!
Stay the temp-ter in his might, Be a he-ro! Be a he-ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here, Be a he-ro!
Be a he-ro!



"We shall sure-ly gain the day," Be a he-ro!

God and nev-er fear! Be a he-ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he-ro!



No. 181. Forward Go!

Ida M. Budd.

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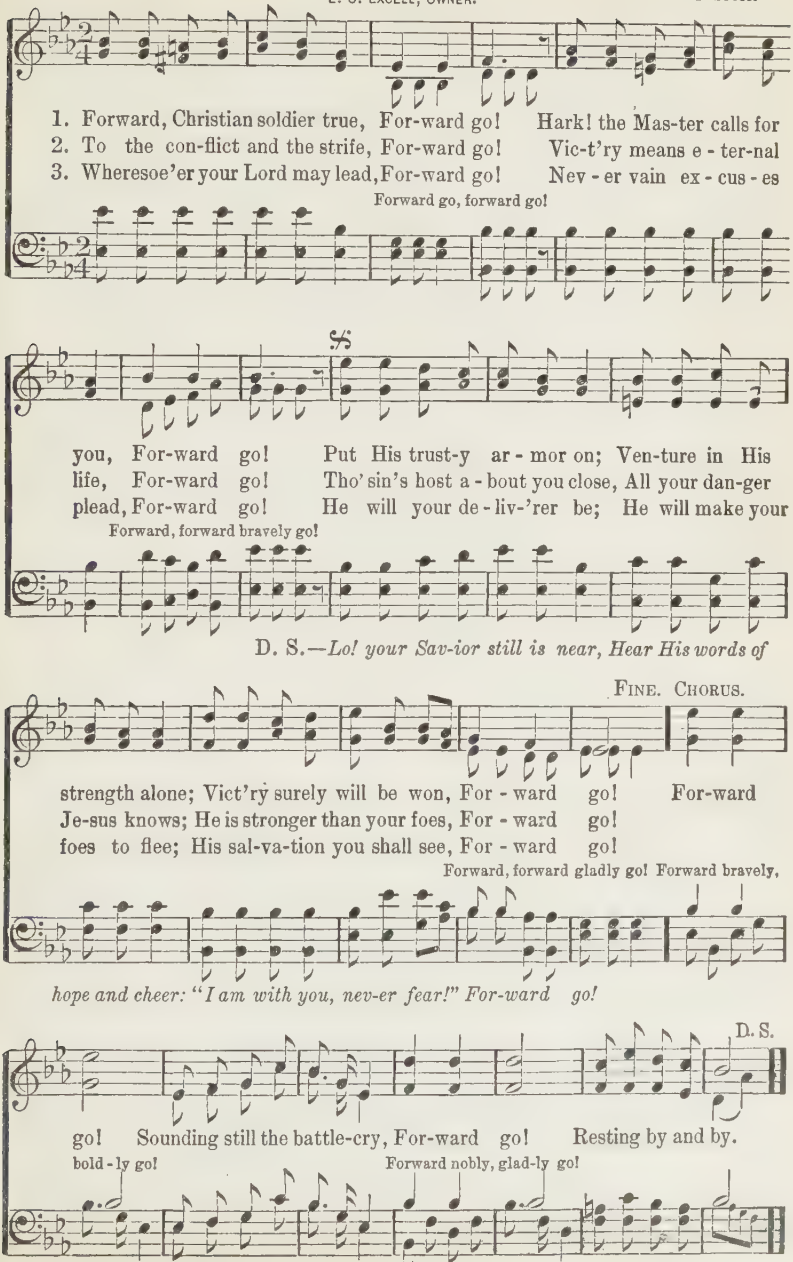
Chas. H Gabriel.


1. Forward, Christian soldier true, For-ward go! Hark! the Mas-ter calls for
2. To the con-flict and the strife, For-ward go! Vic-t'ry means e - ter-nal
3. Wheresoe'er your Lord may lead, For-ward go! Nev - er vain ex - cus - es
Forward go, forward go!
you, For-ward go! Put His trust-y ar - mor on; Ven-ture in His
life, For-ward go! Tho' sin's host a - bout you close, All your dan-ger
plead, For-ward go! He will your de - liv-'rer be; He will make your
Forward, forward bravely go!
D. S.—Lo! your Sav-ior still is near, Hear His words of
FINE. CHORUS.
strength alone; Vict'ry surely will be won, For - ward go! For-ward
Je-sus knows; He is stronger than your foes, For - ward go!
foes to flee; His sal-va-tion you shall see, For - ward go!
Forward, forward gladly go! Forward bravely,
hope and cheer: "I am with you, nev-er fear!" For-ward go!
D. S.
go! Sounding still the battle-cry, For-ward go! Resting by and by.
bold - ly go!
Forward nobly, glad-ly go!

No. 182. Little Soldiers.

Lena Thompson.

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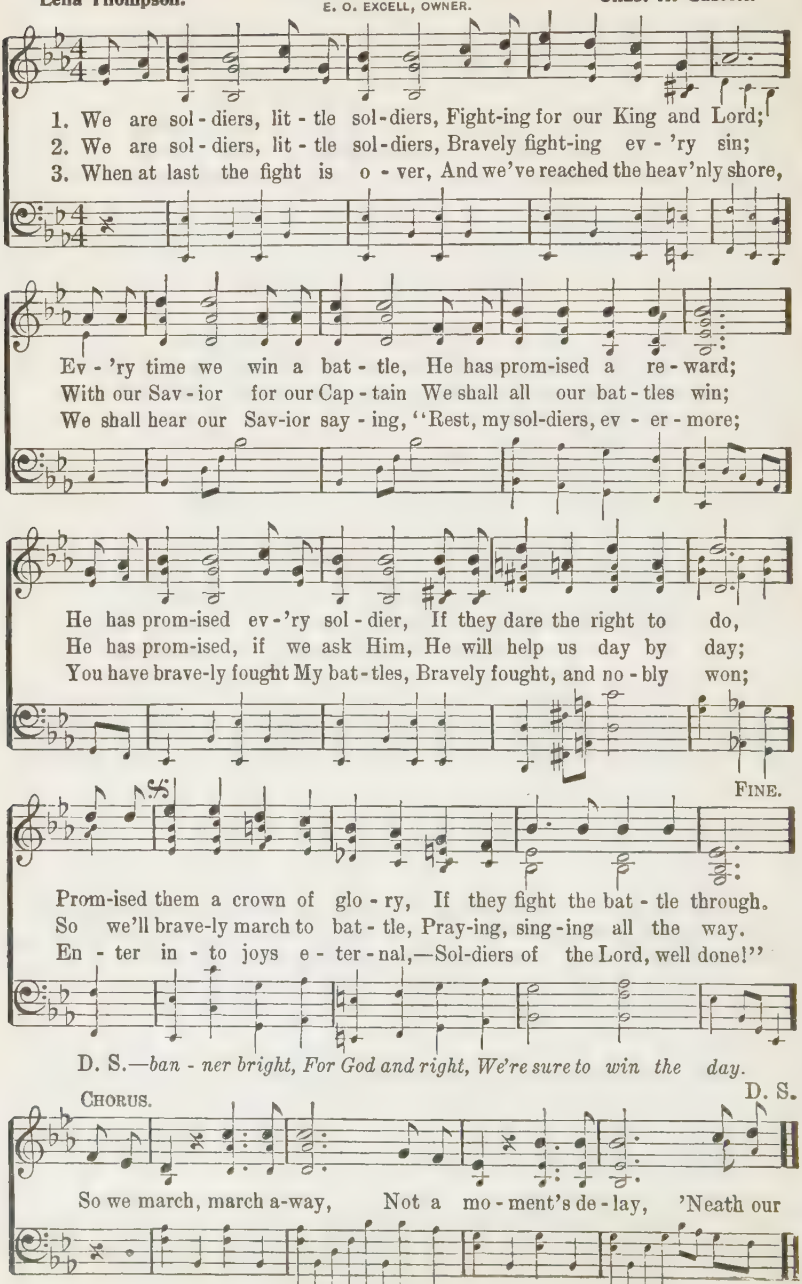
Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Fight-ing for our King and Lord;
2. We are sol - diers, lit - tle sol - diers, Bravely fight-ing ev - 'ry sin;
3. When at last the fight is o - ver, And we've reached the heav'nly shore,
Ev - 'ry time we win a bat - tle, He has prom-ised a re - ward;
With our Sav - ior for our Cap - tain We shall all our bat - tles win;
We shall hear our Sav-ior say - ing, "Rest, my sol-diers, ev - er - more;
He has prom-ised ev - 'ry sol - dier, If they dare the right to do,
He has prom-ised, if we ask Him, He will help us day by day;
You have brave-ly fought My bat - tles, Bravely fought, and no - bly won;
FINE.
Prom-ised them a crown of glo - ry, If they fight the bat - tle through.
So we'll brave-ly march to bat - tle, Pray-ing, sing - ing all the way.
En - ter in - to joys e - ter - nal,—Sol-diers of the Lord, well done!"
D. S.—ban - ner bright, For God and right, We're sure to win the day.
CHORUS.
D. S.
So we march, march a-way, Not a mo - ment's de - lay, 'Neath our

No. 183. Onward, Little Soldiers.

James Rowe.

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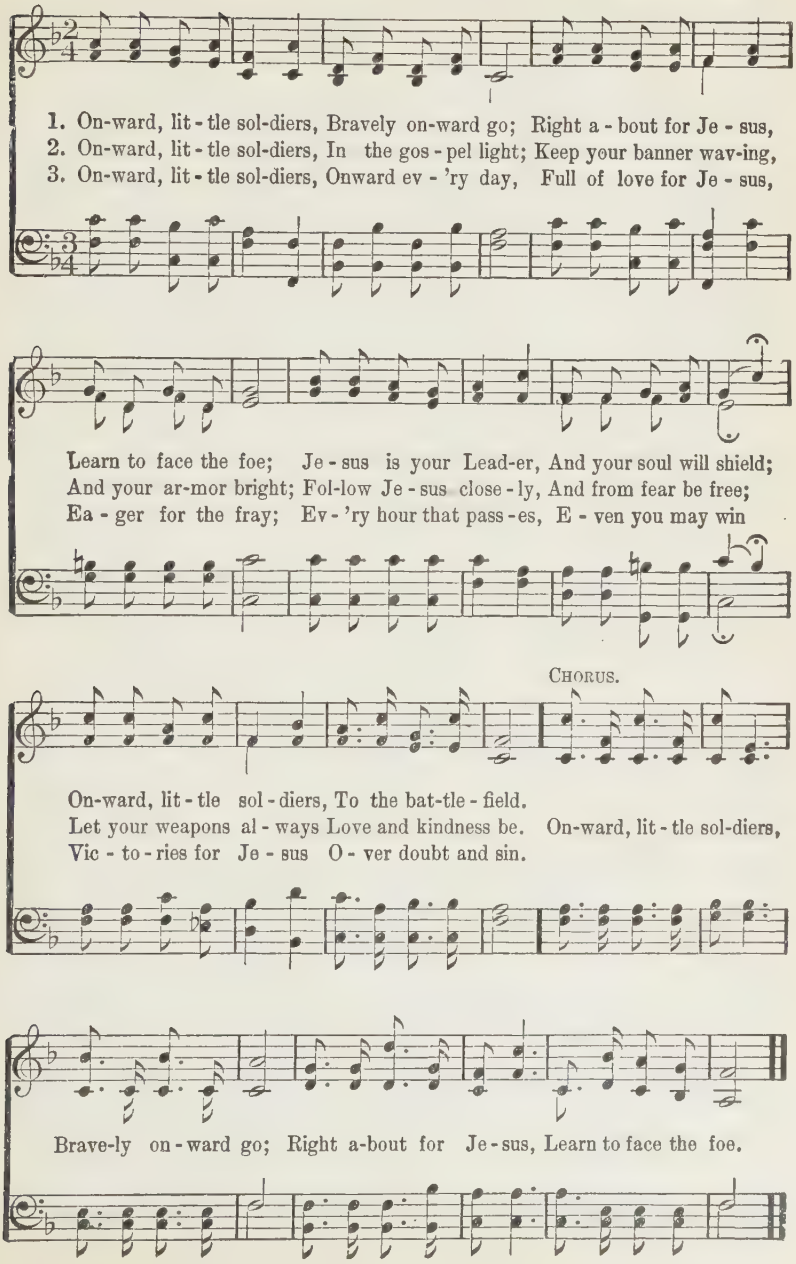
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Martin A. Elliott.


1. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Bravely on-ward go; Right a - bout for Je - sus,
2. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, In the gos - pel light; Keep your banner wav-ing,
3. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers, Onward ev - 'ry day, Full of love for Je - sus,
Learn to face the foe; Je - sus is your Lead-er, And your soul will shield;
And your ar-mor bright; Fol-low Je - sus close - ly, And from fear be free;
Ea - ger for the fray; Ev - 'ry hour that pass - es, E - ven you may win
CHORUS.
On-ward, lit - tle sol - diers, To the bat-tle - field.
Let your weapons al - ways Love and kindness be. On-ward, lit - tle sol-diers,
Vic - to - ries for Je - sus O - ver doubt and sin.
Brave-ly on - ward go; Right a-bout for Je - sus, Learn to face the foe.

No. 184. His Love for Me.

F. M. Eastwood.

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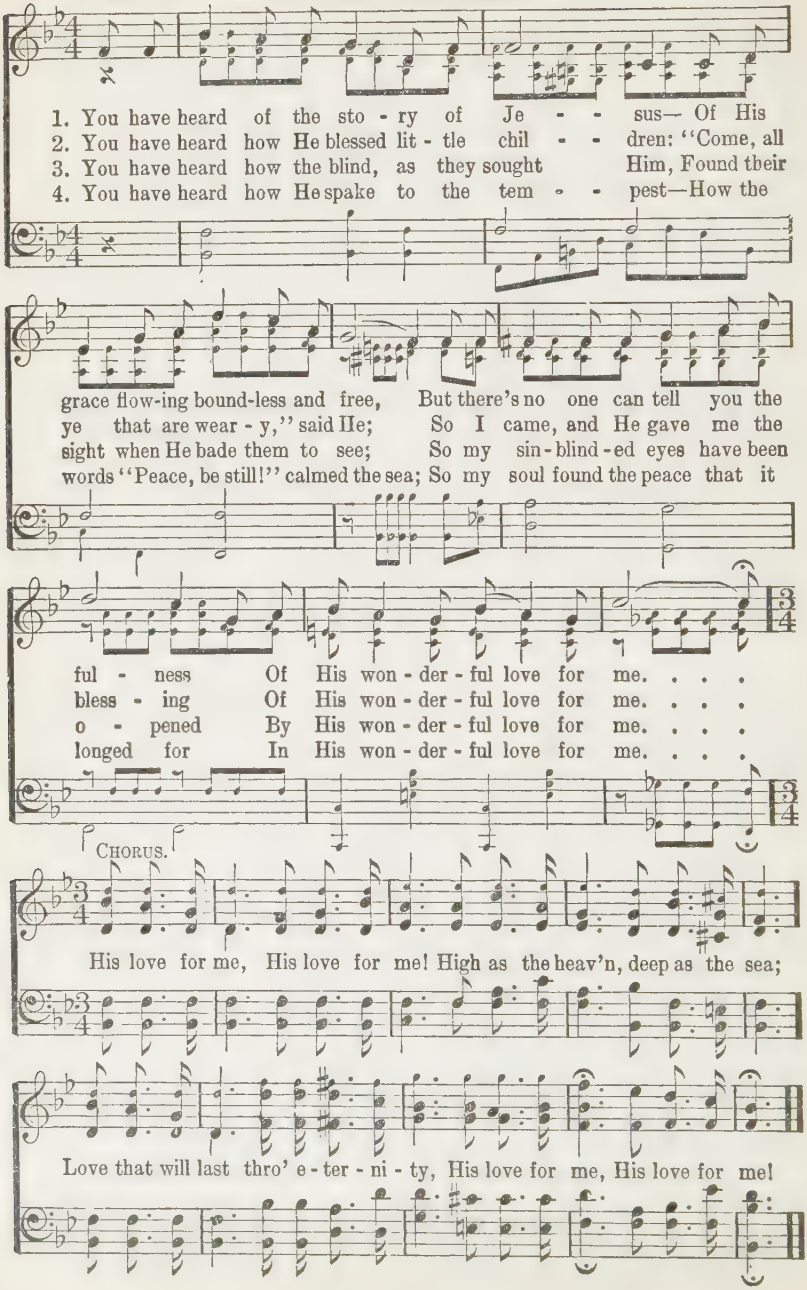
Fred H. Byshe.

1. You have heard of the sto - ry of Je - - sus— Of His
2. You have heard how He blessed lit - tle chil - - dren: "Come, all
3. You have heard how the blind, as they sought Him, Found their
4. You have heard how He spake to the tem - - pest—How the
grace flow-ing bound-less and free, But there's no one can tell you the
ye that are wear - y," said He; So I came, and He gave me the
sight when He bade them to see; So my sin - blind - ed eyes have been
words "Peace, be still!" calmed the sea; So my soul found the peace that it
ful - ness Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
bless - ing Of His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
o - pened By His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
longed for In His won - der - ful love for me. . . .
CHORUS.
His love for me, His love for me! High as the heav'n, deep as the sea;
Love that will last thro' e - ter - ni - ty, His love for me, His love for me!

No. 185.

Little Sunbeams.

Eben E. Rexford.

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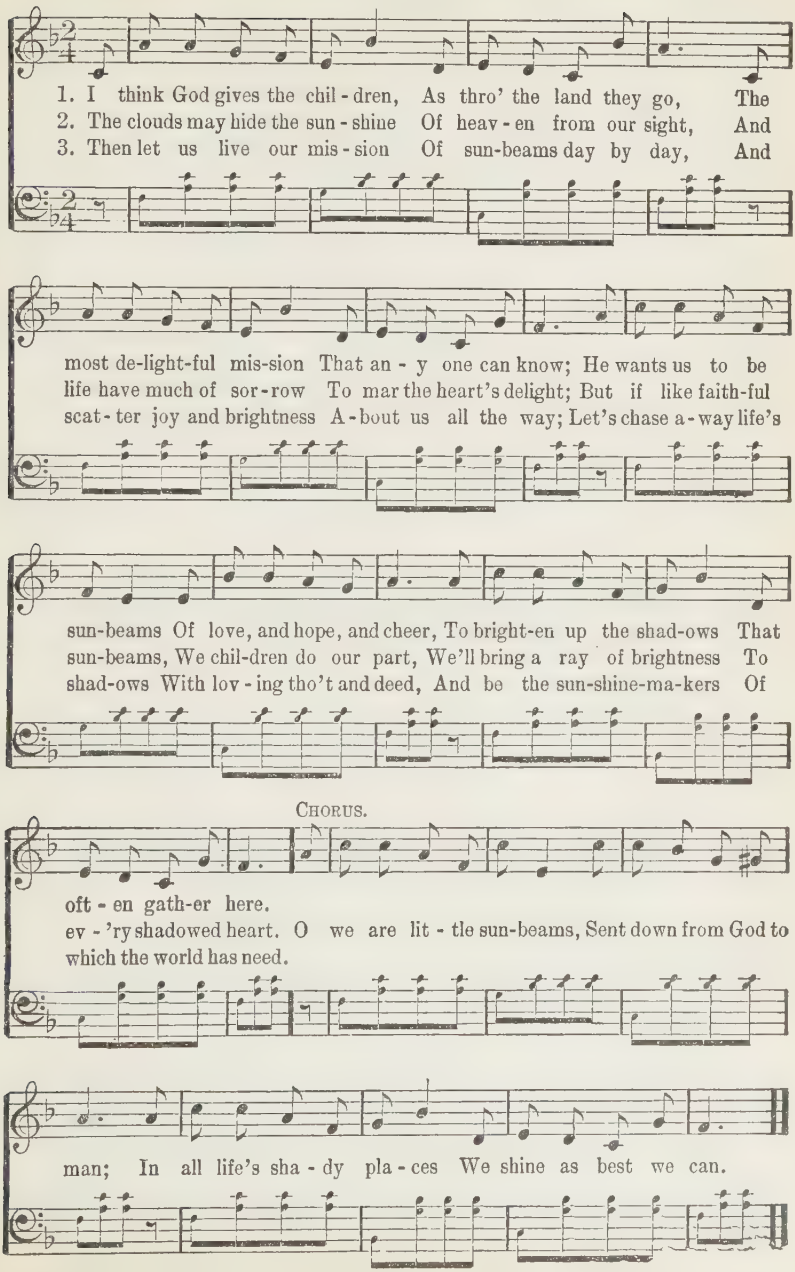
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. I think God gives the chil - dren, As thro' the land they go, The
2. The clouds may hide the sun - shine Of heav - en from our sight, And
3. Then let us live our mis - sion Of sun-beams day by day, And
most de-light-ful mis-sion That an - y one can know; He wants us to be
life have much of sor-row To mar the heart's delight; But if like faith-ful
scat - ter joy and brightness A-bout us all the way; Let's chase a - way life's
sun-beams Of love, and hope, and cheer, To bright-en up the shad-ows That
sun-beams, We chil-dren do our part, We'll bring a ray of brightness To
shad-ows With lov - ing tho't and deed, And be the sun-shine-ma-kers Of
CHORUS.
oft - en gath-er here.
ev - 'ry shadowed heart. O we are lit - tle sun-beams, Sent down from God to
which the world has need.
man; In all life's sha - dy pla - ces We shine as best we can.

No. 186. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

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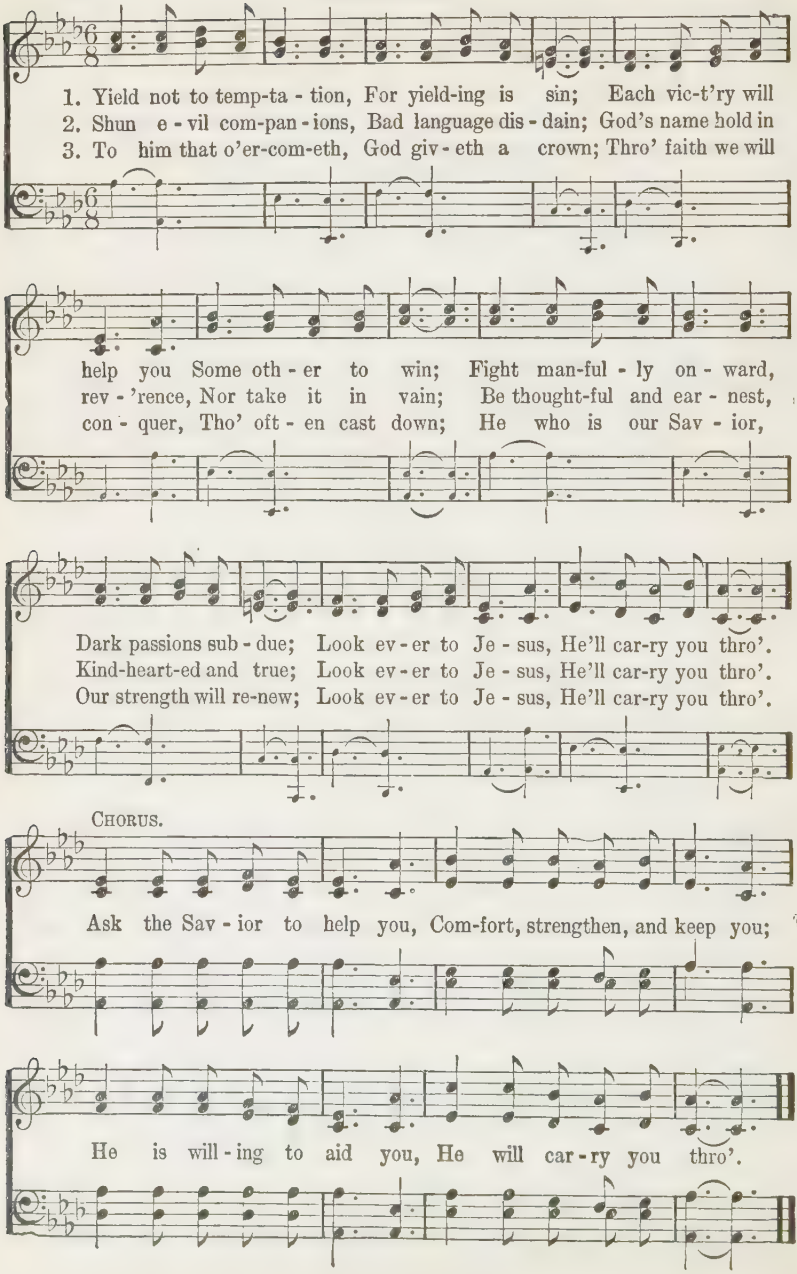
Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta - tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv - eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man-ful - ly on - ward,
rev - 'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thought-ful and ear - nest,
con - quer, Tho' oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - ior,
Dark passions sub - due; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav - ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;
He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

No. 187. Let the Sunshine In.

Ada Blenkhorn.

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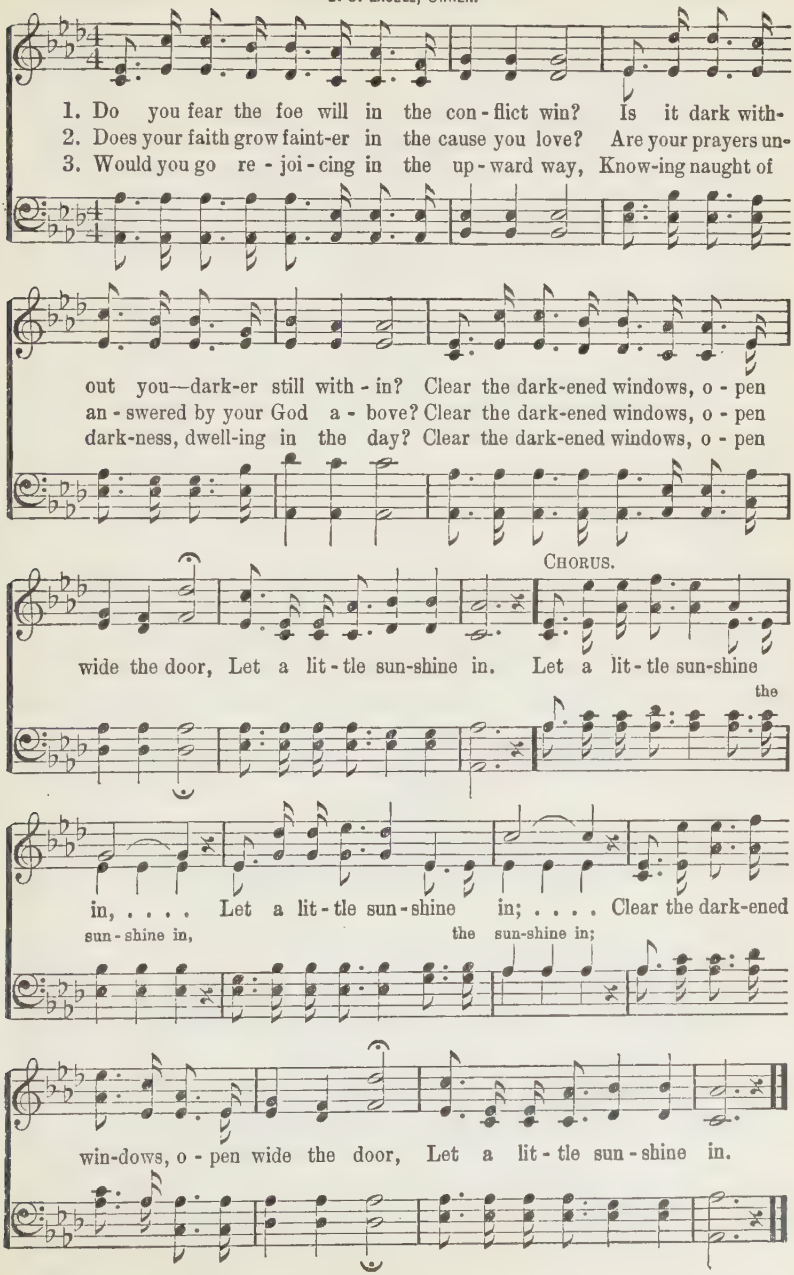
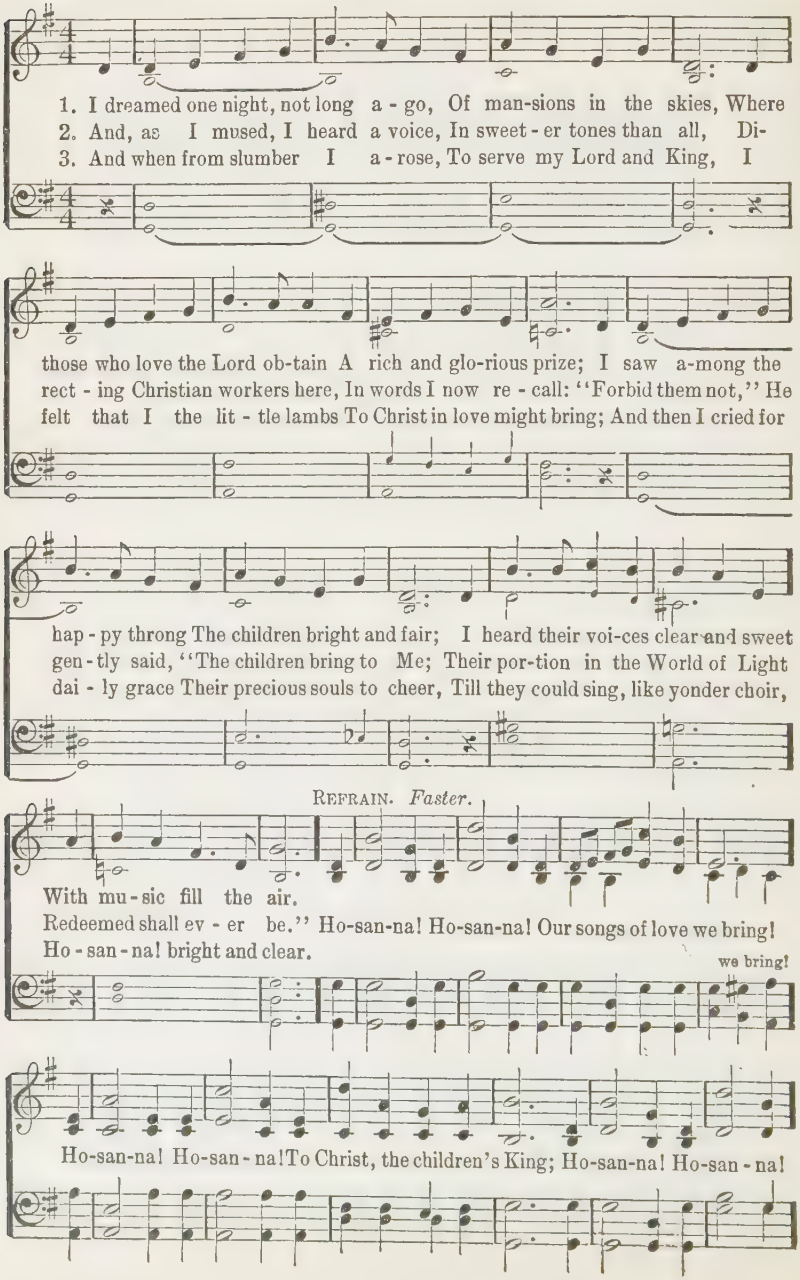
Chas. H. Gabriel.

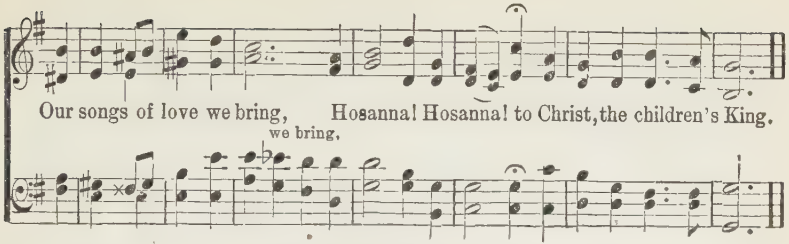

1. Do you fear the foe will in the con - flict win? Is it dark with-
2. Does your faith grow faint-er in the cause you love? Are your prayers un-
3. Would you go re - joi - cing in the up - ward way, Know-ing naught of
out you—dark-er still with - in? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
an - swered by your God a - bove? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
dark-ness, dwell-ing in the day? Clear the dark-ened windows, o - pen
CHORUS.
wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun-shine in. Let a lit - tle sun-shine
the
in, ... Let a lit - tle sun - shine in; . . . . Clear the dark-ened
sun - shine in,
the sun-shine in;
win-dows, o - pen wide the door, Let a lit - tle sun - shine in.

No. 188. The Children's Hosanna.

Neal A. McAuley. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. J. S. Pearis.

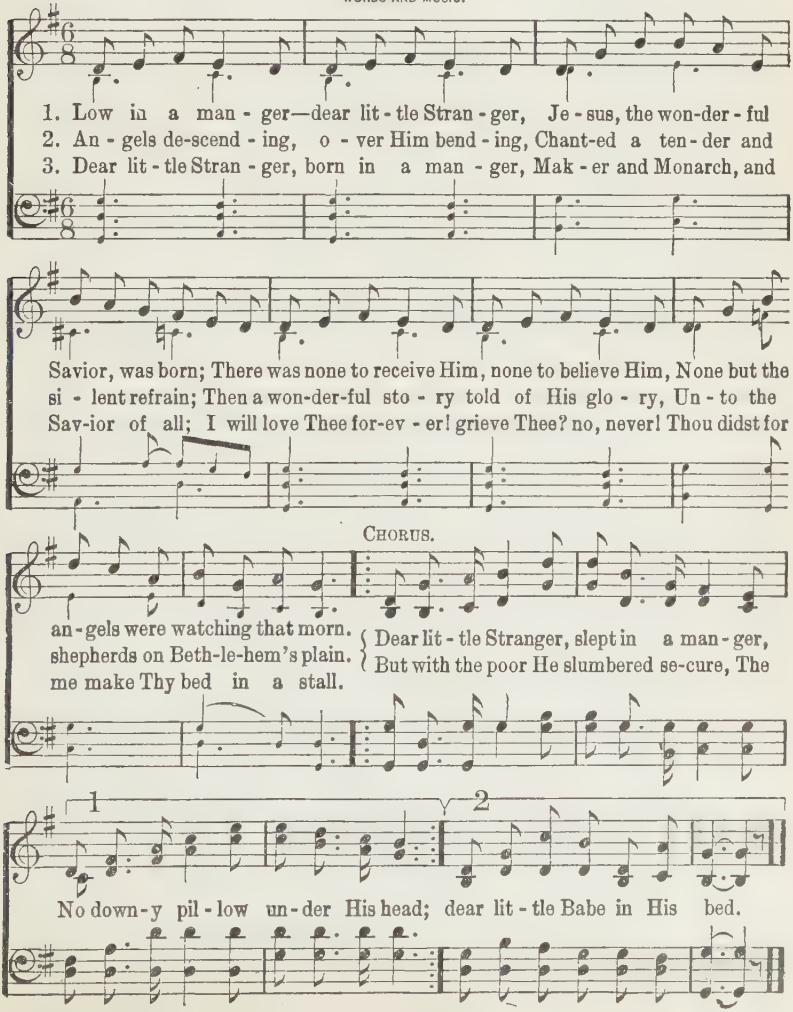

1. I dreamed one night, not long a - go, Of man-sions in the skies, Where those who love the Lord ob-tain A rich and glo-rious prize; I saw a-mong the
2. And, as I mused, I heard a voice, In sweet - er tones than all, Di- rect - ing Christian workers here, In words I now re - call: "Forbid them not," He
3. And when from slumber I a - rose, To serve my Lord and King, I felt that I the lit - tle lambs To Christ in love might bring; And then I cried for
hap - py throng The children bright and fair; I heard their voi-ces clear and sweet
gen - tly said, "The children bring to Me; Their por-tion in the World of Light
dai - ly grace Their precious souls to cheer, Till they could sing, like yonder choir,
REFRAIN. Faster.
With mu - sic fill the air.
Redeemed shall ev - er be." Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Our songs of love we bring!
Ho - san - na! bright and clear.
we bring!
Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na! To Christ, the children's King; Ho-san-na! Ho-san - na!

The Children's Hosanna.



No. 189. Dear Little Stranger.

C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Low in a man - ger—dear lit - tle Stran - ger, Je - sus, the won-der - ful
2. An - gels de-scend - ing, o - ver Him bend - ing, Chant-ed a ten - der and
3. Dear lit - tle Stran - ger, born in a man - ger, Mak - er and Monarch, and
Savior, was born; There was none to receive Him, none to believe Him, None but the
si - lent refrain; Then a won-der-ful sto - ry told of His glo - ry, Un - to the
Sav-ior of all; I will love Thee for-ev - er! grieve Thee? no, never! Thou didst for
Chorus.
an - gels were watching that morn.
shepherds on Beth-le-hem's plain.
me make Thy bed in a stall.
Dear lit - tle Stranger, slept in a man - ger,
But with the poor He slumbered se-cure, The
1
2
No down - y pil - low un - der His head; dear lit - tle Babe in His bed.

No. 190. Clinging Close to His Hand.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Samuel W. Beazley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. As I cling to the hand of my Lord each day, What a
2. If I cling to His hand when the way grows dim, What is
3. I will cling to the hand whose nail-prints I see, And will

glad-ness is mine in the heav'nward way! Bless - ed fellowship ours
there I need fear, since I trust in Him? For His love lights the way,
rest in the love that is full and free; Cling - ing ev - er to Him,

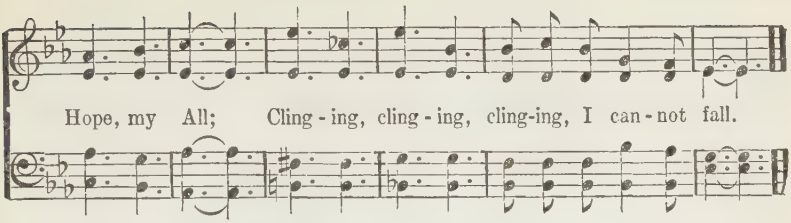
all the way a - long, As my glad - ness voi-ces it-self in song.
that my feet must tread, And Faith's day - star brightens the path a-head.
of His grace I sing, Christ, my Sav - ior, my Redeemer, my King.

CHORUS.

Cling - ing, cling-ing by faith to my Sav-ior's hand; Cling-ing, cling-ing to

Him who my way hath planned; Cling - ing, cling-ing to Je - sus, my

Clinging Close to His Hand.



No, 191. I Never will Cease to Love Him.

C. H. G.

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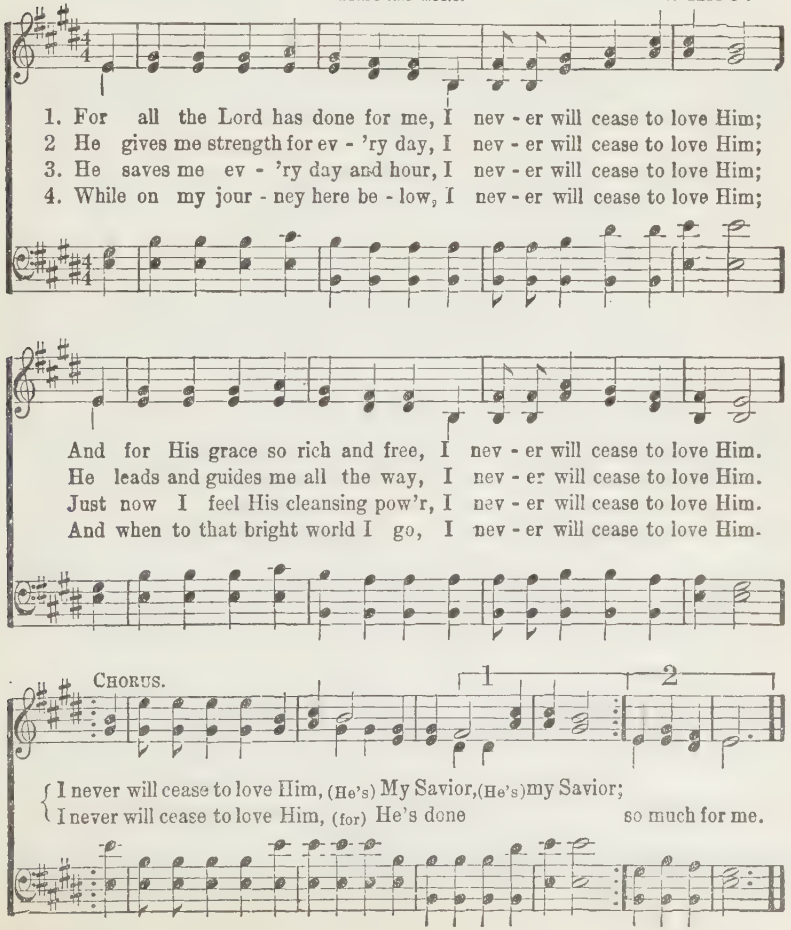
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. For all the Lord has done for me, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
2 He gives me strength for ev - 'ry day, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
3. He saves me ev - 'ry day and hour, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
4. While on my jour - ney here be - low, I nev - er will cease to love Him;
And for His grace so rich and free, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
He leads and guides me all the way, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
Just now I feel His cleansing pow'r, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
And when to that bright world I go, I nev - er will cease to love Him.
CHORUS.
1
2
I never will cease to love Him, (He's) My Savior, (He's) my Savior;
I never will cease to love Him, (for) He's done so much for me.

No. 192.

I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

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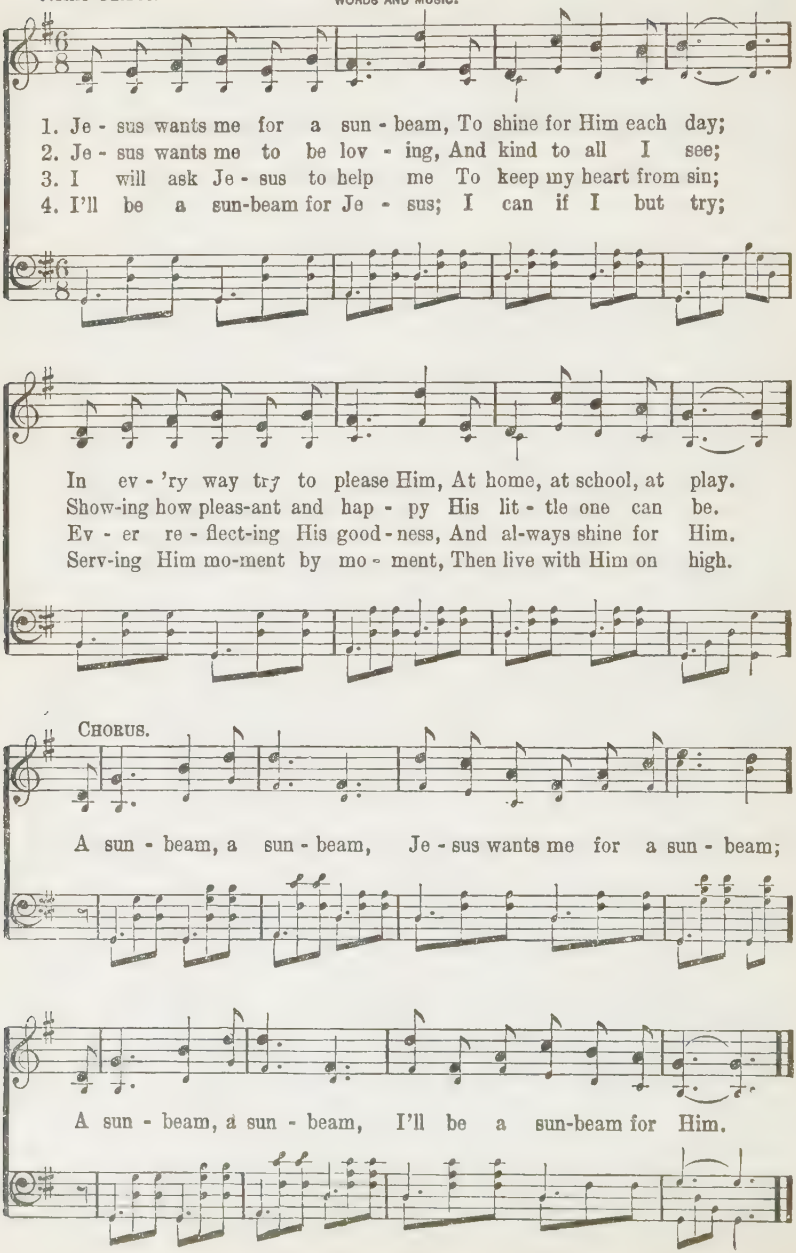
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.
CHORUS.
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

Chorus Selections

No. 193. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

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MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

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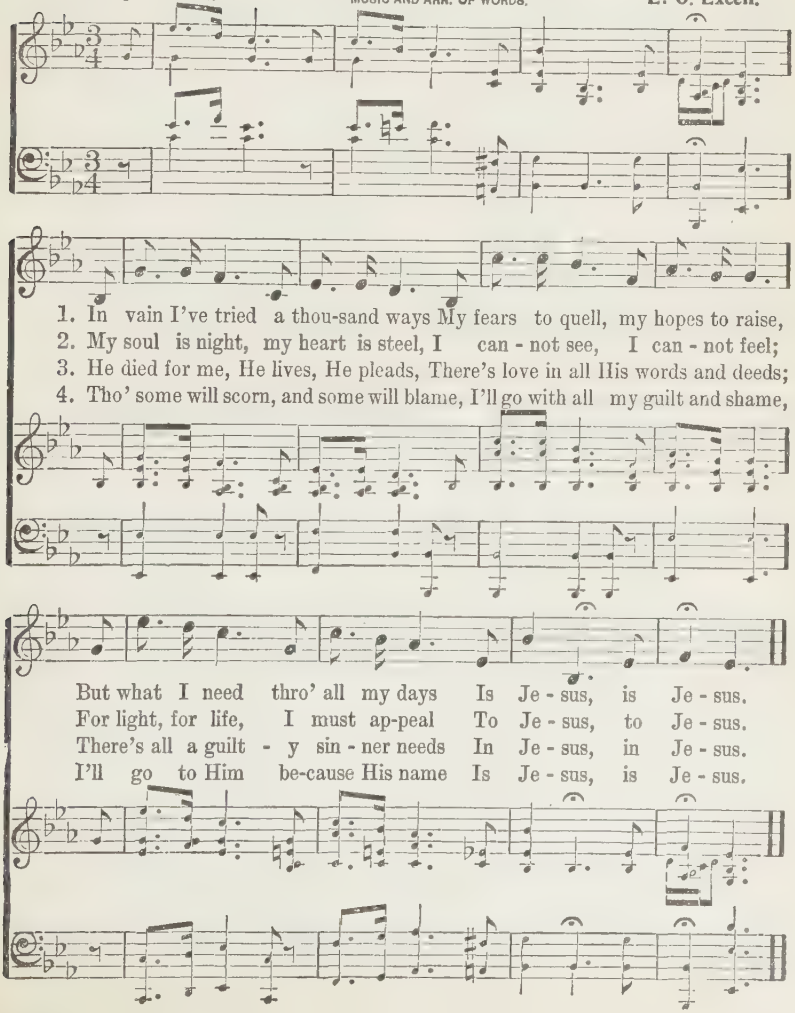
1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can - not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light, for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be-cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

No. 194. Soldiers of the Cross.

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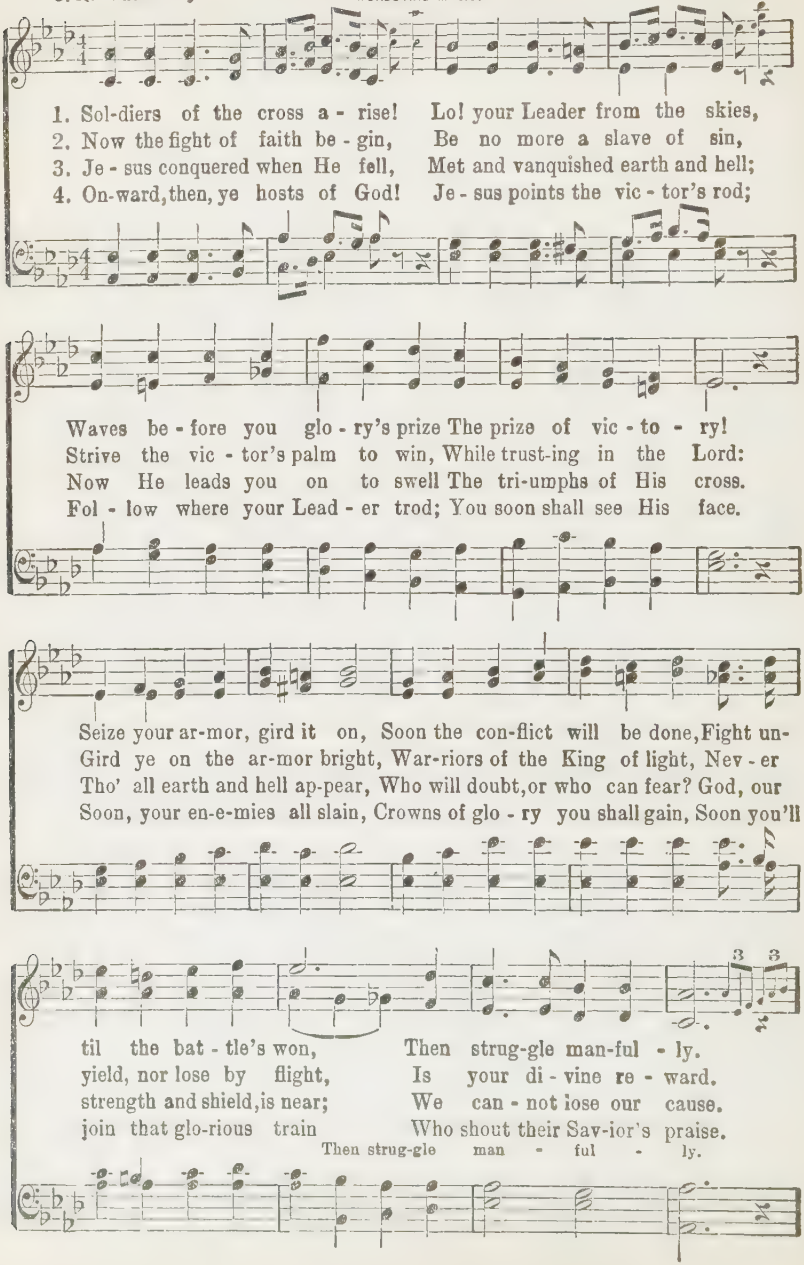
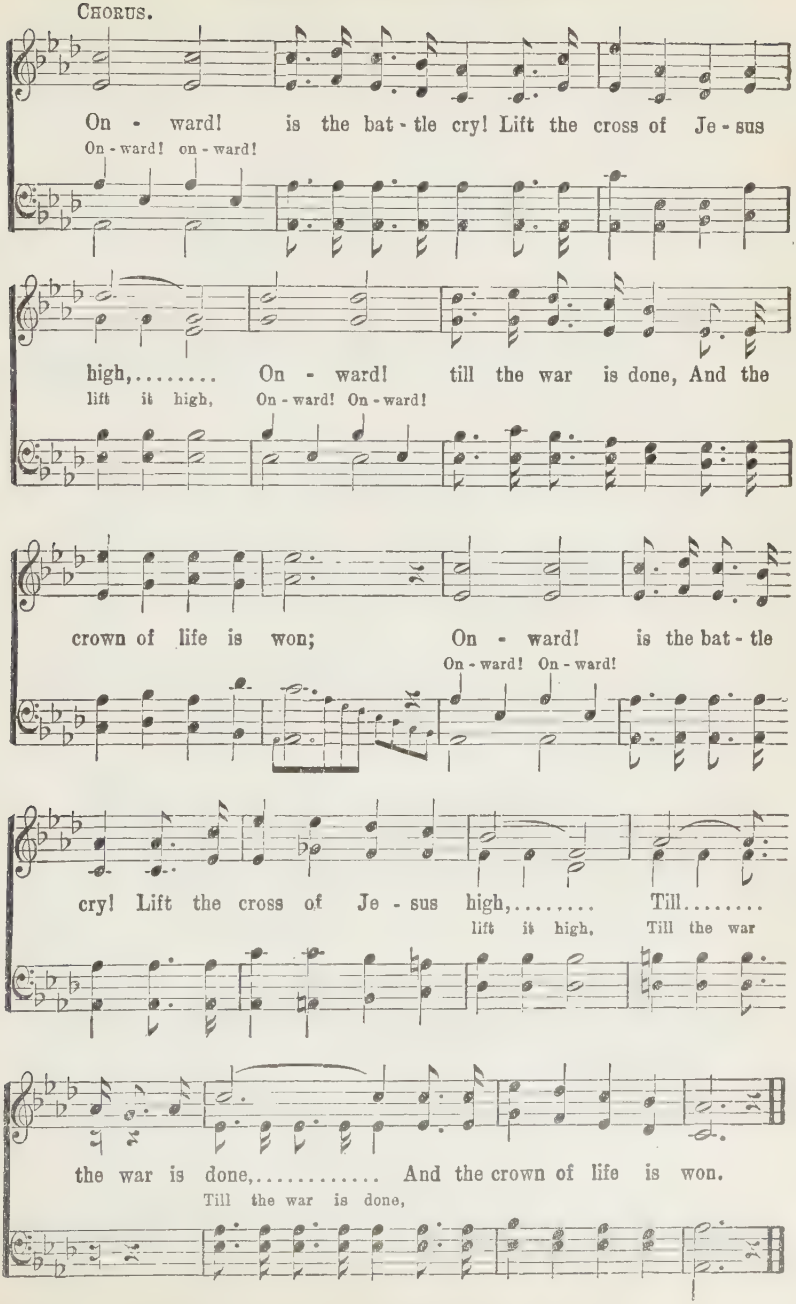
J. R. Waterbury. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Sol-diers of the cross a - rise! Lo! your Leader from the skies,
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin, Be no more a slave of sin,
3. Je - sus conquered when He fell, Met and vanquished earth and hell;
4. On-ward, then, ye hosts of God! Je - sus points the vic - tor's rod;
Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize The prize of vic - to - ry!
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, While trust-ing in the Lord:
Now He leads you on to swell The tri-umphs of His cross.
Fol - low where your Lead - er trod; You soon shall see His face.
Seize your ar-mor, gird it on, Soon the con-flict will be done, Fight un-
Gird ye on the ar-mor bright, War-riors of the King of light, Nev - er
Tho' all earth and hell ap-pear, Who will doubt, or who can fear? God, our
Soon, your en-e-mies all slain, Crowns of glo - ry you shall gain, Soon you'll
til the bat - tle's won, Then strug-gle man-ful - ly.
yield, nor lose by flight, Is your di - vine re - ward.
strength and shield, is near; We can - not lose our cause.
join that glo-rious train Who shout their Sav-ior's praise.
Then strug-gle man - ful - ly.

Soldiers of the Cross.

Chorus.
On - ward! is the bat - tle cry! Lift the cross of Je - sus
On - ward! on - ward!
high,..... On - ward! till the war is done, And the
lift it high, On - ward! On - ward!
crown of life is won; On - ward! is the bat - tle
On - ward! On - ward!
cry! Lift the cross of Je - sus high,..... Till.....
lift it high, Till the war
the war is done,..... And the crown of life is won.
Till the war is done,

No. 195. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

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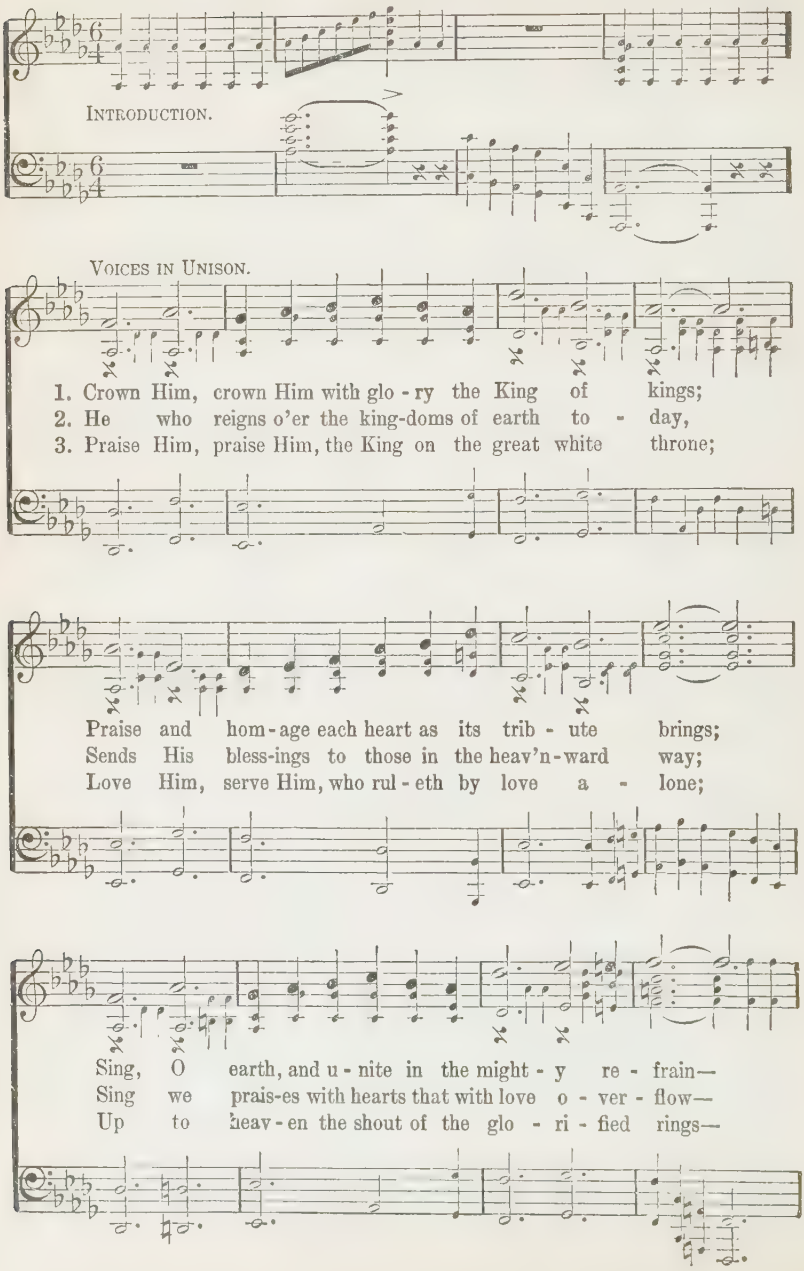
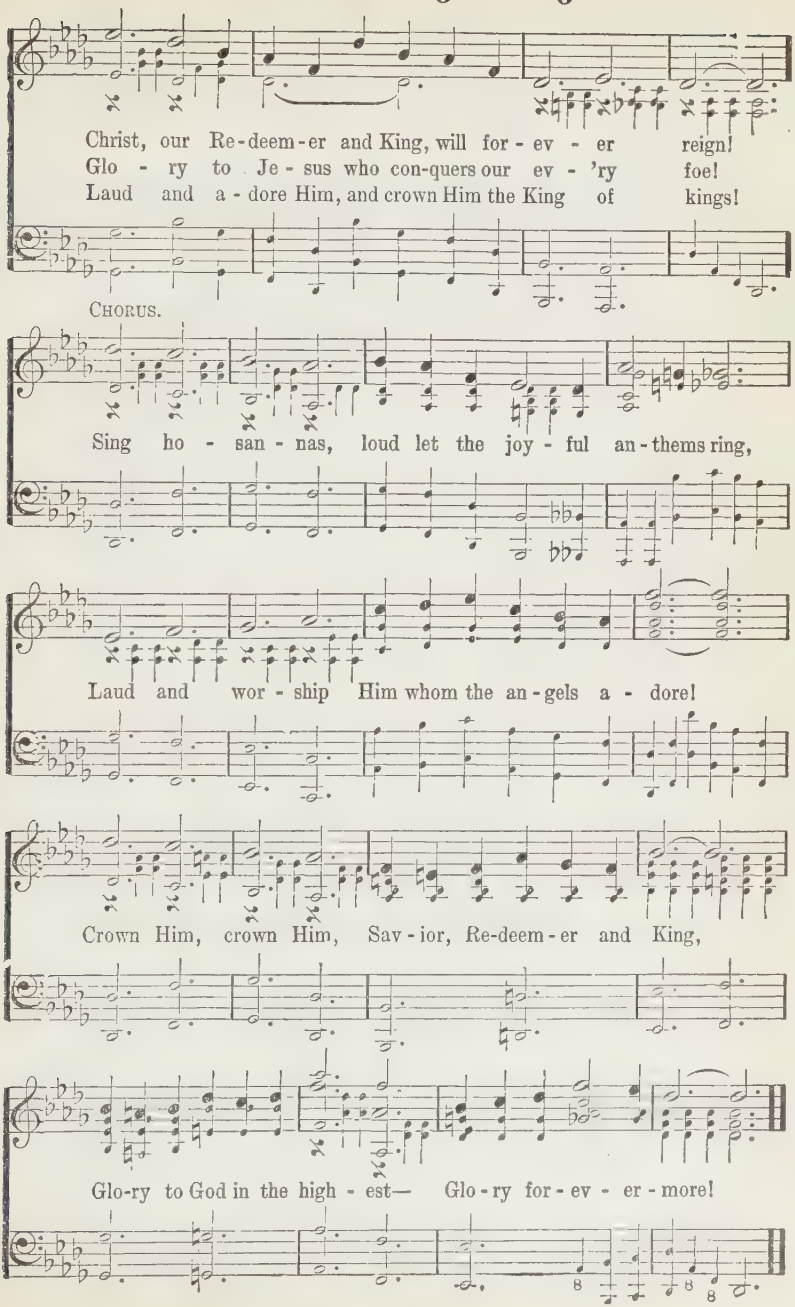
WORDS AND MUSIC.

De Loss Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n-ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

No. 196.

A Song of Praise.

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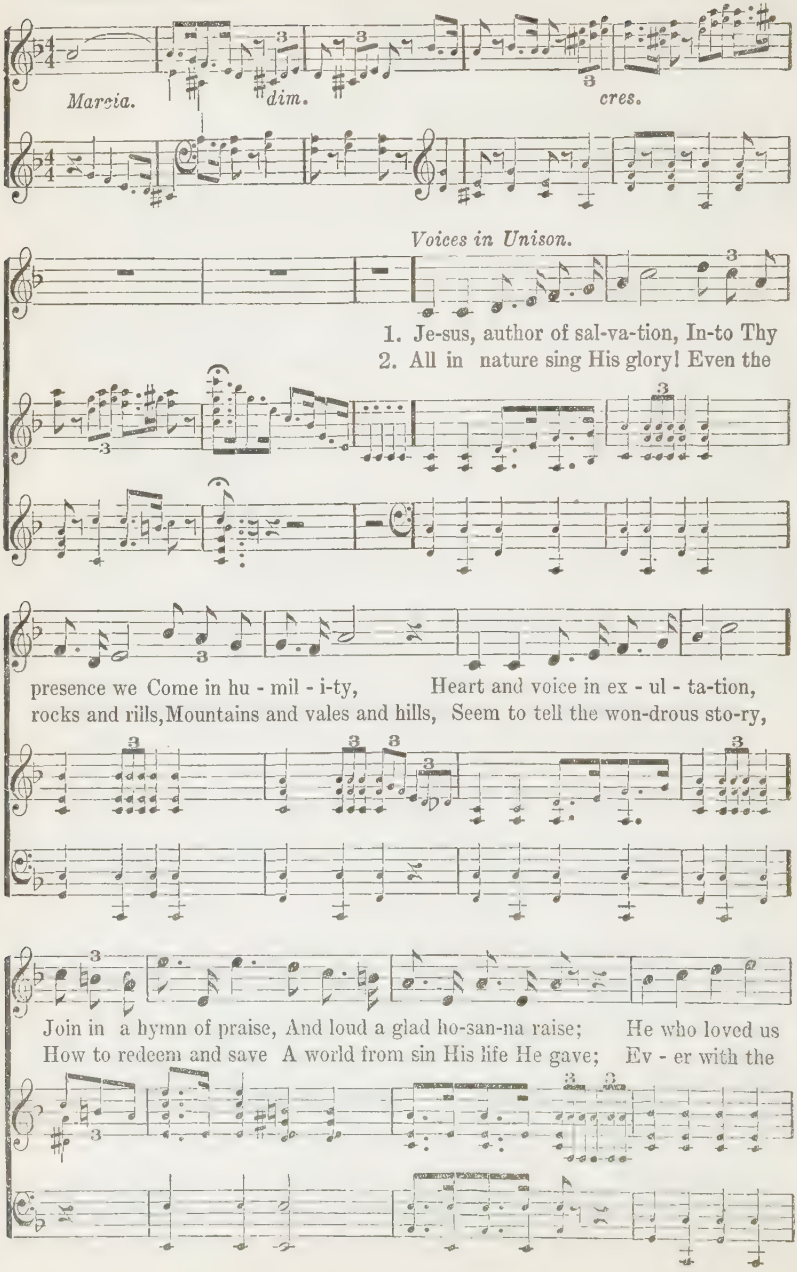
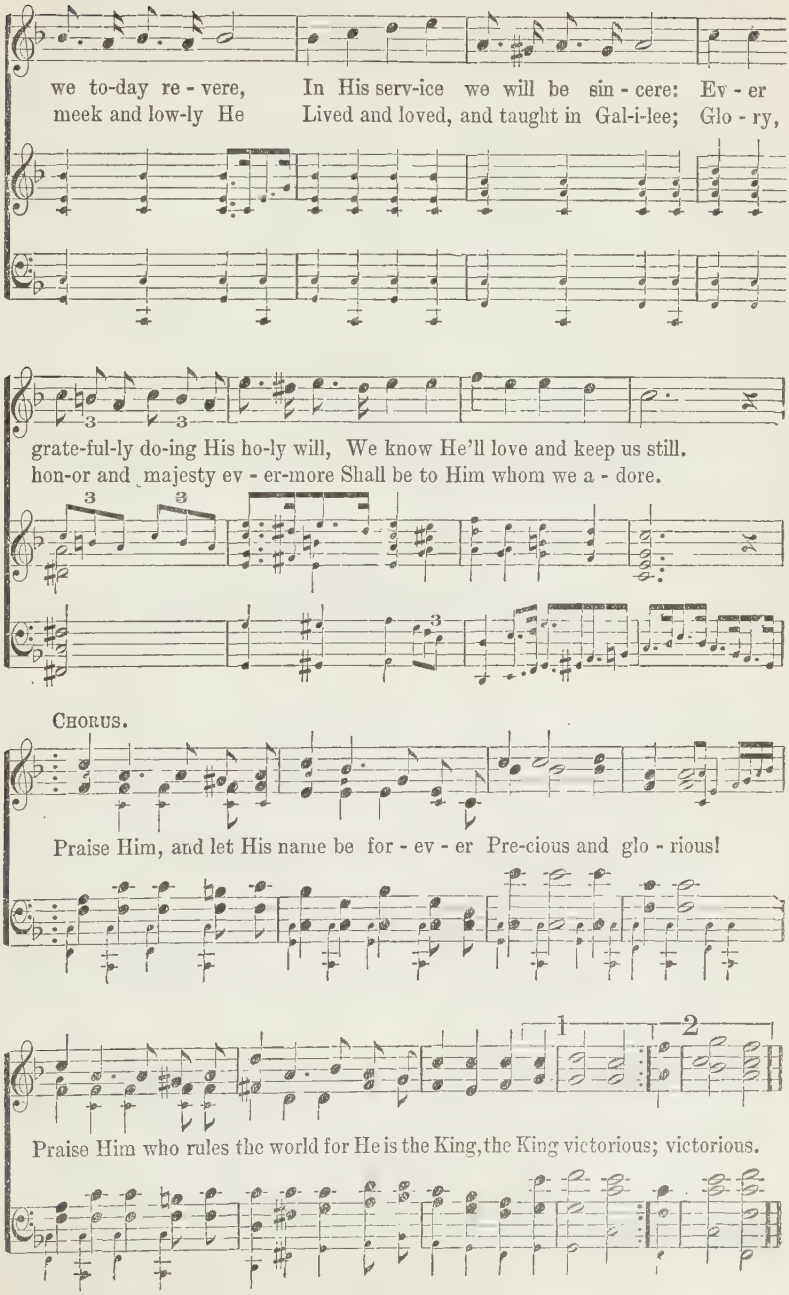
Charlotte G. Homer. Chas. H. Gabriel.

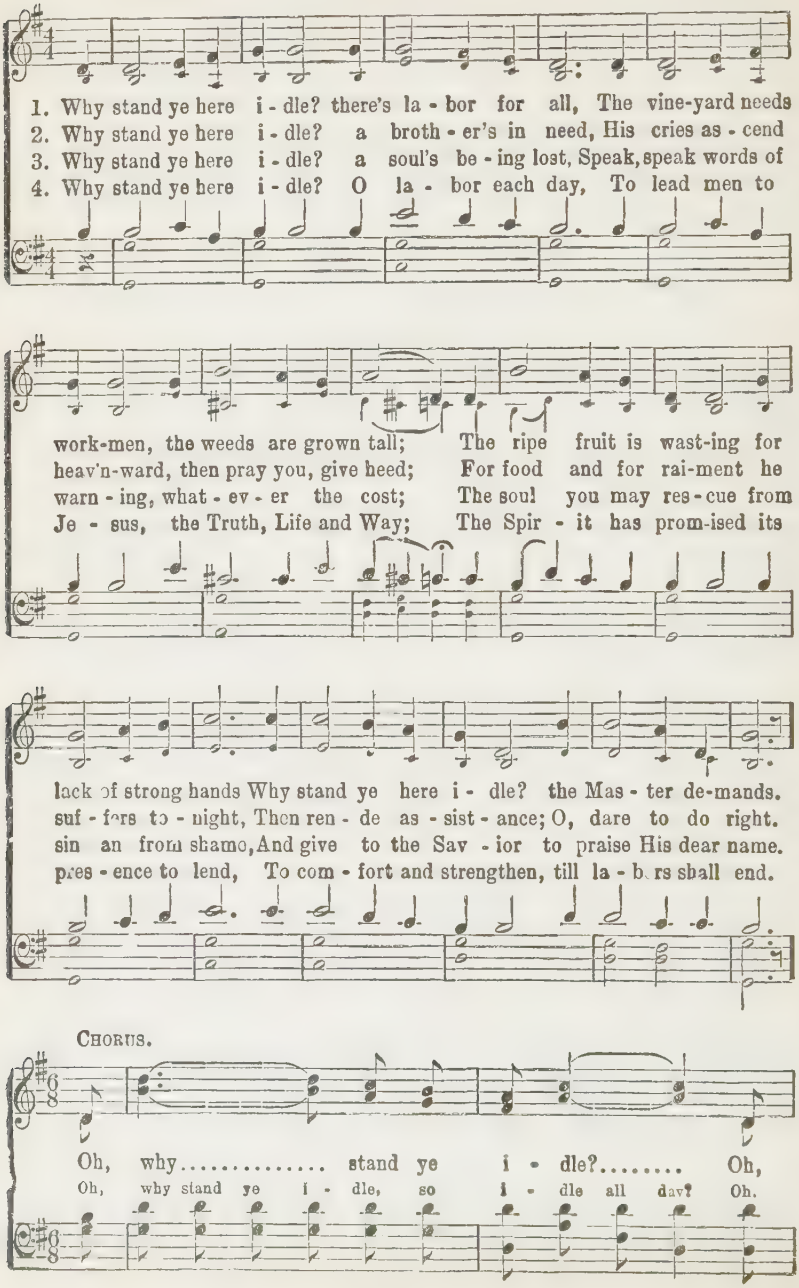

Marcia.
dim.
cres.
Voices in Unison.
1. Je-sus, author of sal-va-tion, In-to Thy
2. All in nature sing His glory! Even the
presence we Come in hu - mil - i-ty, Heart and voice in ex - ul - ta-tion,
rocks and rills, Mountains and vales and hills, Seem to tell the won-drous sto-ry,
Join in a hymn of praise, And loud a glad ho-san-na raise; He who loved us
How to redeem and save A world from sin His life He gave; Ev - er with the

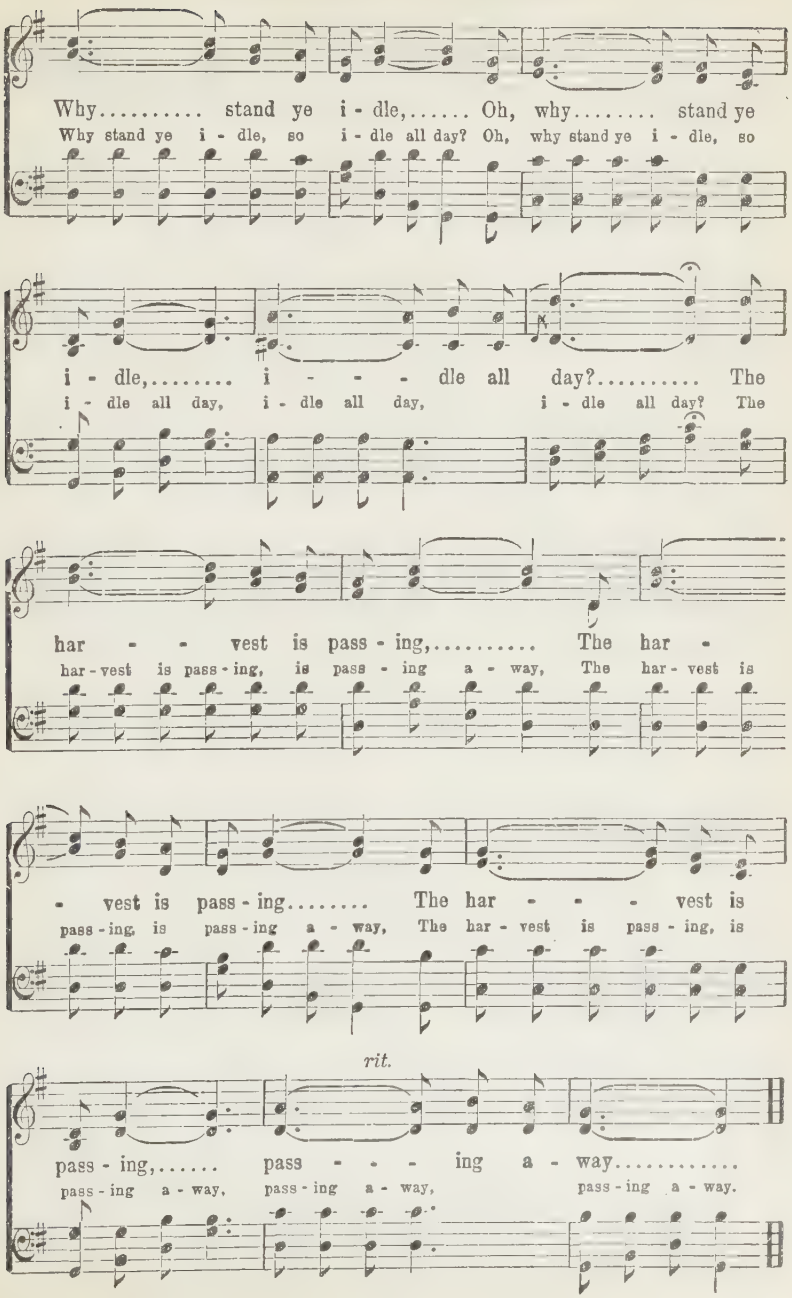
A Song of Praise.


we to-day re - vere, In His serv-ice we will be sin - cere: Ev - er
meek and low-ly He Lived and loved, and taught in Gal-i-lee; Glo - ry,
grate-ful-ly do-ing His ho-ly will, We know He'll love and keep us still.
hon-or and majesty ev - er-more Shall be to Him whom we a - dore.
Chorus.
Praise Him, and let His name be for - ev - er Pre-cious and glo - rious!
1
2
Praise Him who rules the world for He is the King, the King victorious; victorious.

No. 197. Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

J. L. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. Excell.


1. Why stand ye here i - dle? there's la - bor for all, The vine-yard needs
2. Why stand ye here i - dle? a broth - er's in need, His cries as - cend
3. Why stand ye here i - dle? a soul's be - ing lost, Speak, speak words of
4. Why stand ye here i - dle? O la - bor each day, To lead men to
work-men, the weeds are grown tall; The ripe fruit is wast-ing for
heav'n-ward, then pray you, give heed; For food and for rai-ment he
warn - ing, what - ev - er the cost; The soul you may res - cue from
Je - sus, the Truth, Life and Way; The Spir - it has prom-ised its
lack of strong hands Why stand ye here i - dle? the Mas - ter de-mands.
suf - fers to - night, Then ren - de as - sist - ance; O, dare to do right.
sin an from shame, And give to the Sav - ior to praise His dear name.
pres - ence to lend, To com - fort and strengthen, till la - bors shall end.
Chorus.
Oh, why..... stand ye i - dle?..... Oh,
Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh.

Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

Why..... stand ye i - dle,..... Oh, why..... stand ye
Why stand ye i - dle, so i - dle all day? Oh, why stand ye i - dle, so
i - dle,..... i - - - dle all day?..... The
i - dle all day, i - dle all day, i - dle all day? The
har - - vest is pass - ing,..... The har -
har - vest is pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is
- vest is pass - ing..... The har - - - vest is
pass - ing, is pass - ing a - way, The har - vest is pass - ing, is
rit.
pass - ing,..... pass - - - ing a - way.....
pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way, pass - ing a - way.

No. 198. Marching in His Name.

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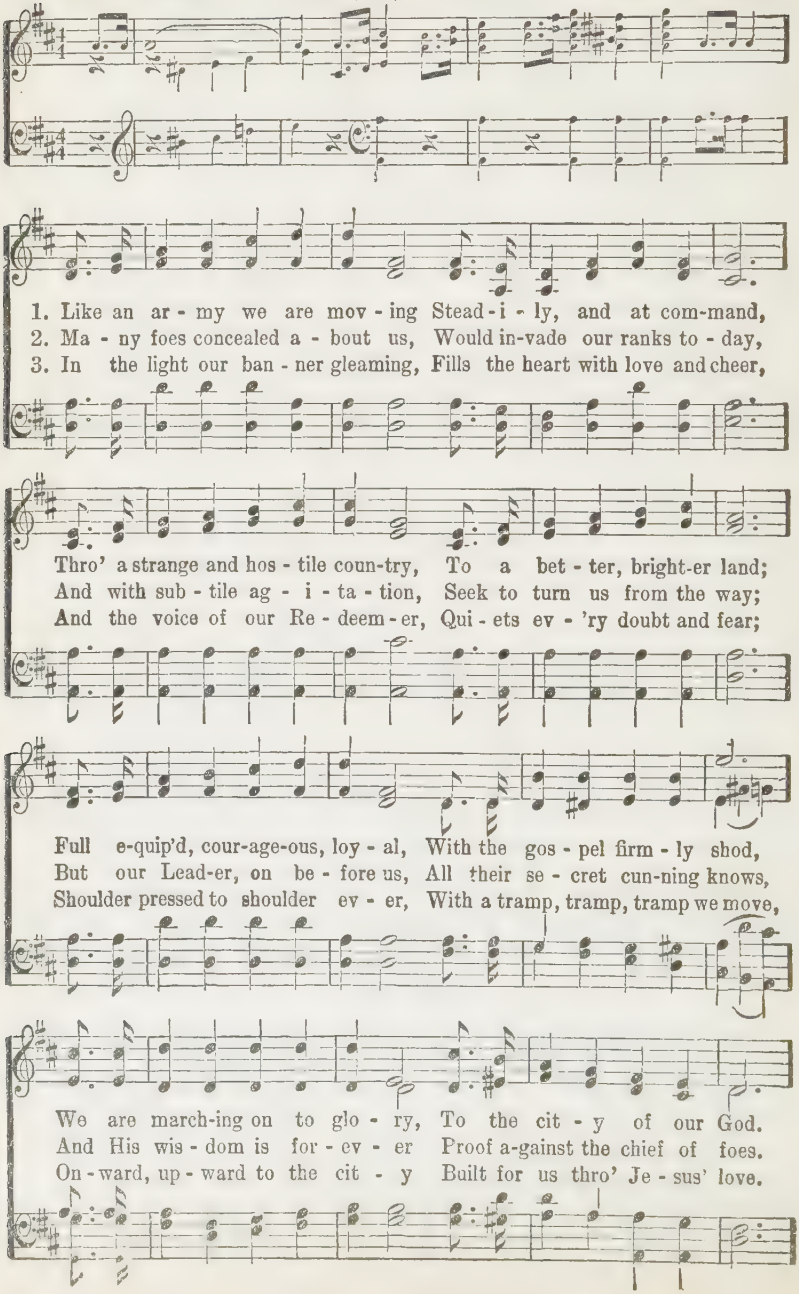
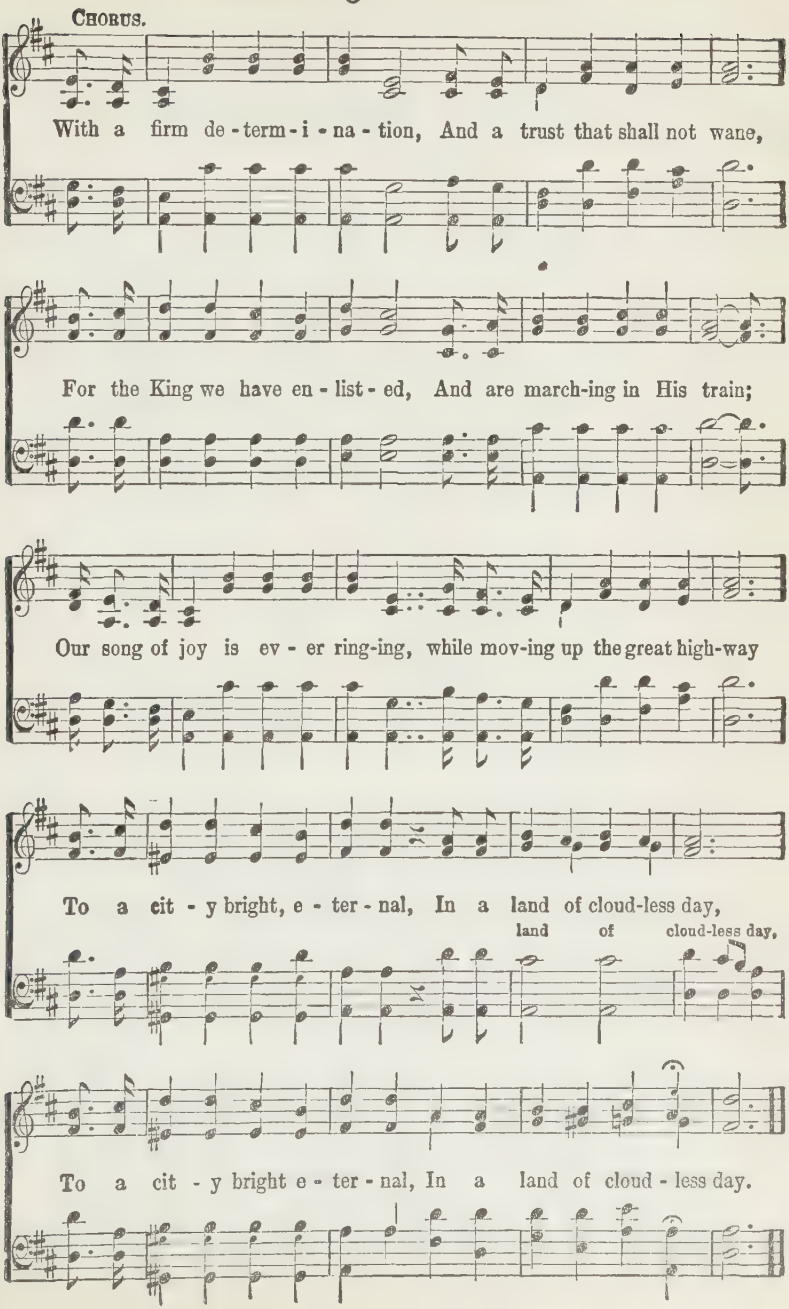

1. Like an ar - my we are mov - ing Stead - i - ly, and at com-mand,
2. Ma - ny foes concealed a - bout us, Would in-vade our ranks to - day,
3. In the light our ban - ner gleaming, Fills the heart with love and cheer,
Thro' a strange and hos - tile coun-try, To a bet - ter, bright-er land;
And with sub - tile ag - i - ta - tion, Seek to turn us from the way;
And the voice of our Re - deem - er, Qui - ets ev - 'ry doubt and fear;
Full e-quip'd, cour-age-ous, loy - al, With the gos - pel firm - ly shod,
But our Lead-er, on be - fore us, All their se - cret cun-ning knows,
Shoulder pressed to shoulder ev - er, With a tramp, tramp, tramp we move,
We are march-ing on to glo - ry, To the cit - y of our God.
And His wis - dom is for - ev - er Proof a-gainst the chief of foes.
On - ward, up - ward to the cit - y Built for us thro' Je - sus' love.

Marching in His Name.

Chorus.
With a firm de - term - i - na - tion, And a trust that shall not wane,
For the King we have en - list - ed, And are march-ing in His train;
Our song of joy is ev - er ring-ing, while mov-ing up the great high-way
To a cit - y bright, e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud-less day,
land of cloud-less day,
To a cit - y bright e - ter - nal, In a land of cloud - less day.

No. 199. Praise Ye the Father.

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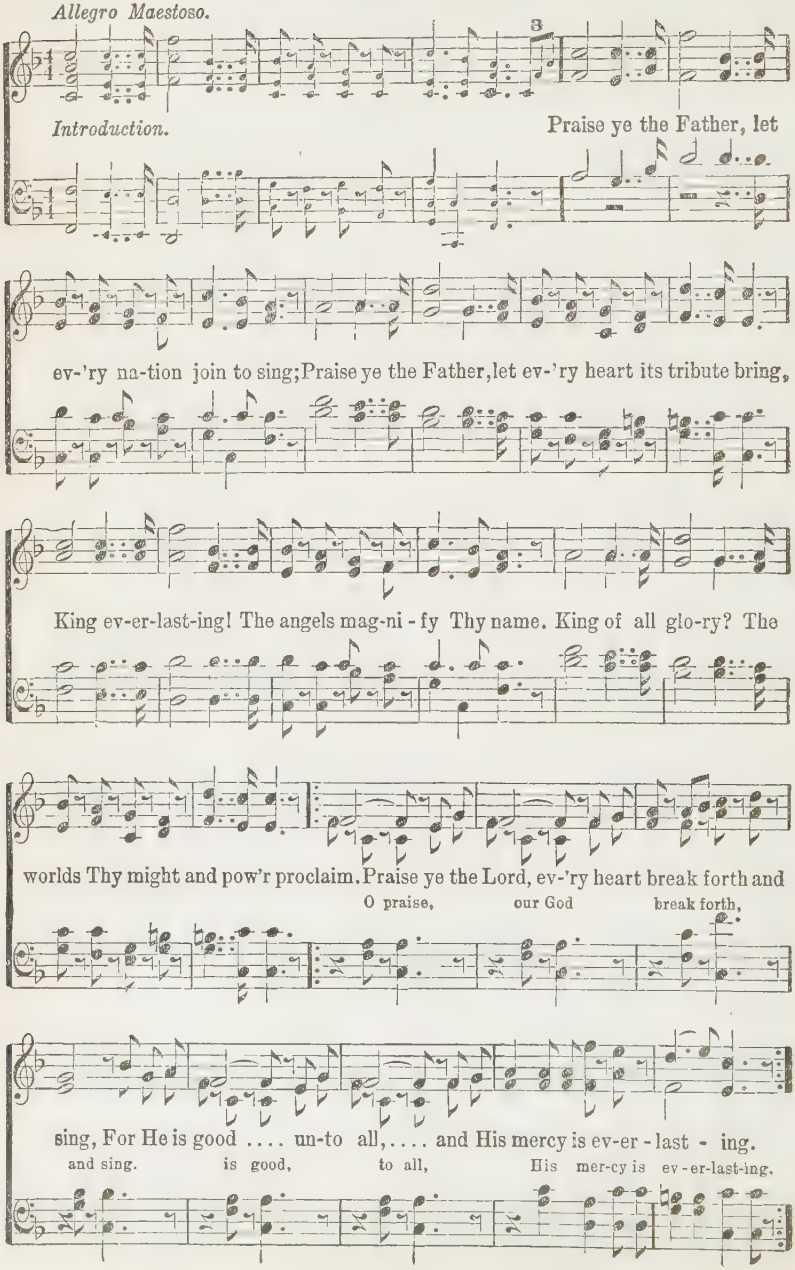
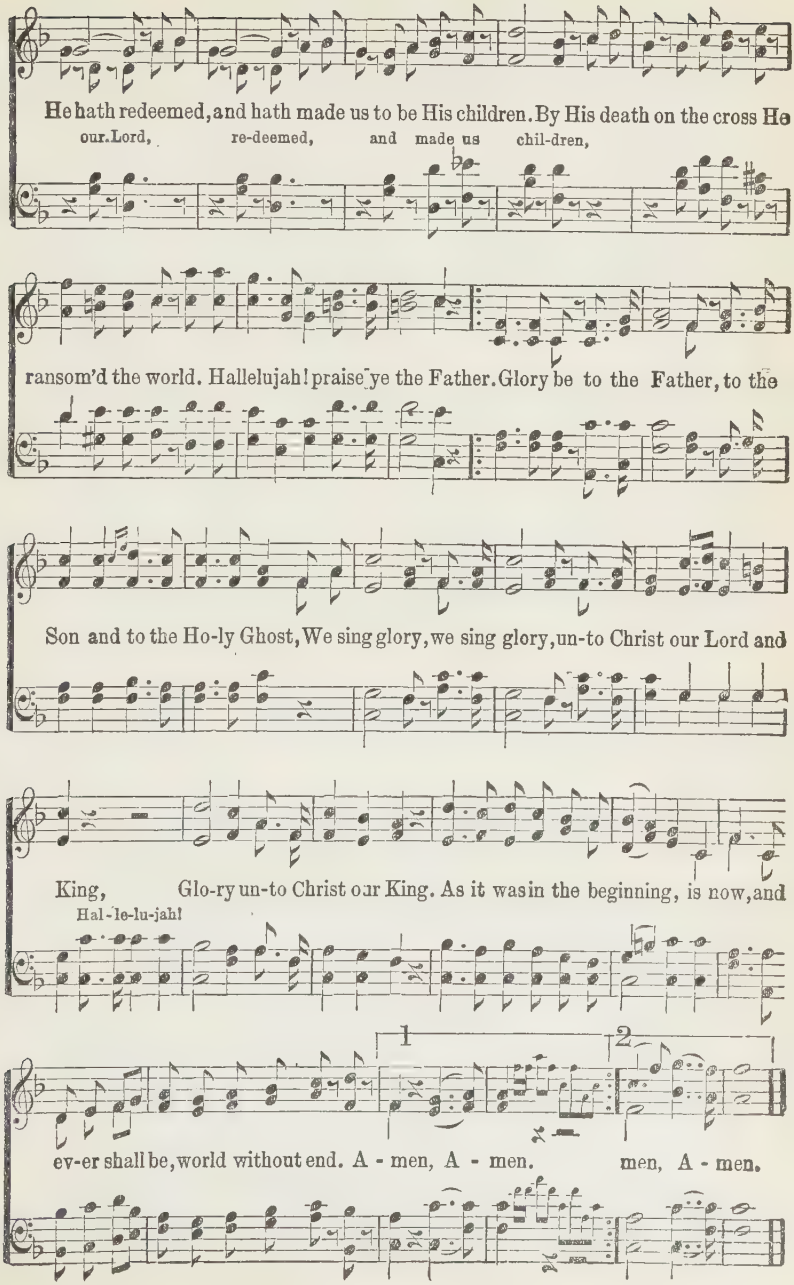
E. O. E. WORDS AND ARRANGEMENT. C. Gounod.

Allegro Maestoso.


Introduction.
Praise ye the Father, let
ev-'ry na-tion join to sing; Praise ye the Father, let ev-'ry heart its tribute bring,
King ev-er-last-ing! The angels mag-ni-fy Thy name. King of all glo-ry? The
worlds Thy might and pow'r proclaim. Praise ye the Lord, ev-'ry heart break forth and
O praise, our God break forth,
sing, For He is good .... un-to all, ... and His mercy is ev-er-last-ing.
and sing. is good, to all, His mer-cy is ev-er-last-ing.

Praise Ye the Father.


He hath redeemed, and hath made us to be His children. By His death on the cross He
our Lord, re-deemed, and made us chil-dren,
ransom'd the world. Hallelujah! praise ye the Father. Glory be to the Father, to the
Son and to the Ho-ly Ghost, We sing glory, we sing glory, un-to Christ our Lord and
King, Glo-ry un-to Christ our King. As it was in the beginning, is now, and
Hal-le-lu-jah!
1
2
ev-er shall be, world without end. A - men, A - men. men, A - men.

No. 200. A Song of Victory.

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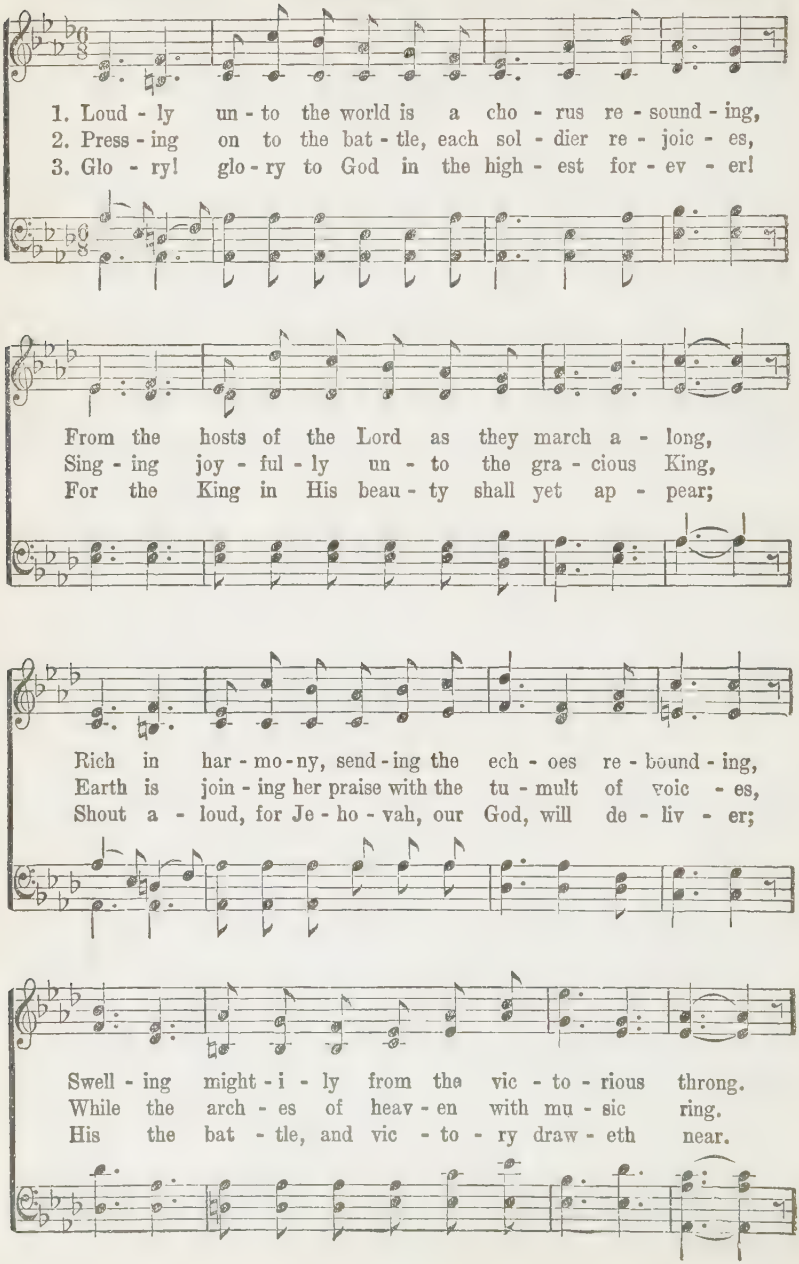
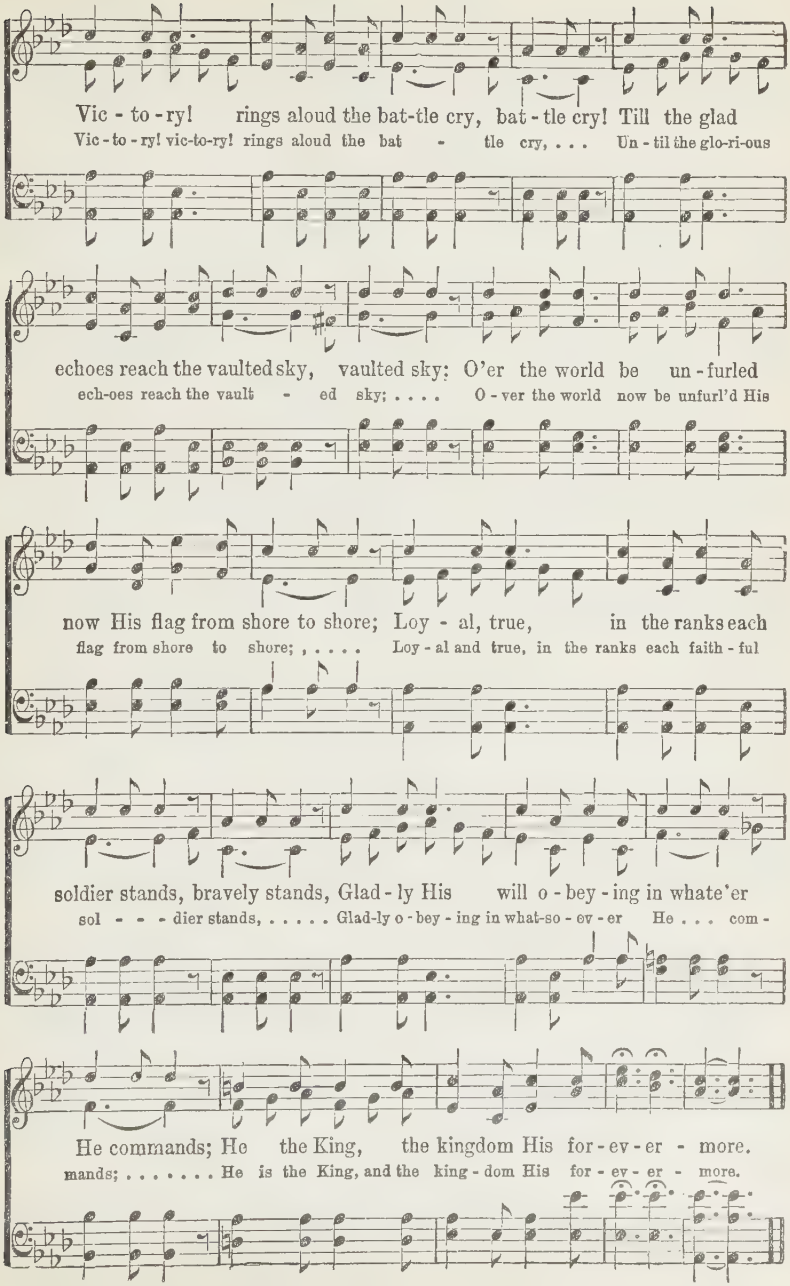
Charlotte G. Homer — Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Loud - ly un - to the world is a cho - rus re - sound - ing,
2. Press - ing on to the bat - tle, each sol - dier re - joic - es,
3. Glo - ry! glo - ry to God in the high - est for - ev - er!
From the hosts of the Lord as they march a - long,
Sing - ing joy - ful - ly un - to the gra - cious King,
For the King in His beau - ty shall yet ap - pear;
Rich in har - mo - ny, send - ing the ech - oes re - bound - ing,
Earth is join - ing her praise with the tu - mult of voic - es,
Shout a - loud, for Je - ho - vah, our God, will de - liv - er;
Swell - ing might - i - ly from the vic - to - rious throng.
While the arch - es of heav - en with mu - sic ring.
His the bat - tle, and vic - to - ry draw - eth near.

A Song of Victory.

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry! rings aloud the bat-tle cry, bat - tle cry! Till the glad
Vic - to - ry! vic-to-ry! rings aloud the bat - tle cry, . . . Un - til the glo-ri-ous
echoes reach the vaulted sky, vaulted sky: O'er the world be un - furled
ech-oes reach the vault - ed sky; . . . . O - ver the world now be unfurl'd His
now His flag from shore to shore; Loy - al, true, in the ranks each
flag from shore to shore; , ... Loy - al and true, in the ranks each faith - ful
soldier stands, bravely stands, Glad - ly His will o - bey - ing in whate'er
sol - - - dier stands, ... Glad-ly o - bey - ing in what-so - ev - er He . . . com -
He commands; He the King, the kingdom His for - ev - er - more.
mands; . . . . . He is the King, and the king - dom His for - ev - er - more.

No. 201. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle. COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

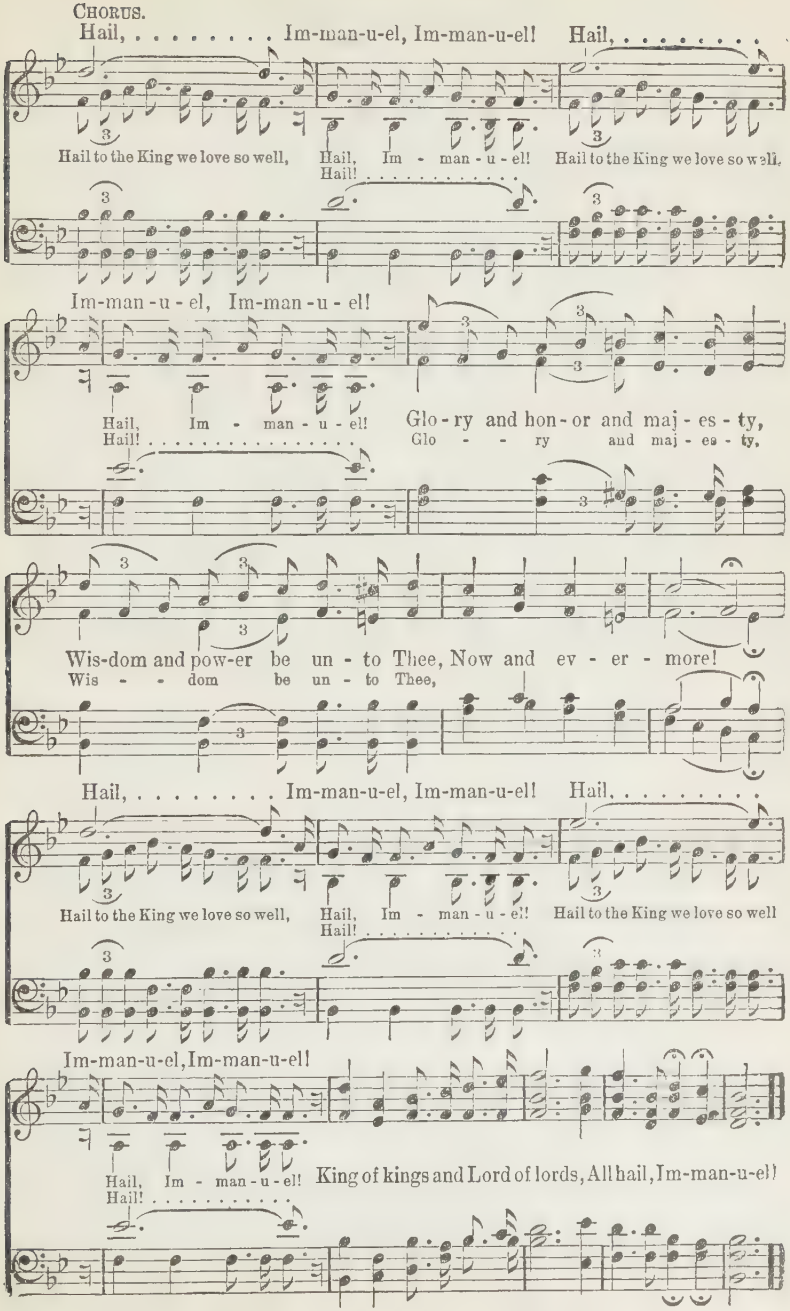
fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!

CHORUS.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo-ry and hon-or and maj-es-ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - ry and maj-es-ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 202. Somebody Knows.

Alfred H. Ackley.

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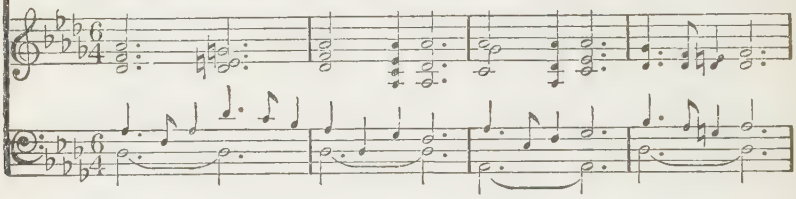
WORDS AND MUSIC, E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

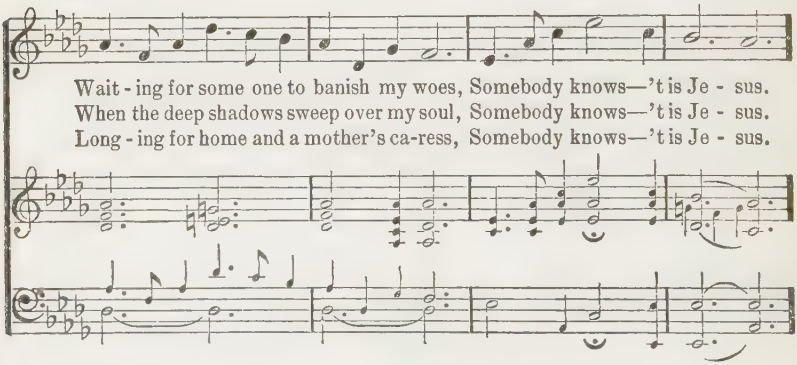
B. D. Ackley.

Legato.

1. Failing in strength when opprest by my foes, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
2. Why should I fear when the care-billows roll? Somebody knows, Somebody knows;
3. Wounded and helpless and sick with distress, Somebody knows, Somebody knows;

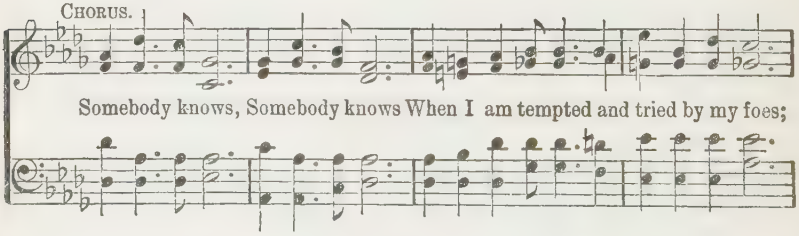


Wait - ing for some one to banish my woes, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
When the deep shadows sweep over my soul, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.
Long - ing for home and a mother's ca-ress, Somebody knows—'t is Je - sus.



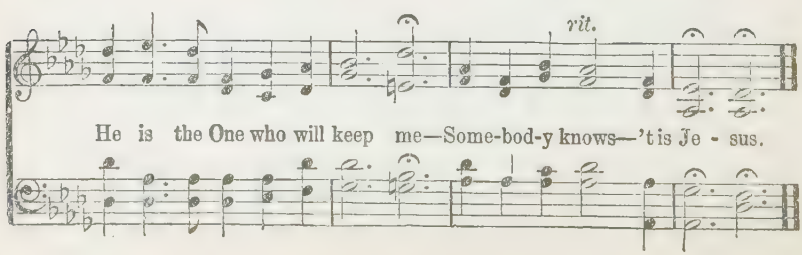
CHORUS.

Somebody knows, Somebody knows When I am tempted and tried by my foes;



rit.

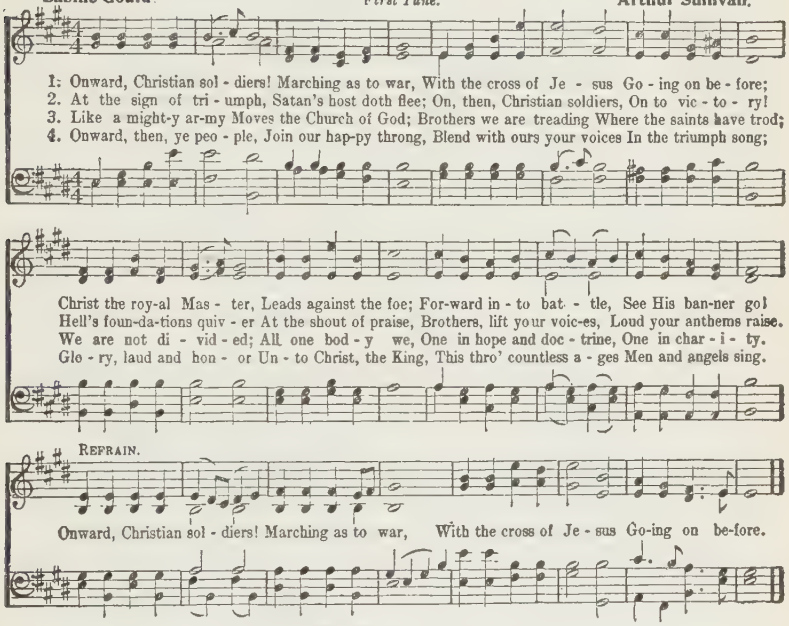
He is the One who will keep me—Some-bod-y knows—'t is Je - sus.



Devotional Hymns.

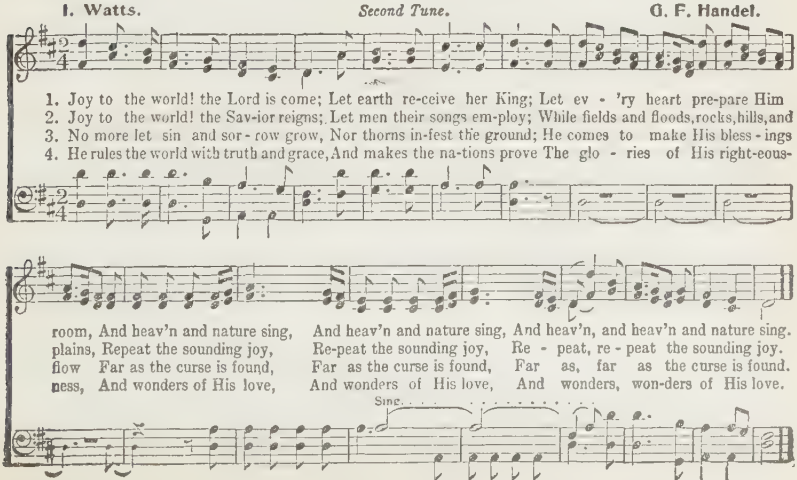
No. 203. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

Sabine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.


1. Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;
Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.
REFRAIN.
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.

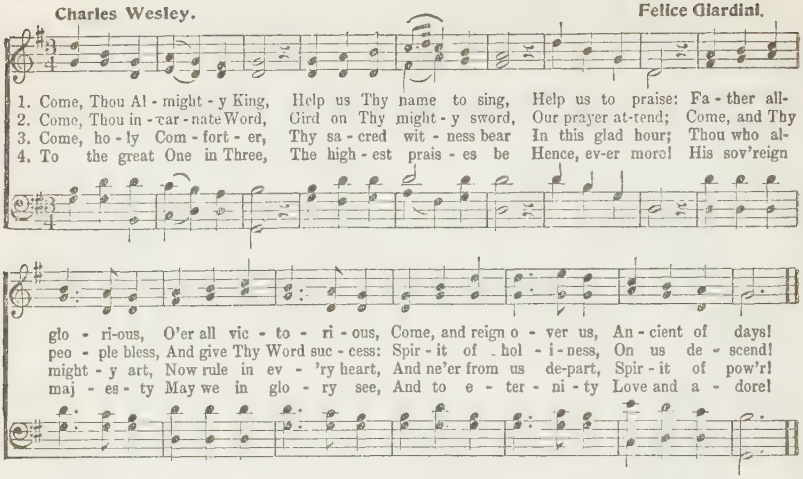
No 204. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare Him
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-eous-
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding joy.
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His love.
Sinc.
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 205. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 206. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No. 207. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

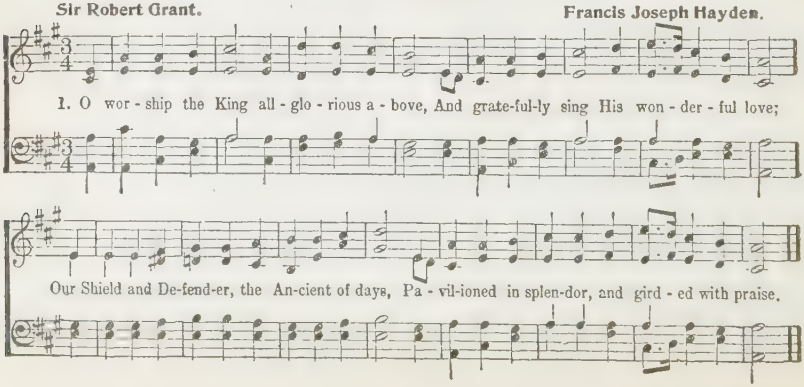
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

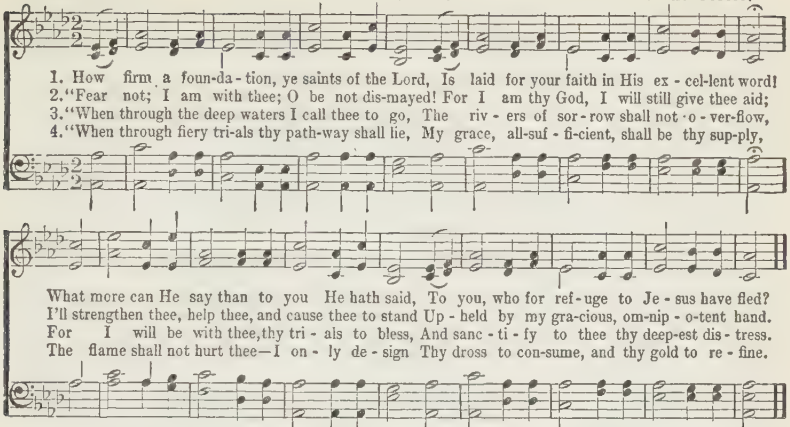
No. 208. Lyons. 10s, 11s.

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Haydn.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

No. 209. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 210. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 211. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

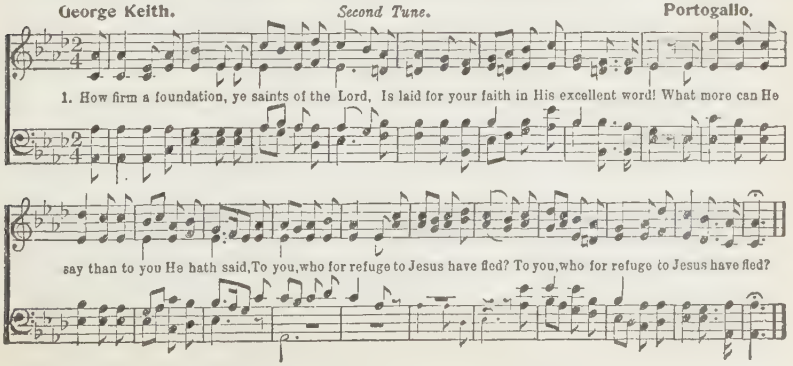
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

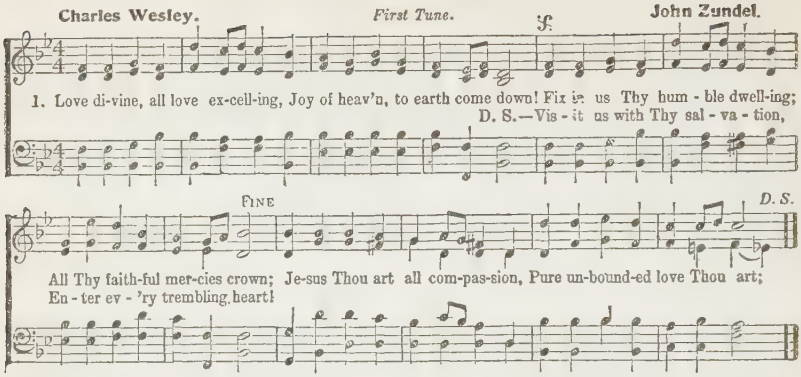
No. 212. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 213. Love Divine.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* John Zundel.


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heav'n, to earth come down! Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell-ing;
D. S.—Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion,
FINE
D. S.
All Thy faith-ful mer-cies crown; Je-sus Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure un-bound-ed love Thou art;
En - ter ev - 'ry trembling heart!

2 Breathe, oh, breathe Thy loving Spirit
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find the promised rest.
Take away the love of sinning;
Alpha and Omega be;
End of faith, as its beginning,
Set our hearts at liberty!

3 Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy grace receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temple leave:
Thee we would be always blessing;
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy perfect love!

4 Finish then Thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see Thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in Thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

No. 214. Hark! the Voice of Jesus Calling.

First or Second Tune.

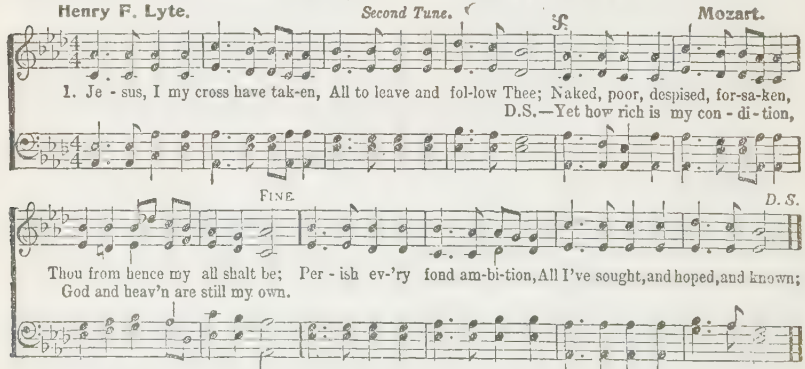
1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting
Who will bear the sheaves away!
Loud and long, the Master calleth
Rich reward He offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen land explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say He died for all.

3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task He gives you!
Let His work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when He calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

No. 215. Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken.

Henry F. Lyte. *Second Tune.* Mozart.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol-low Thee; Naked, poor, despised, for-sa-ken,
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion,
FINE
D. S.
Thou from hence my all shalt be; Per - ish ev-'ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
God and heav'n are still my own.

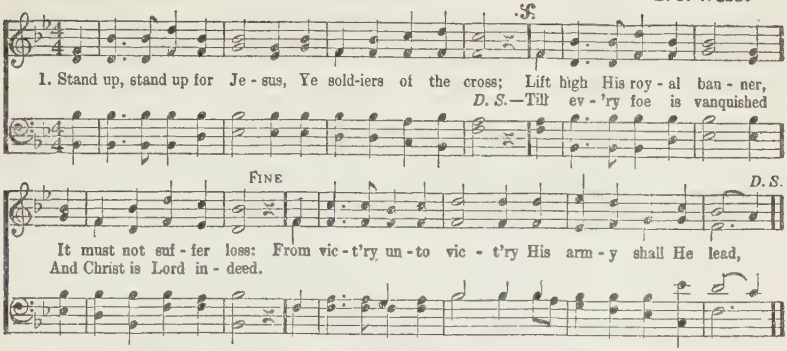
2 Let the world despise, forsake me,
They have left my Savior, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like man, untrue:
And, while Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun
Show Thy face and all is bright

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn and pain!
In Thy service, pain is pleasure;
With Thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called Thee, "Abba Father,"
I have stayed my heart on Thee;
Stormy clouds may o'er me gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Led by faith, and winged by prayer
Heav'n's eternal day's before thee
God will safely guide thee there,
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

No. 216. Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield. *First Tune.* G. J. Webb.


1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold-iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished
FINE
D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

No. 217. The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

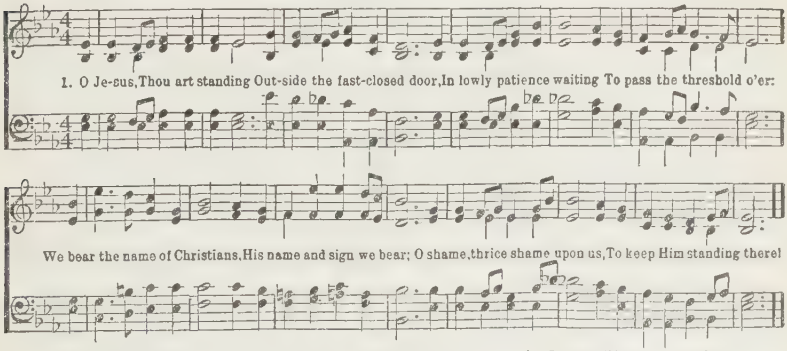
1 The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking,
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly,
Triumphant, reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

No. 218. O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How. *Second Tune.* Justin H. Knecht.


1. O Je-sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

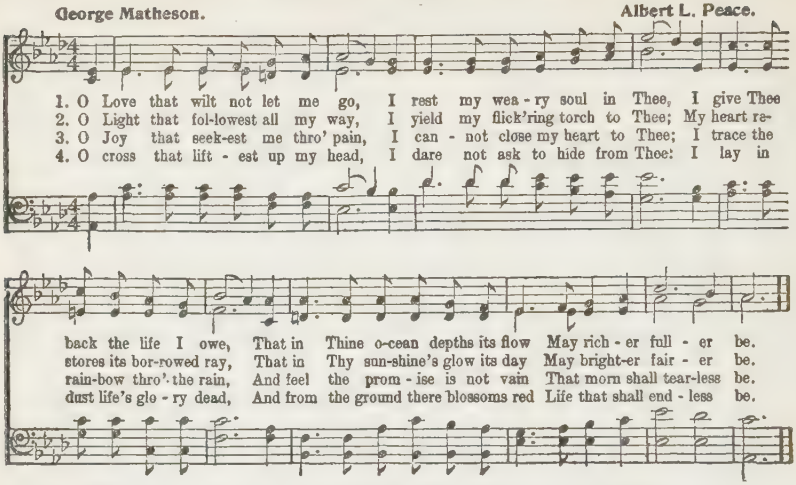
1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowlege,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

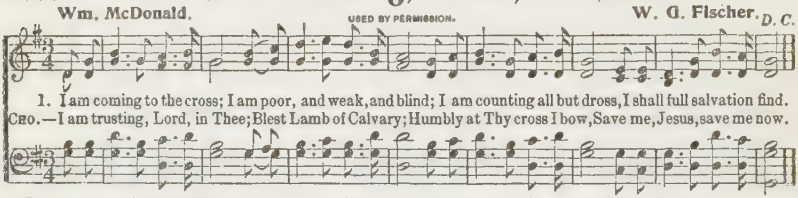
No. 219. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson. Albert L. Peace.


1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee, I give Thee
2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee: I lay in
back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tear-less be.
dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 220. I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

Wm. McDonald. USED BY PERMISSION. W. G. Fischer. D. C.


1. I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am counting all but dross, I shall full salvation find.
CHO.—I am trusting, Lord, in Thee; Blest Lamb of Calvary; Humbly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

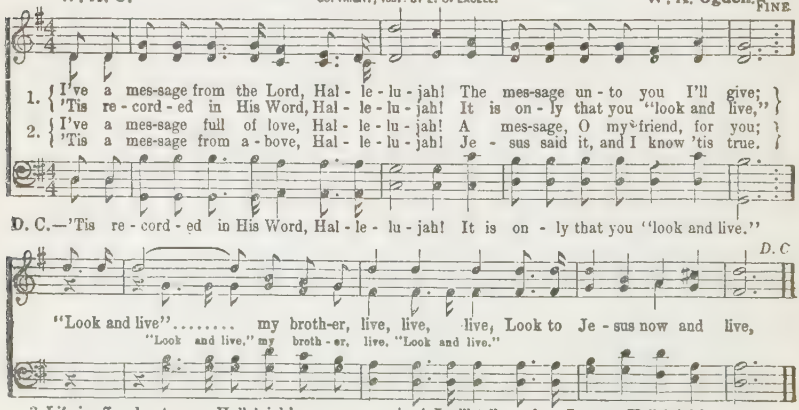
2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store;
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

4 In the promises I trust
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

No. 221. Look and Live.

W. A. O. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. W. A. Ogden. FINE.

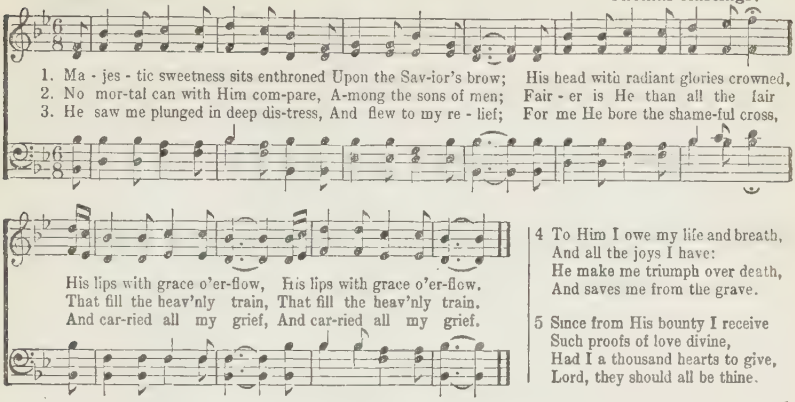

1. I've a mes-sage from the Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! The mes-sage un - to you I'll give;
'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live,"
2. I've a mes-sage full of love, Hal - le - lu - jah! A mes-sage, O my friend, for you;
'Tis a mes-sage from a - bove, Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
D. C.—'Tis re - cord - ed in His Word, Hal - le - lu - jah! It is on - ly that you "look and live."
D. C.
"Look and live"..... my broth-er, live, live, live, Look to Je - sus now and live,
"Look and live," my broth - er, live, "Look and live."

3 Life is offered unto you, Hallelujah!
Eternal life thy soul shall have;
If you'll only look to Him, Hallelujah!
Look to Jesus who alone can save.

4 I will tell you how I came, Hallelujah!
To Jesus when He made me whole:
'Twas believing on His name, Hallelujah!
I trusted and He saved my soul.

No. 222. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

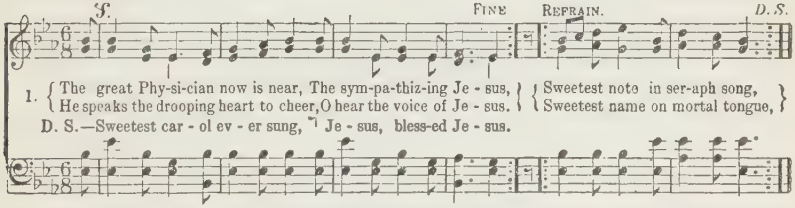

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 223. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


S.
FINE
REFRAIN.
D. S.
1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser-aph song, }
{ He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. } { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

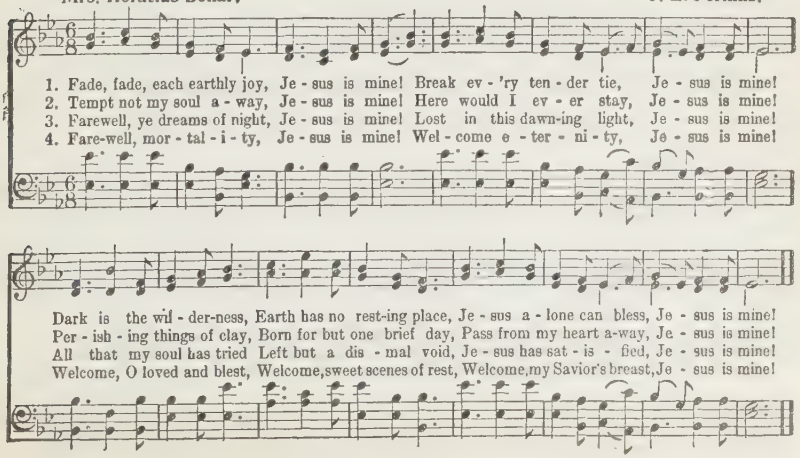
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

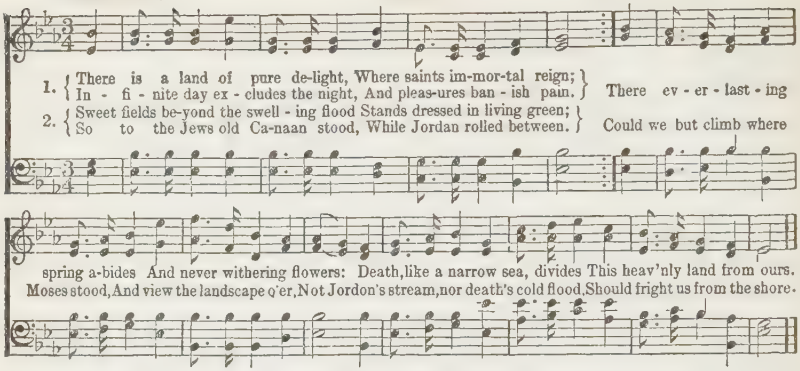
No. 224. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar, T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine!
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

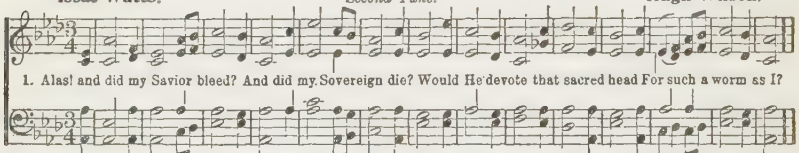
No. 225. There Is a Land Of Pure Delight.

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* J. C. H. Rink.


1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, And pleas-ures ban - ish pain.
There ev - er - last - ing
2. Sweet fields be-yond the swell - ing flood Stands dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Ca-naan stood, While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where
spring a-bides And never withering flowers: Death, like a narrow sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er, Not Jordon's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

No. 226. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Issac Watts. *Second Tune.* Hugh Wilson.



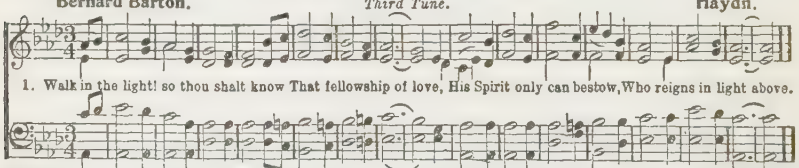
2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide
And shut His glories in, [died,
When Christ, the mighty Maker,
For man, the creature's sin.

4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

No. 227. Walk in the Light.

Bernard Barton. *Third Tune.* Haydn.



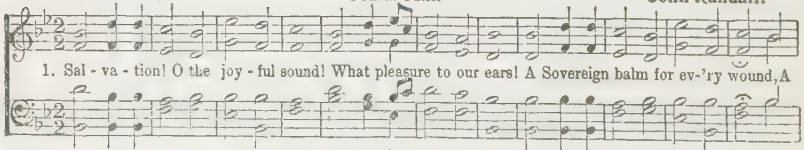
2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly His, [shrined,
Who dwells in cloudless light en-
In whom no darkness is.

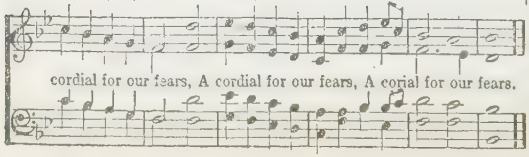
3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness passed away, [shone
Because that light hath on thee
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

No. 228. Salvation! O the Joyful Sound.

Isaac Watts. *Fourth Tune.* John Randall.

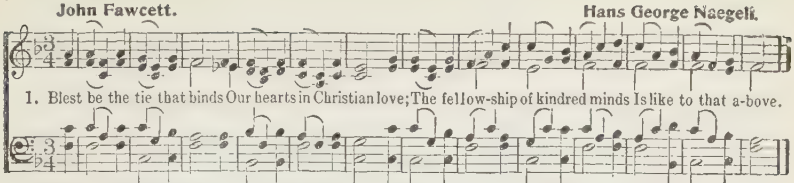




2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

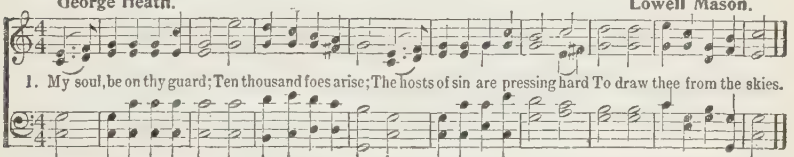
John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers; [one,
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

No. 230. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



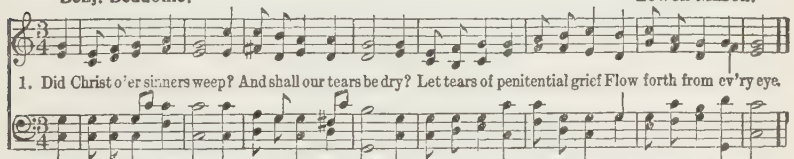
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [breath.

No. 231. Did Christ O'er Sinners Weep?

Benj. Beddome. Lowell Mason.



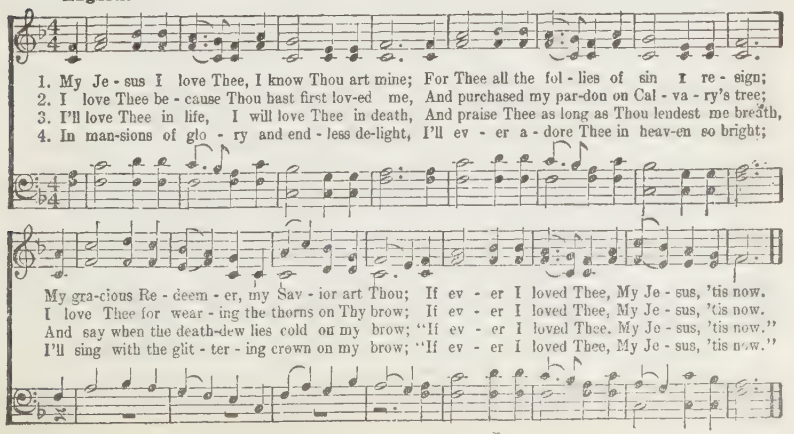
1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our tears be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

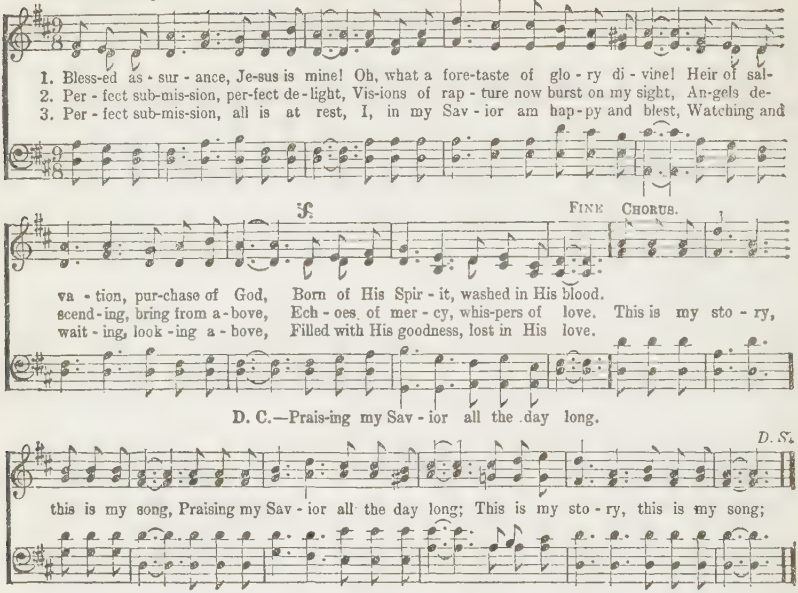
No. 232 My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath,
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

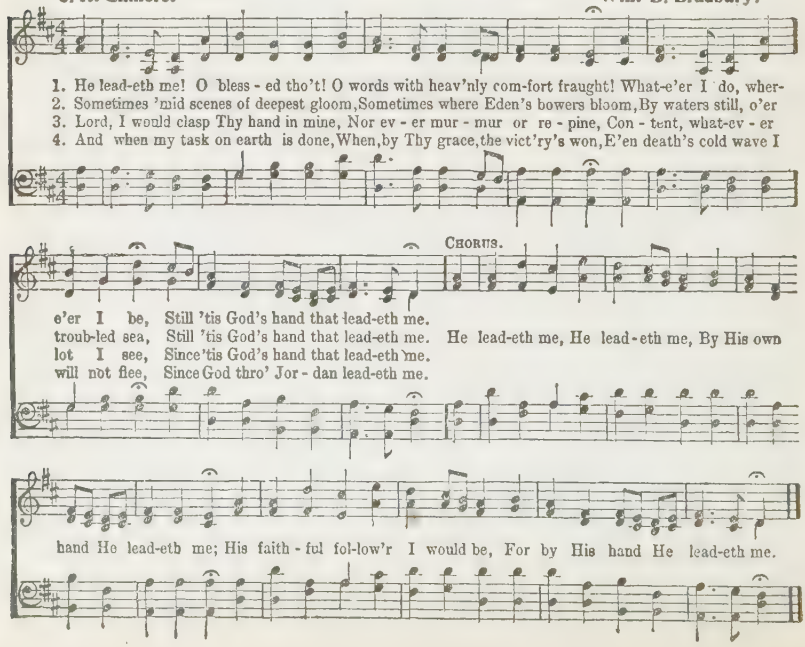
No. 233. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and
f.
FINE CHORUS.
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry,
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

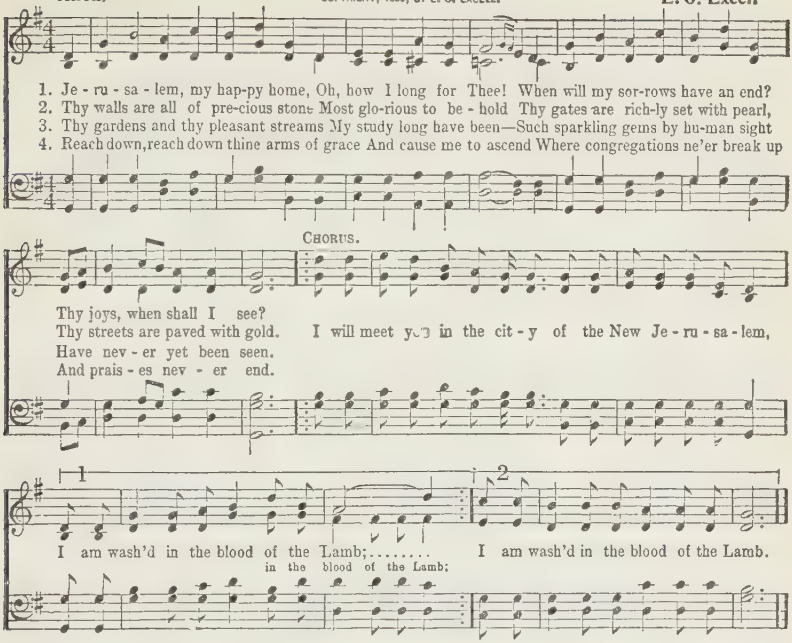
No. 234. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
trou-bled sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

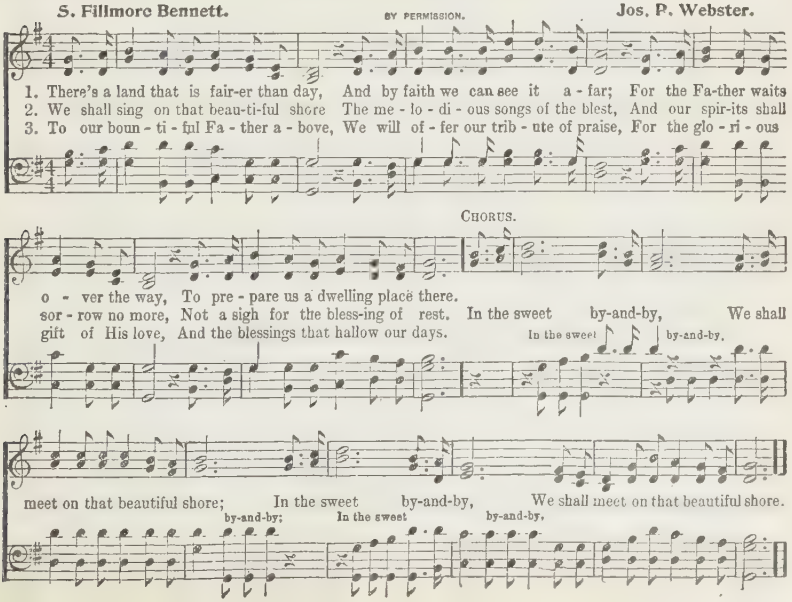
No. 235. My Happy Home.

Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL. E. O. Excell


1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for Thee! When will my sor-rows have an end?
2. Thy walls are all of pre-cious stone Most glo-rious to be - hold Thy gates are rich-ly set with pearl,
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long have been—Such sparkling gems by hu-man sight
4. Reach down, reach down thine arms of grace And cause me to ascend Where congregations ne'er break up
CHORUS.
Thy joys, when shall I see?
Thy streets are paved with gold.
Have nev - er yet been seen.
And prais - es nev - er end.
I will meet you in the cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem,
1
2
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb;.....
I am wash'd in the blood of the Lamb.
in the blood of the Lamb;

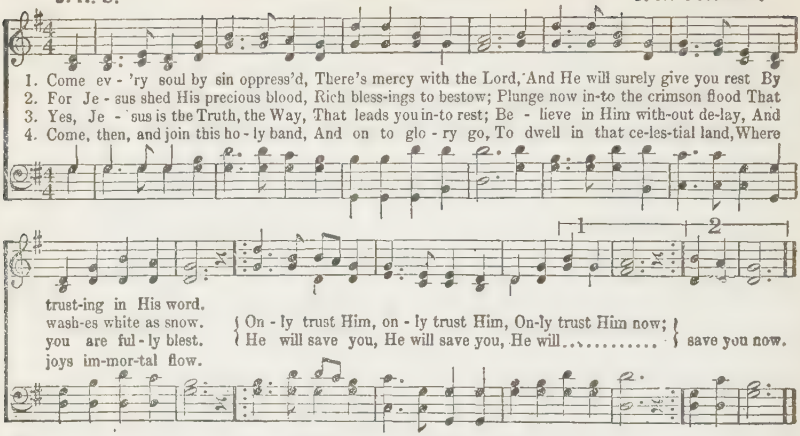
No. 236. Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett. BY PERMISSION. Jos. P. Webster.


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far; For the Fa-ther waits
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of praise, For the glo - ri - ous
CHORUS.
o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a dwelling place there.
sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days.
In the sweet by-and-by,
meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by,

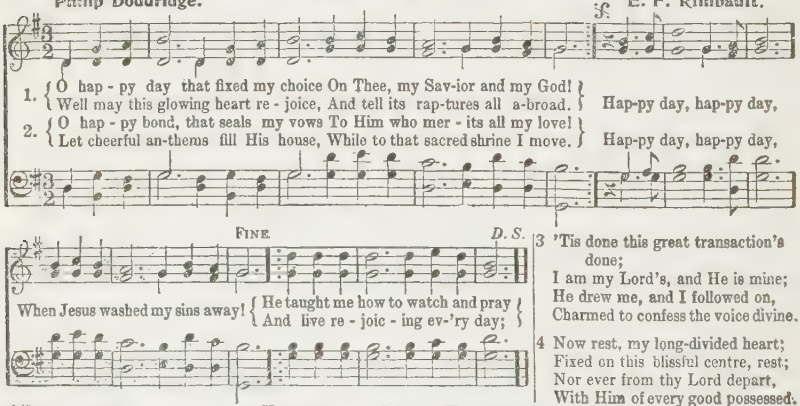
No. 237. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. — J. H. Stockton.


1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where
1
2
trust-ing in His word.
wash-es white as snow.
you are ful - ly blest.
joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On-ly trust Him now;
He will save you, He will save you, He will.....
save you now.

No. 238. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. — E. F. Rimbault.

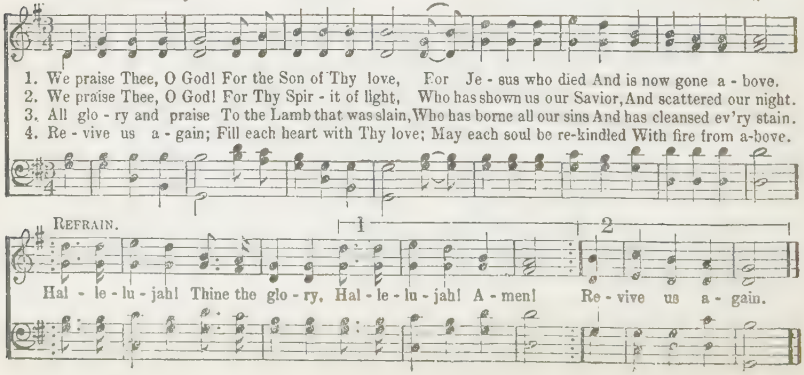

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
FINE.
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

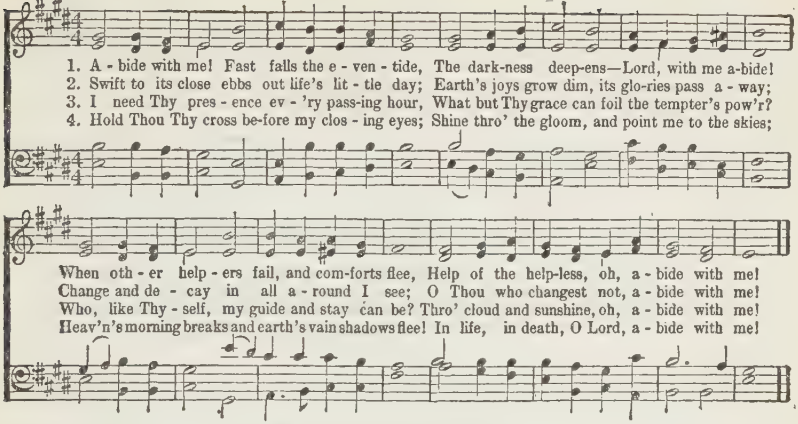
No. 239. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. — J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Re - vive us a - gain.

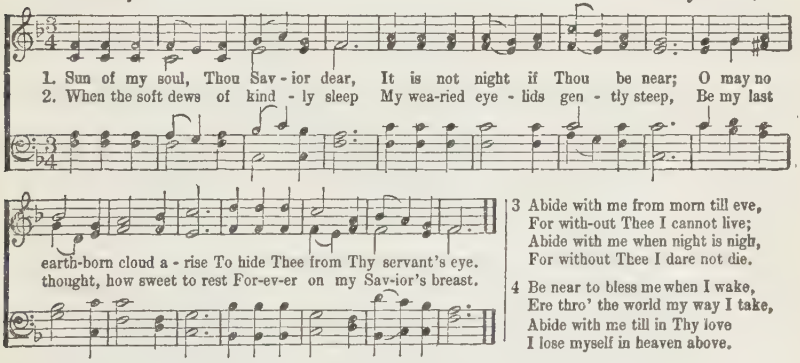
No. 240. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

No. 241. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

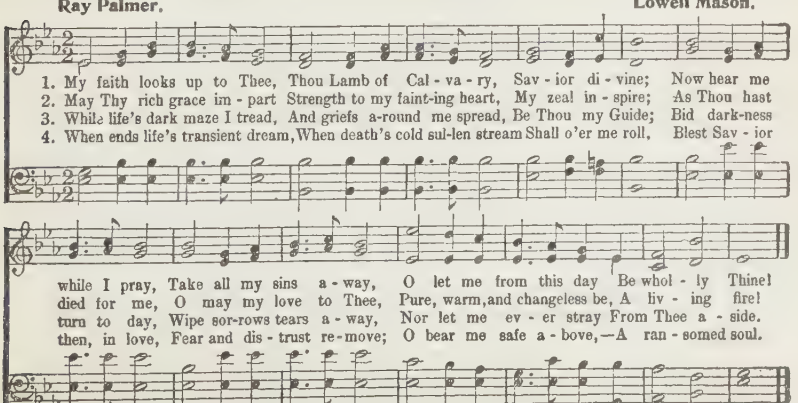

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

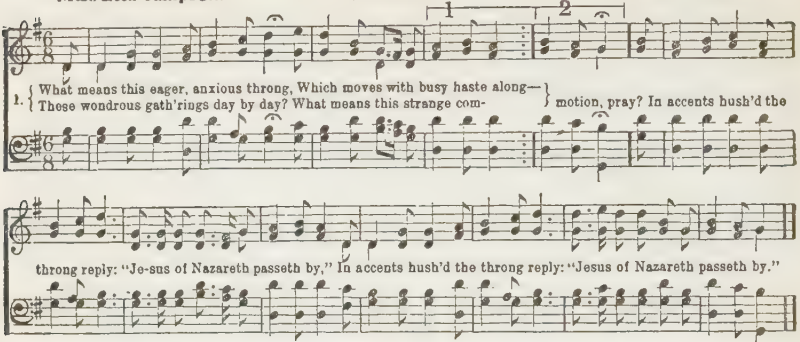
No. 242 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 243. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell. *First Tune.* Theo. E. Perkins.


1.
What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com-
motion, pray? In accents hush'd the
throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

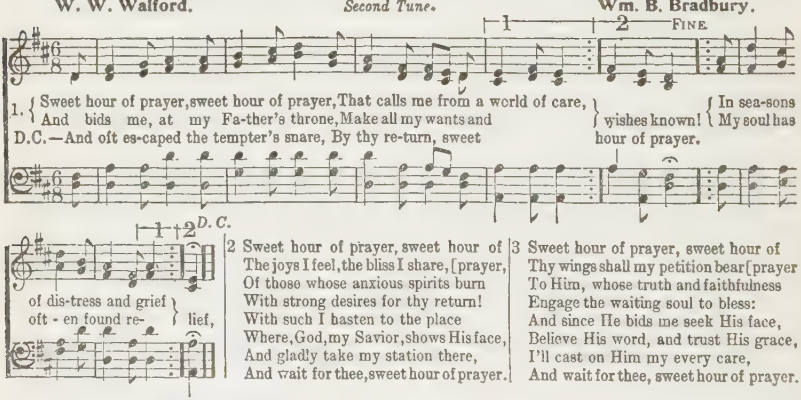
2 Who is this Jesus? why should He
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger, has He skill
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe;
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace,
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
He enters—condescends to stay.
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 244. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford. *Second Tune.* Wm. B. Bradbury.

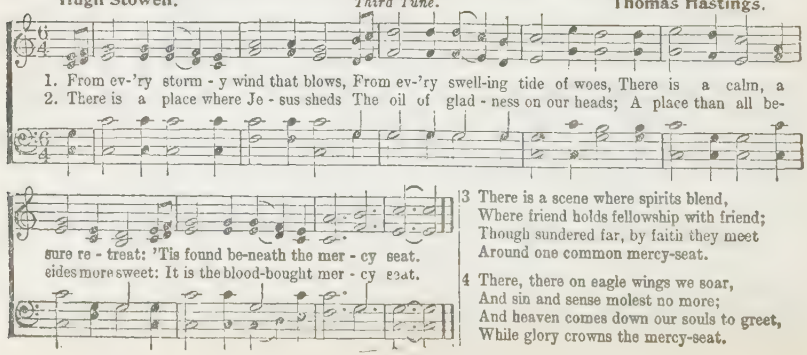

1.
Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and
wishes known!
In sea-sons
My soul has
D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet
hour of prayer.
FINE.
D. C.
of dis-tress and grief
oft - en found re-
lief,

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
Of those whose anxious spirits burn
With strong desires for thy return!
With such I hasten to the place
Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
And gladly take my station there,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of
Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since He bids me seek His face,
Believe His word, and trust His grace,
I'll cast on Him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 245. From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

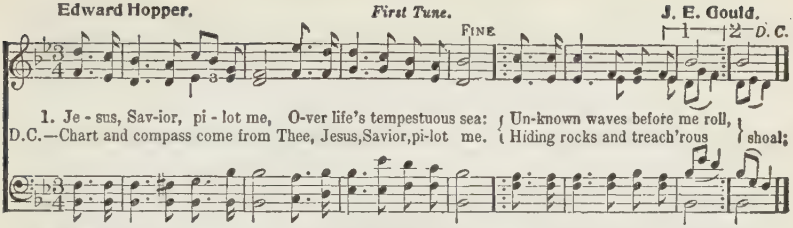
Hugh Stowell. *Third Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. From ev-'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev-'ry swell-ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
sure re - treat: 'Tis found be-neath the mer - cy seat.
cides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

No. 246. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* J. E. Gould.

FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea: { Un-known waves before me roll,
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me. { Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;

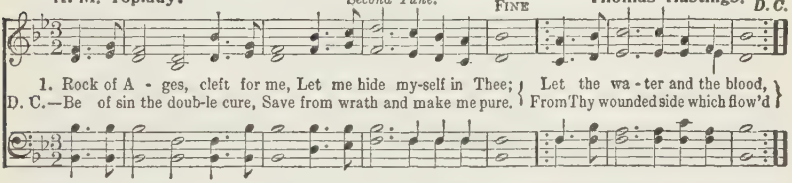
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 247. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


FINE
D. C.
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee; { Let the wa - ter and the blood,
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure. { From Thy wounded side which flow'd

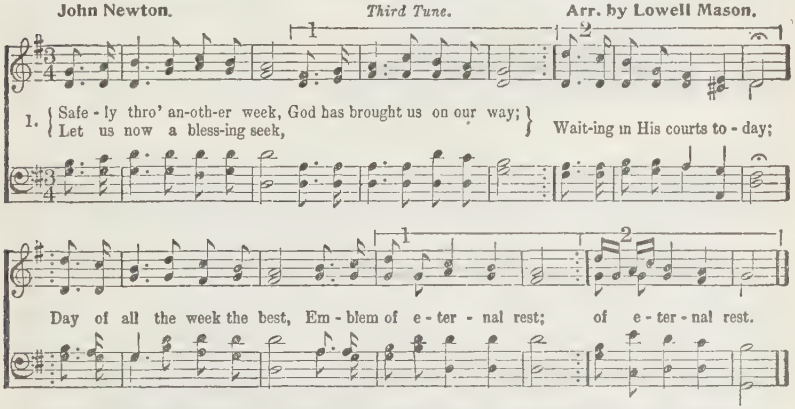
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 248. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. *Third Tune.* Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1
2
1. { Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way;
{ Let us now a bless-ing seek, Wait-ing in His courts to - day;
Day of all the week the best, Em - blem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.

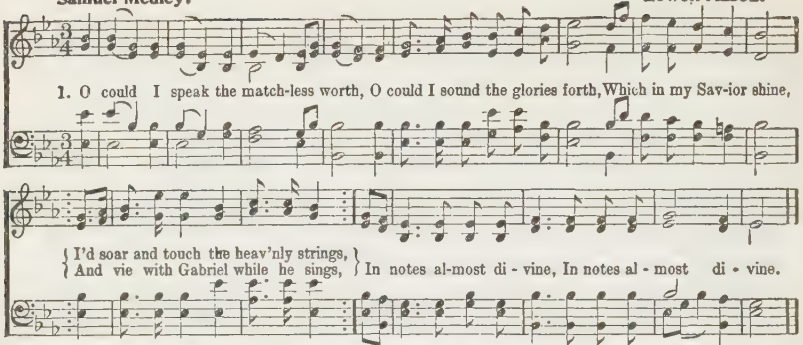
2 While we pray for pard'ning grace,
Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame;
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in Thee.

3 Here we come Thy name to praise;
Let us feel Thy pesence near;
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in Thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief to all complaints;
Thus may all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

No. 249. O Could I Speak.

Samuel Medley. Lowell Mason.

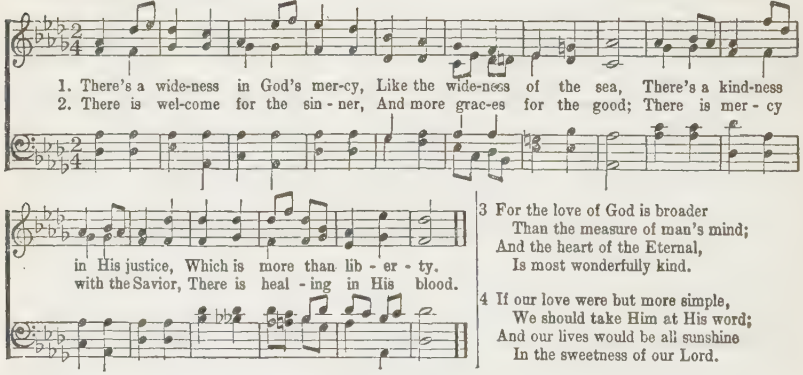

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could I sound the glories forth, Which in my Sav-ior shine,
I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings,
In notes al-most di - vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing His glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.

3 I'd sing the characters He bears,
And all the forms of love He wears,
Exalted on His throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all His glories known.

4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see His face; [home,
Then with my Savior, Brother,
A blest eternity I'll spend, [Friend,
Triumphant in His grace.

No. 250. There's a Wideness.

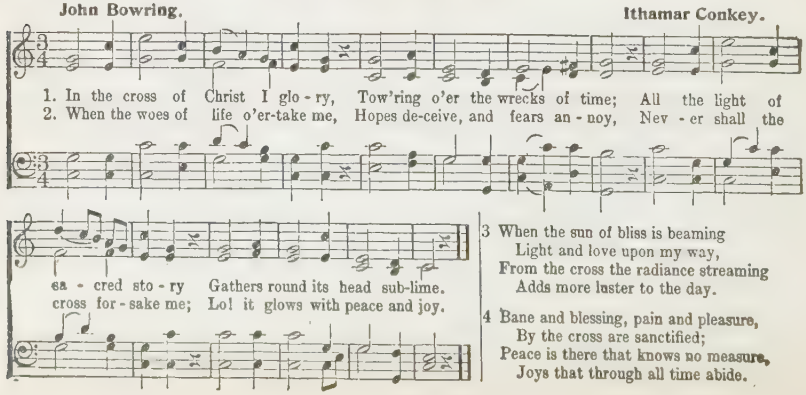
Frederick W. Faber. Lizzie S. Tourjee.

1. There's a wide-ness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea, There's a kind-ness
2. There is wel-come for the sin - ner, And more grac-es for the good; There is mer - cy
in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
with the Savior, There is heal - ing in His blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal,
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

No. 251. In the Gross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

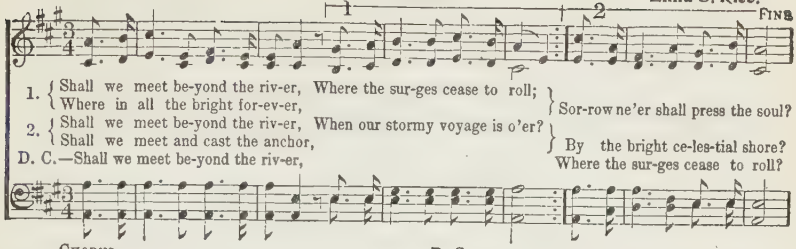

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
ea - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

No. 252 Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings. USED BY PERMISSION Elihu S. Rice.

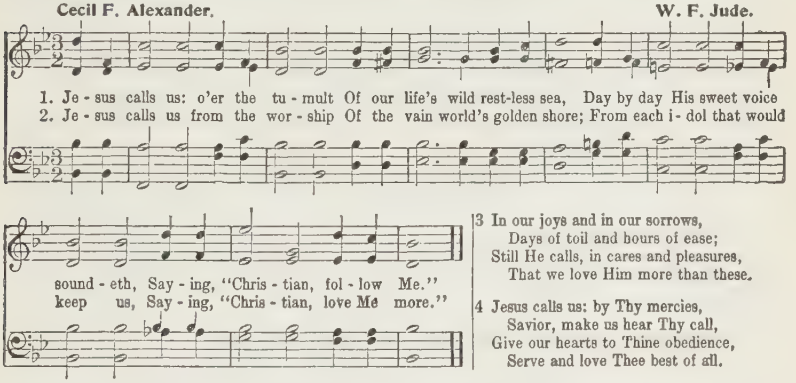

1
2
FINE
1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll;
Where in all the bright for-ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?
2. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor, By the bright ce-les-tial shore?
D. C.—Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?
CHORUS.
D. C.
Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
When He comes to claim His own?
Shall we know His blessed favor,
And sit down upon His throne?

No. 253. Jesus Call Us.

Cecil F. Alexander. W. F. Jude.

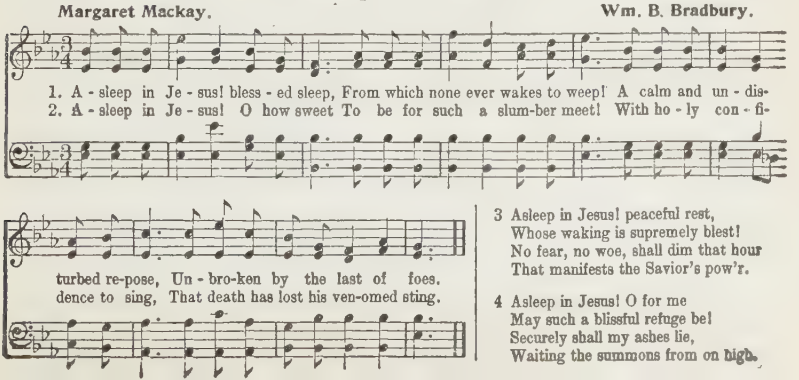

1. Je - sus calls us: o'er the tu - mult Of our life's wild rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's golden shore; From each i - dol that would
sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low Me."
keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."

3 In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease;
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
That we love Him more than these.

4 Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior, make us hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience,
Serve and love Thee best of all.

No. 254. Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay. Wm. B. Bradbury.

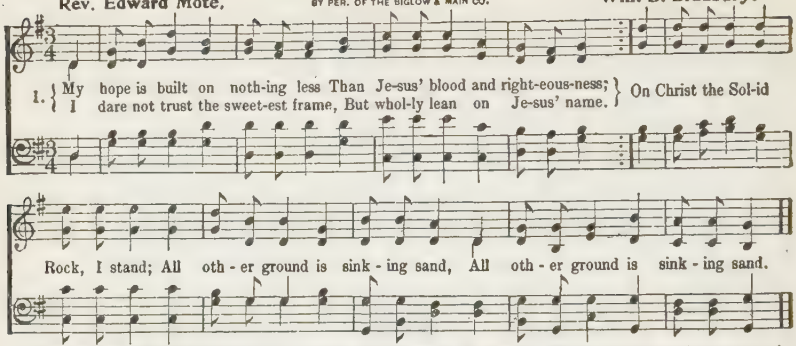

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis-
2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum-ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi-
turbed re-pose, Un - bro-ken by the last of foes.
dence to sing, That death has lost his ven-omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest!
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 255. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

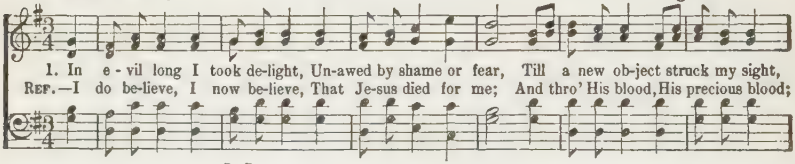
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

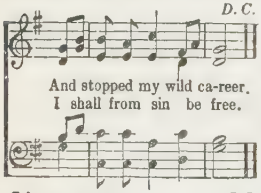
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 256. In Evil Long I Took Delight.

John Newton. English Air.


1. In e - vil long I took de-light, Un-awed by shame or fear, Till a new ob-ject struck my sight,
Ref.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve, That Je-sus died for me; And thro' His blood, His precious blood;



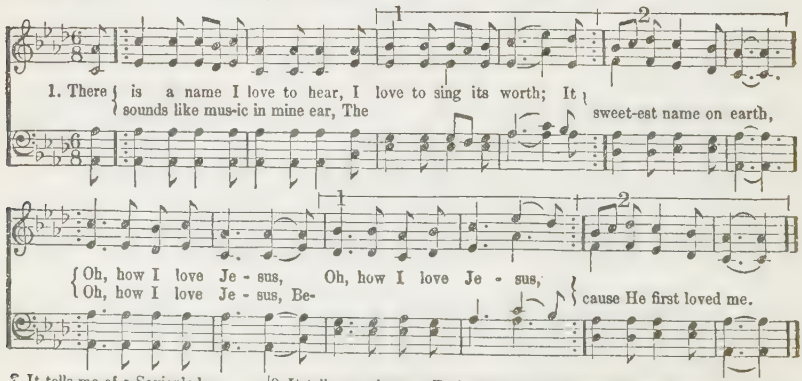
2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed His languid eyes on me,
As near His cross I stood.

3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with His death,
Tho' not a word He spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned
It plunged me in despair; [the guilt;
I saw my sins His blood had spilt,
And helped to nail Him there.

5 A second look He gave, which said
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for Thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."

No. 257. Oh, How I Love Jesus.


1
2
1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mus-ic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- cause He first loved me.

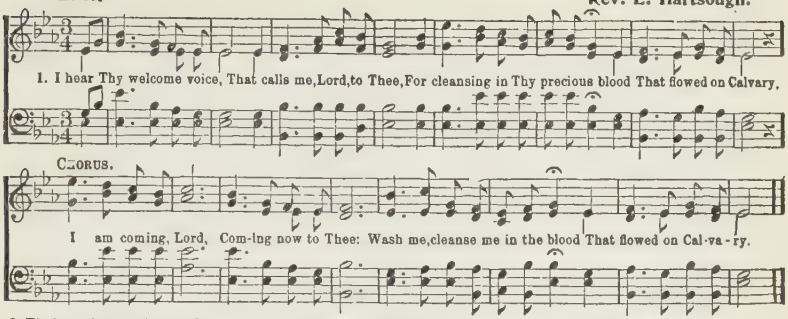
2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 258. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For cleansing in Thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.
CHORUS.
I am coming, Lord, Com-ing now to Thee: Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Cal-va-ry.

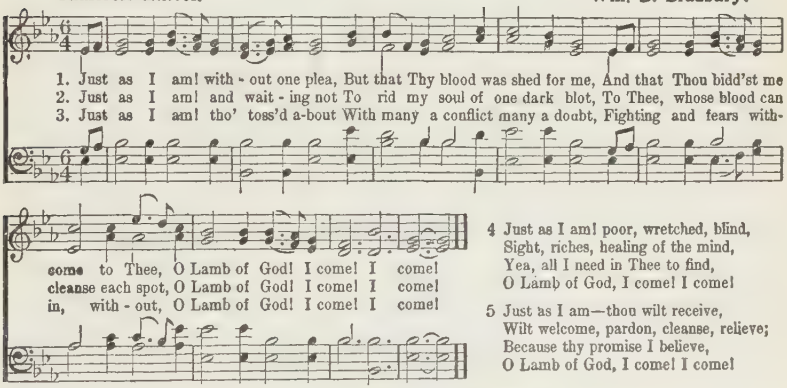
2 Tho' coming weak and vile
Thou dost my strength assure;
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse,
Till spotless all, and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on,
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust
For earth and heav'n above.

4 And He assurance gives
To loyal hearts and true,
That ev'ry promise is fulfilled
To those who hear and do.

No. 259. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.

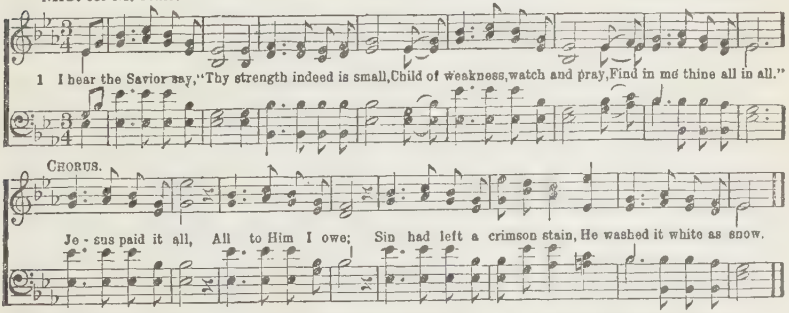

1. Just as I am! with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me
2. Just as I am! and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To Thee, whose blood can
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout With many a conflict many a doubt, Fighting and fears with-
come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
in, with - out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in Thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

No. 260. Jesus Paid It All.

Mrs. H. M. Hall. John T. Grape.


1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."
CHORUS.
Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

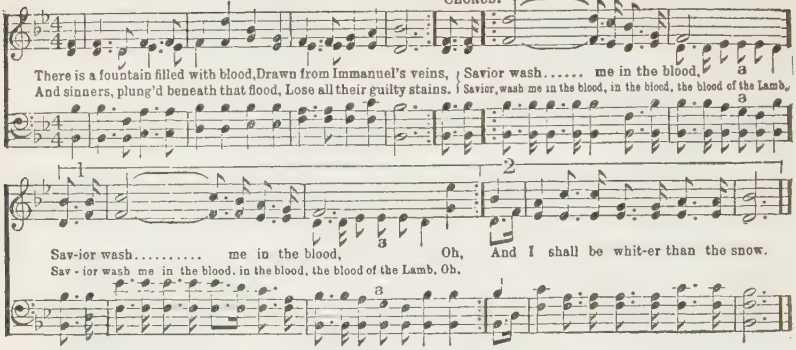
2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

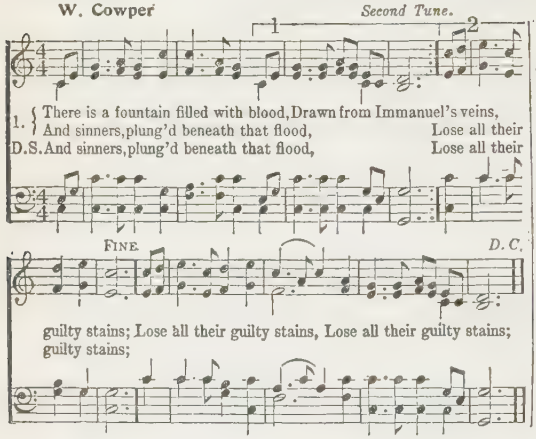
No. 261. Wash Me in the Blood.

W. Cowper. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL. *First Tune.* CHORUS. E. O. Excell.


There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
Savior wash..... me in the blood,
Savior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb,
Sav-ior wash..... me in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whit-er than the snow.
Sav - ior wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

No. 262. There is a Fountain.

W. Cowper *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
FINE.
D.C.
guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

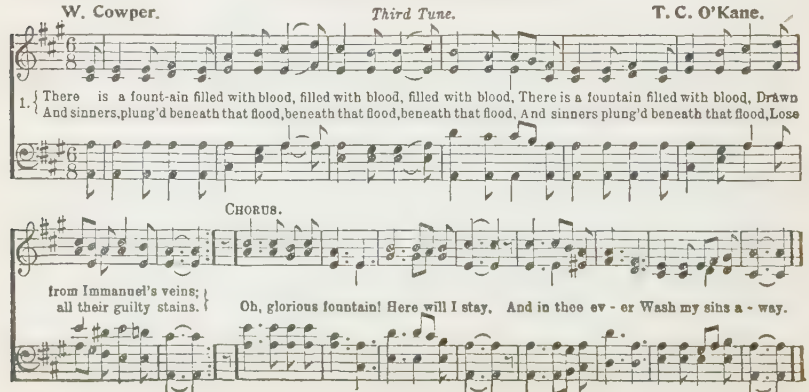
3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

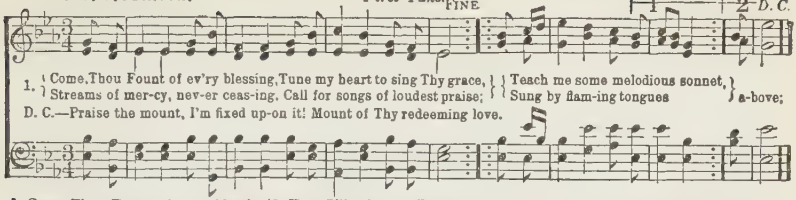
No. 263. Glorious Fountain.

W. Cowper. *Third Tune.* T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose
CHORUS.
from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains.
Oh, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 264. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. *First Tune.* John Wyeth.


FINE
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing. Call for songs of loudest praise; Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove;
D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

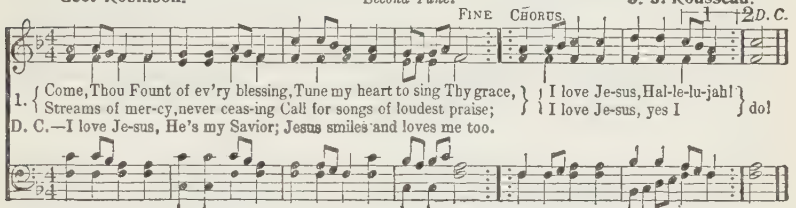
1 Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace,
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it!
Mount of Thy redeeming love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'll come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love; [it,
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal
Seal it for Thy courts above.

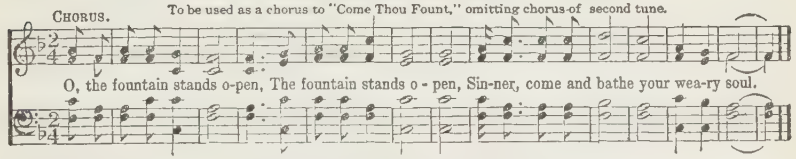
No. 265. I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson. *Second Tune.* J. J. Rousseau.


FINE
CHORUS.
1
2
D. C.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah!
Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; I love Je-sus, yes I do!
D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.

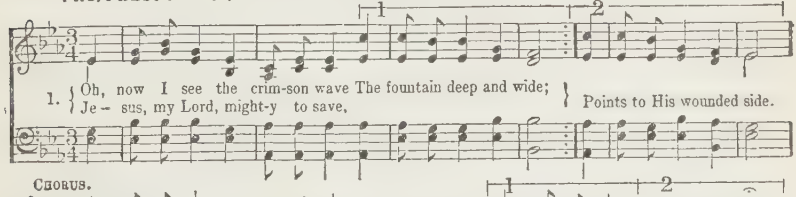
No. 266. The Fountain Stands Open.

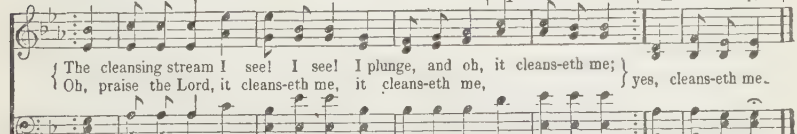
CHORUS. To be used as a chorus to "Come Thou Fount," omitting chorus of second tune.



No. 267. The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer. BY PERMISSION. Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.




CHORUS.
1
2
The cleansing stream I see! I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me;
Oh, praise the Lord, it cleans-eth me, it cleans-eth me, yes, cleans-eth me.

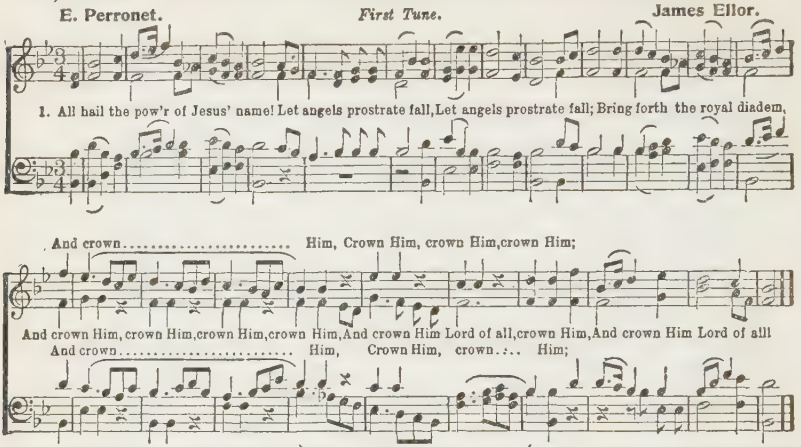
2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies—
Sinks 'neath the crimson flood.

3 I rise to walk in heav'n's own light,
Above the world and sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus know,
My Jesus crucified.

No, 268. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name,

E. Perronet. *First Tune.* James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall, Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown Him, crown Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown..... Him, Crown Him, crown... Him;
And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown..... Him; And crown Him Lord of all!

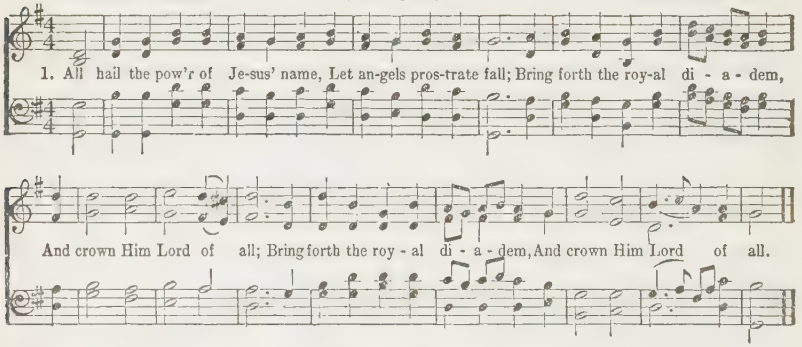
2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

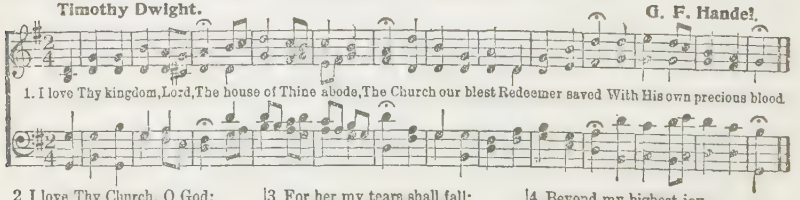
No. 269. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. *Second Tune.* Oliver Holden.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

No. 270. I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

Timothy Dwight. G. F. Handel.

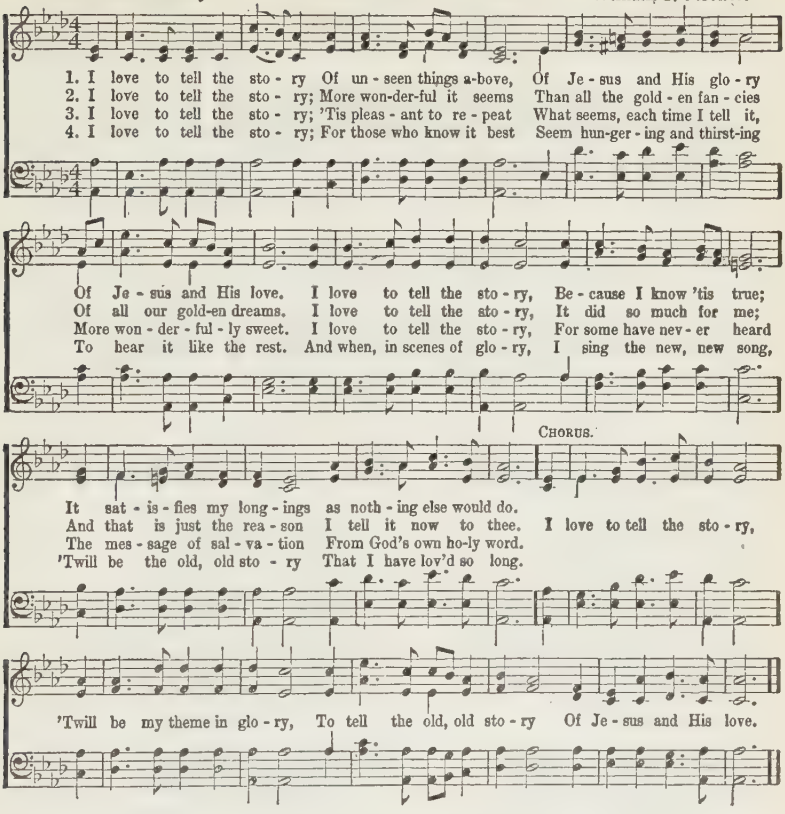


2 I love Thy Church, O God;
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

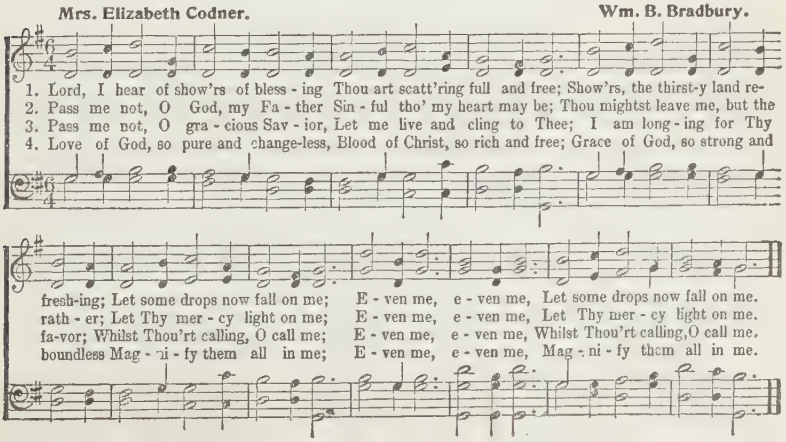
4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways, [vows
Her sweet communion, solemn
Her hymns of love and praise.

No. 271. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

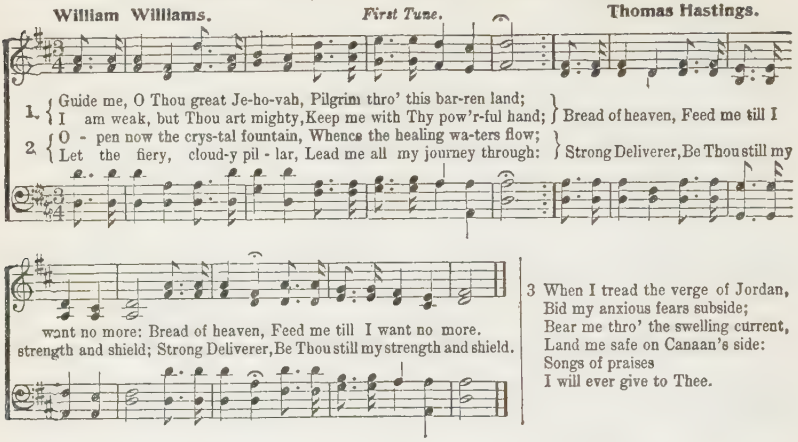
No. 272. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

No. 273. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams. *First Tune.* Thomas Hastings.


1. Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty, Keep me with Thy pow'r-ful hand;
Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
2 O - pen now the crys-tal fountain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
Let the fiery, cloud-y pil - lar, Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my
want no more: Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.
strength and shield; Strong Deliverer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me thro' the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

No. 274. Good News.

First or Second Tune.

1 On the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

No. 275. Hallelujah!

First or Second Tune.

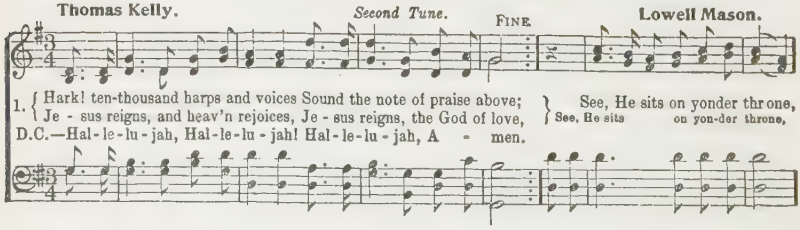
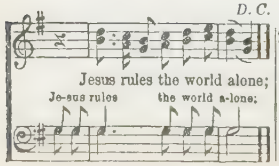
1 O Thou God of my salvation,
My Redeemer from all sin;
Moved by Thy divine compassion,
Who hast died my heart to win,
I will praise Thee;
Where shall I Thy praise begin?

2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
He hath brought salvation near;
Manifests His pardoning favor;
And when Jesus doth appear,
Soul and body
Shall His glorious image bear.

3 While the angel choirs are crying,
"Glory to the great I AM,"
I with them will still be vying—
"Glory! glory to the Lamb!"
O how precious
Is the sound of Jesus' name!

No. 276. Hark! Ten Thousand.

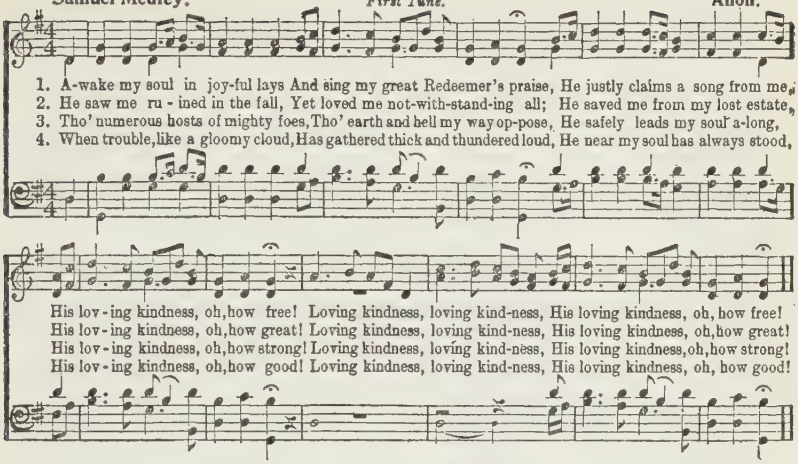
Thomas Kelly. *Second Tune.* FINE. Lowell Mason.


1. Hark! ten-thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Je - sus reigns, and heav'n rejoices, Je - sus reigns, the God of love,
See, He sits on yonder throne,
See, He sits on yon-der throne,
D.C.—Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah, A - men.

2 Jesus, hail! whose glory brightens,
All above, and gives it worth;
Lord of life, Thy smile enlightens,
Cheers and charms Thy saints on earth;
When we think of love like Thine,
Lord, we own it love divine:

3 King of glory, reign forever;
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing from Thy love shall sever
Those whom Thou hast made Thine own;
Happy objects of Thy grace,
Destined to behold Thy face.

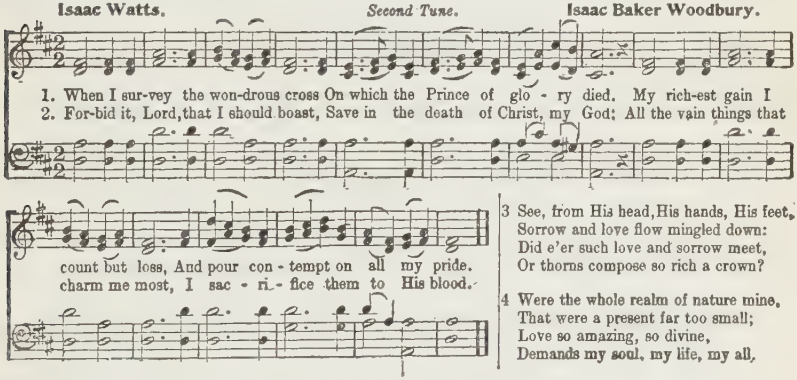
No. 277. Loving Kindness.

Samuel Medley. *First Tune.* Anon.


1. A-wake my soul in joy-ful lays And sing my great Redeemer's praise, He justly claims a song from me,
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not-with-stand-ing all; He saved me from my lost estate,
3. Tho' numerous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way op-pose, He safely leads my soul a-long,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood,
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how free! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how free!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how great! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how great!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how strong! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how strong!
His lov - ing kindness, oh, how good! Loving kindness, loving kind-ness, His loving kindness, oh, how good!

No. 278. When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

Isaac Watts. *Second Tune.* Isaac Baker Woodbury.

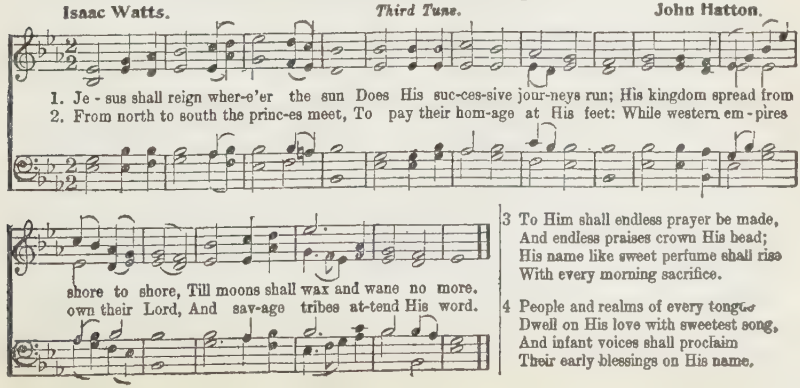

1. When I sur-vey the won-drous cross On which the Prince of glo - ry died. My rich-est gain I
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that
count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.

3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

No. 279. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

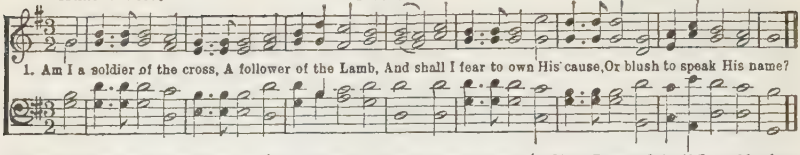

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 280. Am I a Soldier?

Isaac Watts. *First Tune.* Thos. A. Arne.



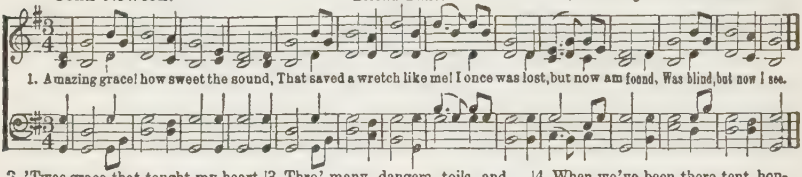
2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease, [prize,
While others fought to win the
And sailed thro' bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

No. 281. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. *Second Tune.* Arr. by E. O. Excell.



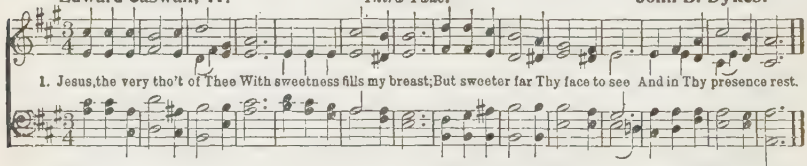
2 'Twas grace that taught my heart
And grace my fears relieved; [to fear
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Thro' many dangers, toils and
I have already come; [snares,
'Tis grace hath bro't me safe thus
And grace will lead me home. [far,

4 When we've been there ten hou-
Bright shining as the sun, [sand years
We've no less days to sing God's
Than when we first begun. [praise

No. 282. The Thought of Thee.

Edward Caswall, Tr. *Third Tune.* John B. Dykes.



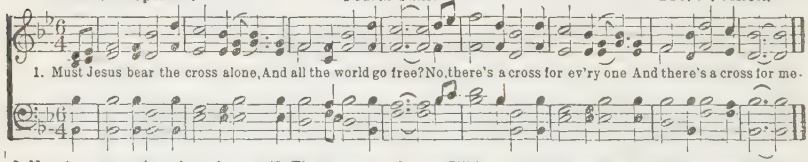
2 No voice can sing, no heart can
Nor can the mem'ry find [frame,
A sweeter sound than Thy blest
O Savior of man-kind! [name,

3 O Hope of every contrite heart!
O joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind Thou
How good to those who seek! [art!

4 But what to those who find? ah! this
No tongue or pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

No. 283. Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thos. Shepherd. *Fourth Tune.* Geo. N. Allen.

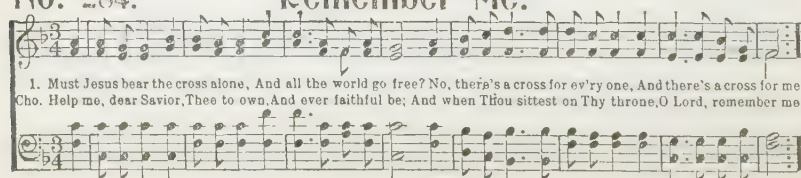


2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

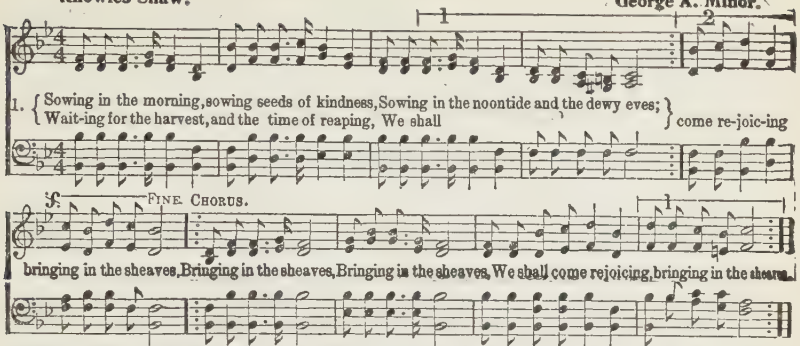
4 Upon the crystal pavement, down,
At Jesus pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown
And His dear name repeat.

No. 284. Remember Me.


1. Must Jesus bear the cross alone, And all the world go free? No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
Cho. Help me, dear Savior, Thee to own, And ever faithful be; And when Thou sittest on Thy throne, O Lord, remember me.

No. 285. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

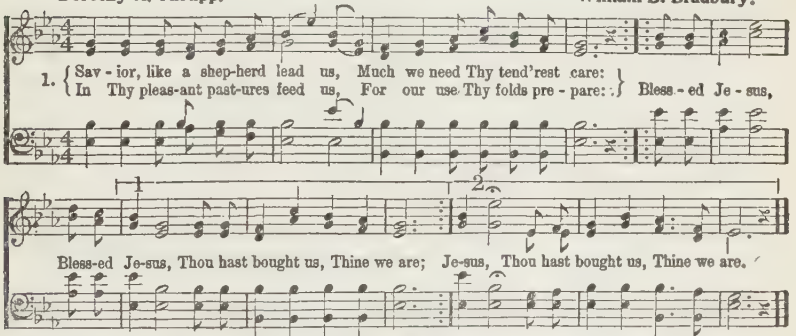

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic-ing
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 286. Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp. William B. Bradbury.


1. Sav - ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend'rest care:
In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare:
Bless - ed Je - sus,
Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

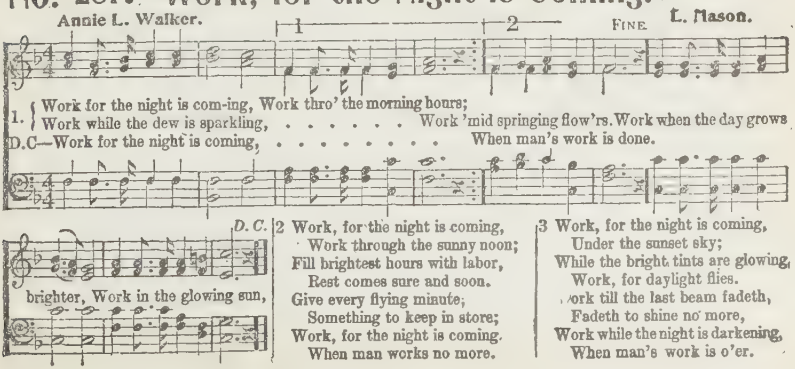
2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
Be the Guardian of our way;
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
Blessed Jesus,
Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be,
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to Thee.

4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us do Thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Savior,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

No. 287. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker. L. Mason.

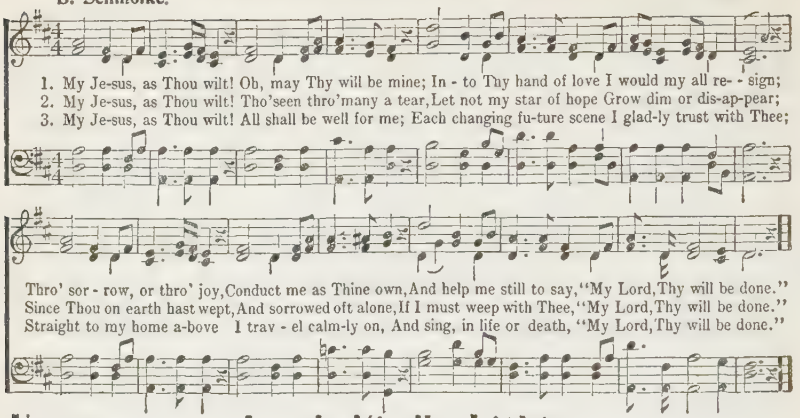

1. Work for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling, ... Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows
D.C.—Work for the night is coming, ... When man's work is done.
D. C.
brighter, Work in the glowing sun,

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute;
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming.
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset sky;
While the bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more,
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

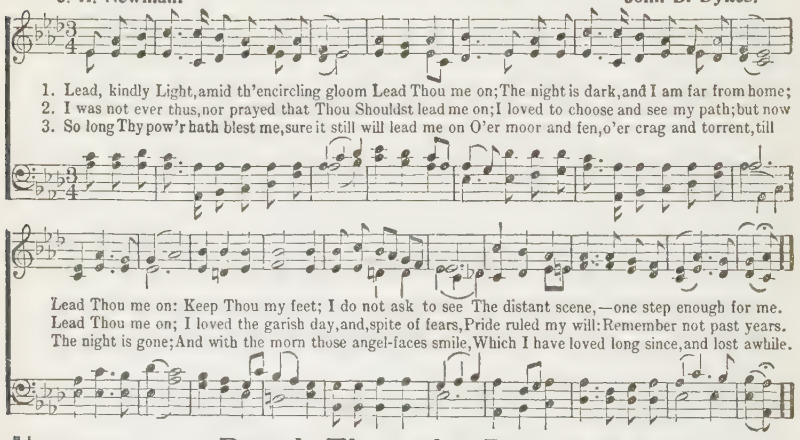
No. 288. My Jesus, as Thou Wilt.

B. Schmolke. Weber.


1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine; In - to Thy hand of love I would my all re- - sign;
2. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Tho'seen thro'many a tear, Let not my star of hope Grow dim or dis-ap-pear;
3. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu-ture scene I glad-ly trust with Thee;
Thro' sor - row, or thro' joy, Conduct me as Thine own, And help me still to say, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with Thee, "My Lord, Thy will be done."
Straight to my home a-bove I trav - el calm-ly on, And sing, in life or death, "My Lord, Thy will be done."

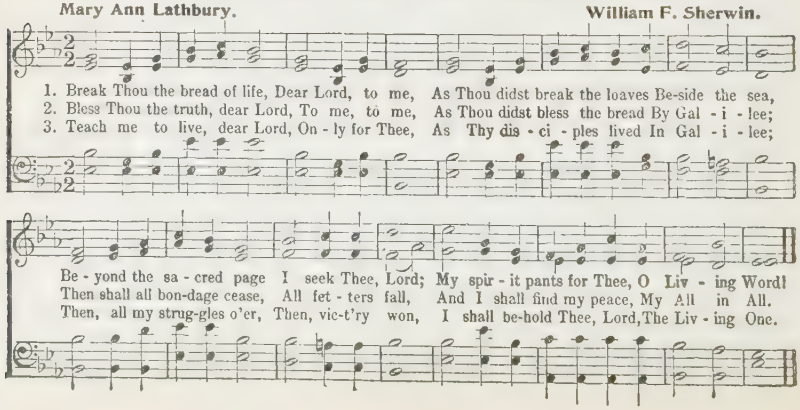
No. 289. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. John B. Dykes.


1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

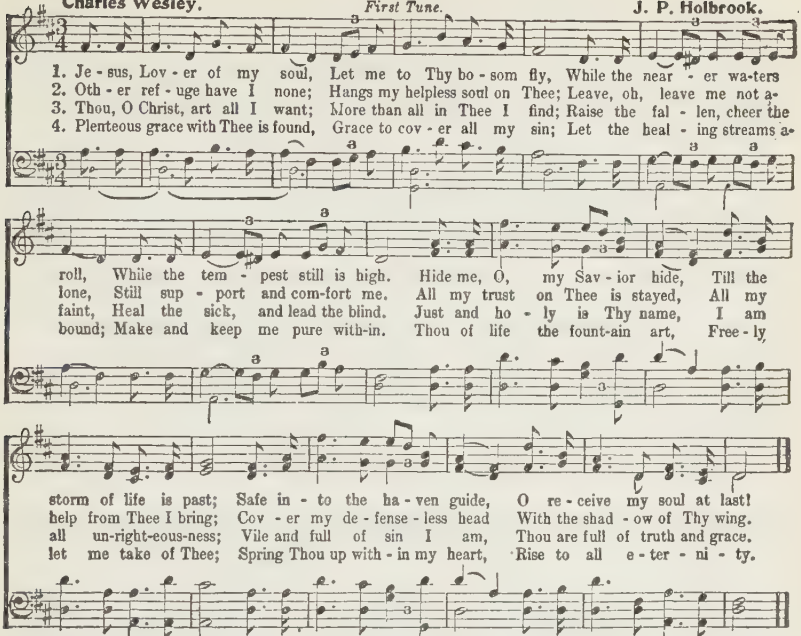
No. 290. Break Thou the Bread of Life.

Mary Ann Lathbury. William F. Sherwin.

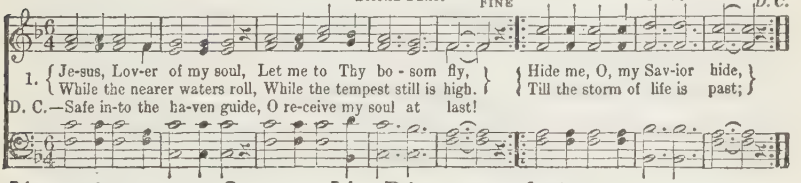

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea,
2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me, to me, As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
3. Teach me to live, dear Lord, On - ly for Thee, As Thy dis - ci - ples lived In Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O Liv - ing Word!
Then shall all bon-dage cease, All fet - ters fall, And I shall find my peace, My All in All.
Then, all my strug-gles o'er, Then, vic-t'ry won, I shall be-hold Thee, Lord, The Liv - ing One.

No. 291. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley. *First Tune.* J. P. Holbrook.

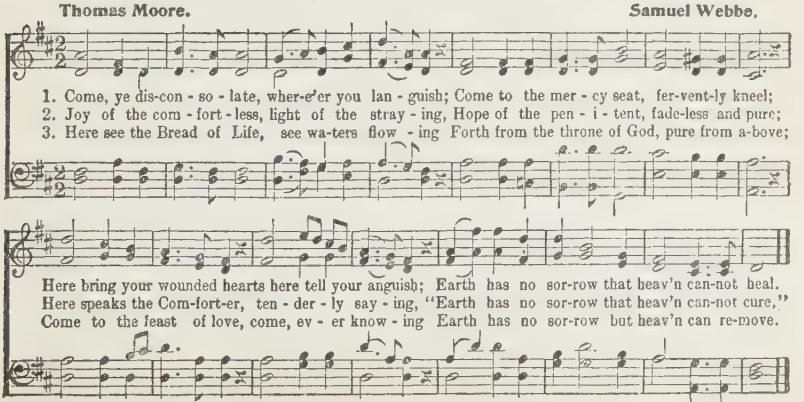

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa-ters
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a-
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a-
roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, Till the
lone, Still sup - port and com-fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
bound; Make and keep me pure with-in. Thou of life the fount-ain art, Free - ly
storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
all un-right-eous-ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 292. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune. FINE S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je-sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav-ior hide, }
{ While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
D. C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!

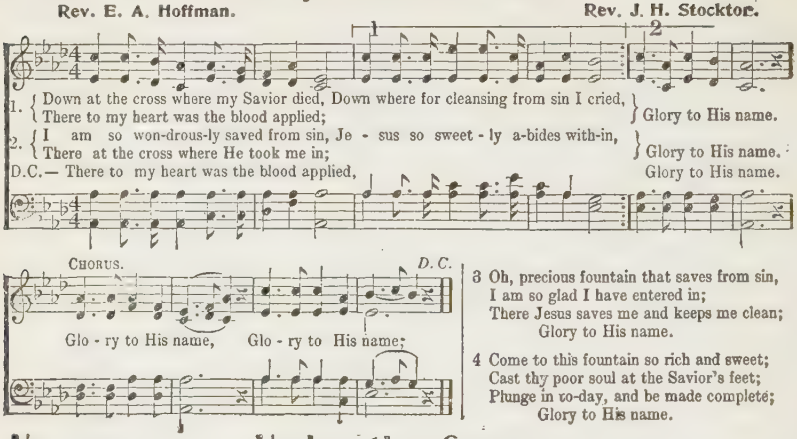
No. 293. Come, Ye Disconsolate.

Thomas Moore. Samuel Webbe.


1. Come, ye dis-con - so - late, wher-e'er you lan - guish; Come to the mer - cy seat, fer-vent-ly kneel;
2. Joy of the com - fort - less, light of the stray - ing, Hope of the pen - i - tent, fade-less and pure;
3. Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow - ing Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;
Here bring your wounded hearts here tell your anguish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not heal.
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten - der - ly say - ing, "Earth has no sor-row that heav'n can-not cure,"
Come to the feast of love, come, ev - er know - ing Earth has no sor-row but heav'n can re-move.

No. 294. Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

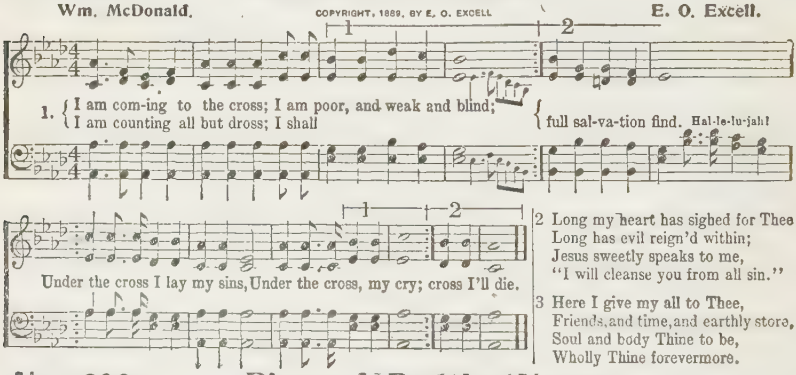

1. Down at the cross where my Savior died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried, There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to His name.
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly a-bides with-in, There at the cross where He took me in; Glory to His name.
D.C.— There to my heart was the blood applied, Glory to His name.
CHORUS. D.C.
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

3 Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to His name.

4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Savior's feet;
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to His name.

No. 295. Under the Cross.

Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.

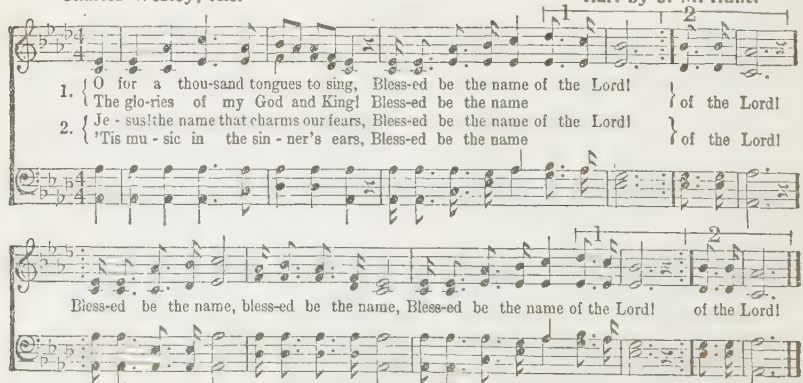

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak and blind; I am counting all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find. Hal-le-lu-jah!
Under the cross I lay my sins, Under the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee
Long has evil reign'd within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

No. 296. Blessed Be the Name.

Charles Wesley, Alt. Har. by J. M. Hunt.

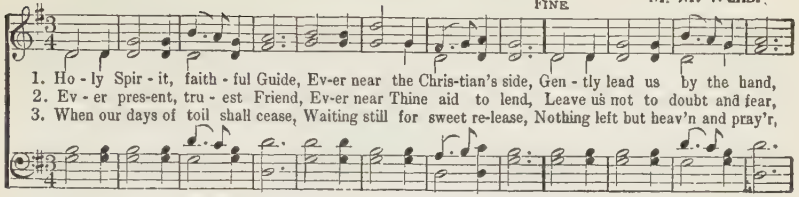

1. O for a thou-sand tongues to sing, Blessed be the name of the Lord! The glories of my God and King! Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Je - sus! the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord! 'Tis mu - sic in the sin - ner's ears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

3 He breaks the pow'r of canceled sin, Blessed be etc,
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be etc,

4 I never shall forget that day, Blessed be etc,
When Jesus washed my sins away, Blessed be etc,

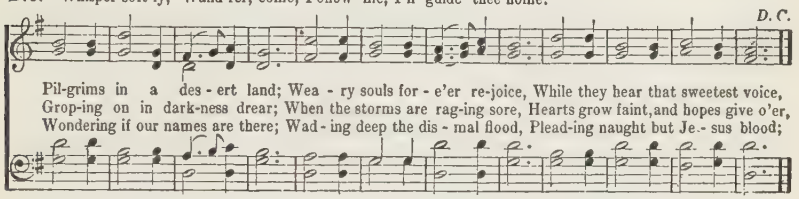
No. 297. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE M. M. Wells.


1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

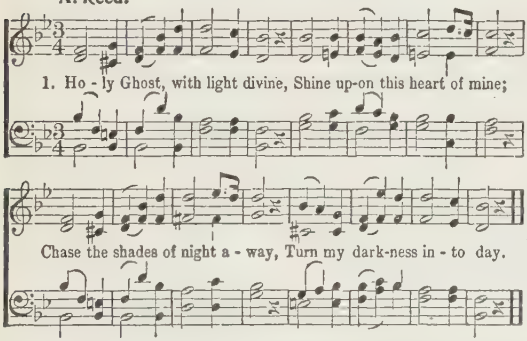
D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.


Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je.- sus blood;

No. 298. Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



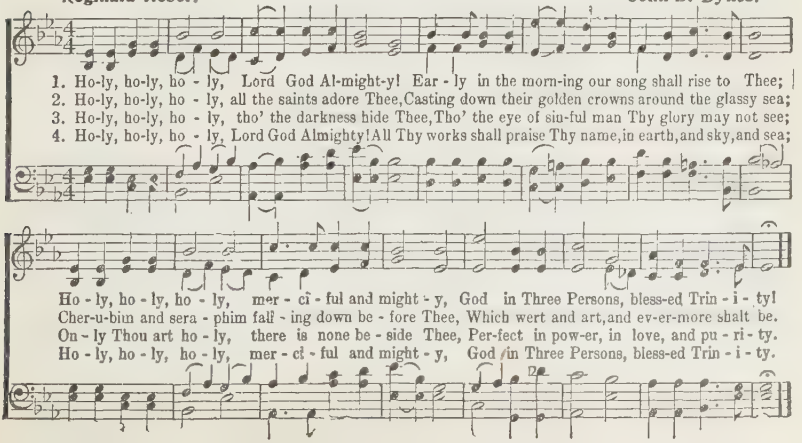
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

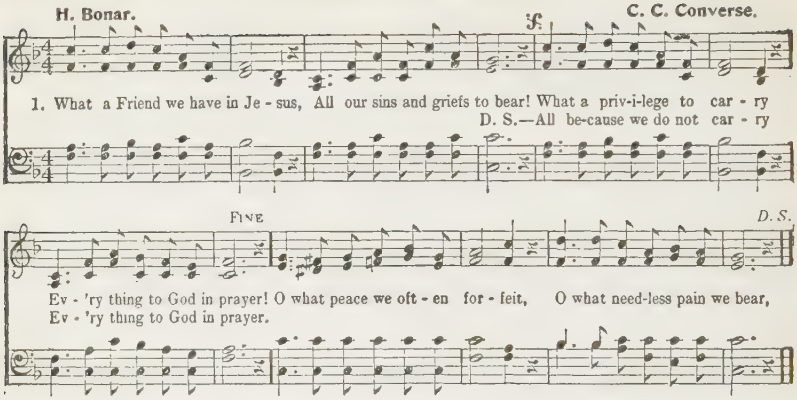
No. 299. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

No. 300. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry
FINE
D. S.
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

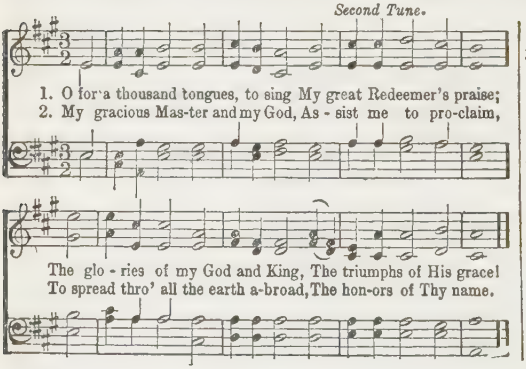
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?—
Precious Savior, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shield
Thou wilt find a solace there. [thee.

No. 301. O For a Thousand Tongues.

Second Tune. Arr. by Lowell Mason.


1. O for a thousand tongues, to sing My great Redeemer's praise;
2. My gracious Mas-ter and my God, As - sist me to pro-claim,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
To spread thro' all the earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.

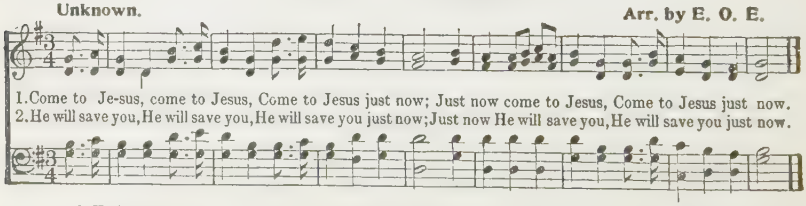
3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks, and listening to His voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice
The humble poor believe.

No. 302. Come to Jesus.

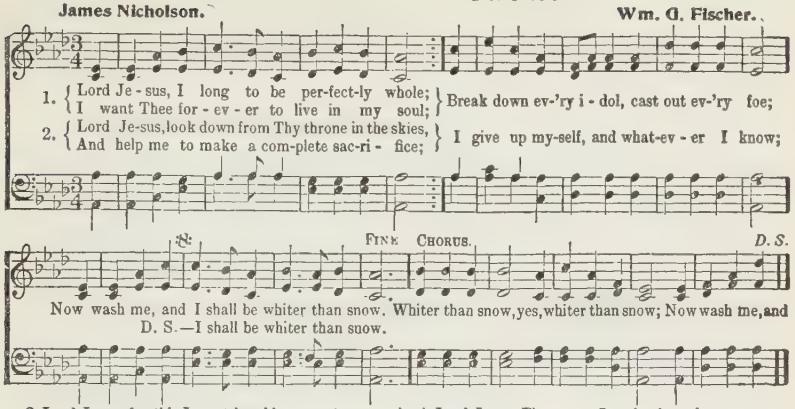
Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Come to Je-sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

3 He is able.
4 He is willing.
5 Call upon Him.
6 He will hear you.
7 He'll forgive you.
8 He will cleanse you.
9 He'll renew you.
10 Jesus loves you.
11 Only trust Him.

No. 303. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. Wm. G. Fischer.

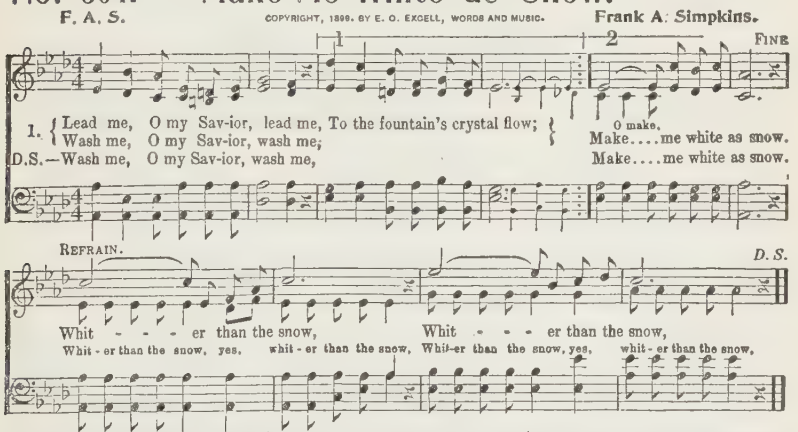

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
FINE CHORUS. D. S.
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 304. Make Me White as Snow.

F. A. S. COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY E. O. EXCELL, WORDS AND MUSIC. Frank A. Simpkins.


1 2 FINE
1. Lead me, O my Sav-ior, lead me, To the fountain's crystal flow; Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me; D.S.—Wash me, O my Sav-ior, wash me,
O make. Make....me white as snow. Make....me white as snow.
REFRAIN. D. S.
Whit - - - - er than the snow, Whit - - - - er than the snow,
Whit - er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow, yes, whit - er than the snow.

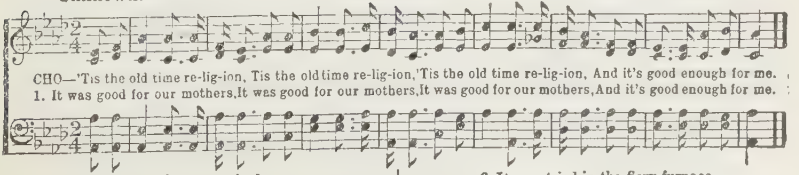
2 Guide me, O my Savior, guide me,
For I know not where to go;
Guide me to the crystal fountain,
Make me white as snow.

3 Teach me, O my Savior, teach me,
More Thy love to others show;
Teach me how to better serve Thee
Make me white as snow.

4 Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
From temptation here below;
Keep me, O my Savior, keep me,
Keep me white as snow.

No. 305. The Old Time Religion.

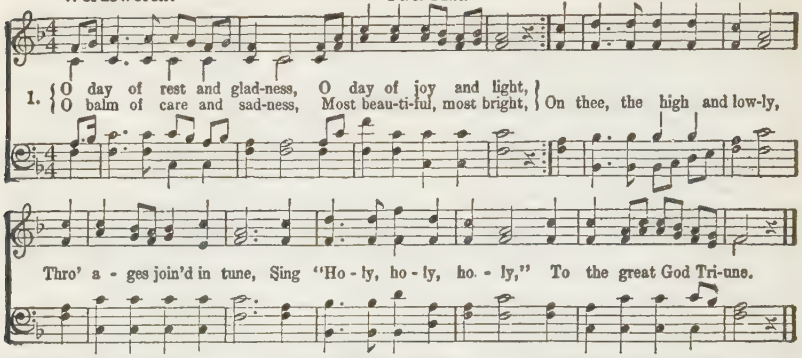
Unknown. E. O. E. Arr.


CHO—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to heaven.

No. 306. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, On thee, the high and low-ly,
Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho. - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 307. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

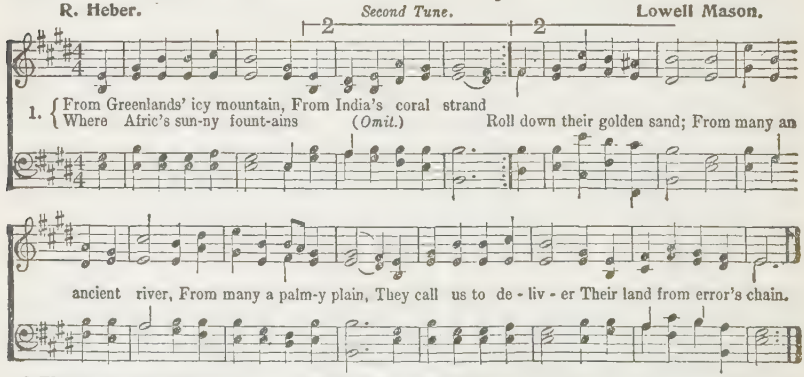
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 308. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


2
2
1. From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

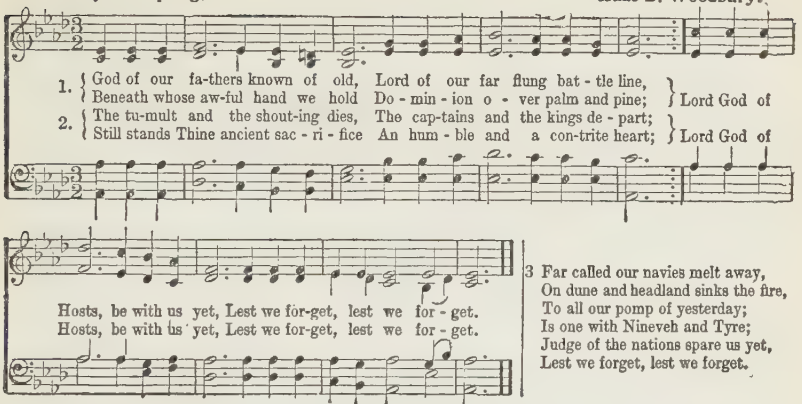
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

No. 309. Lest We Forget.

Rudyard Kipling. Isaac B. Woodbury.


1. God of our fa-thers known of old, Lord of our far flung bat-tle line,
Beneath whose aw-ful hand we hold Do-min-ion o-ver palm and pine; Lord God of
2. The tu-mult and the shout-ing dies, The cap-tains and the kings de-part;
Still stands Thine ancient sac-ri-fice An hum-ble and a con-trite heart; Lord God of
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.
Hosts, be with us yet, Lest we for-get, lest we for-get.

3 Far called our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire,
To all our pomp of yesterday;
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre;
Judge of the nations spare us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget.

No. 310. Faith of Our Fathers.

Tune above.

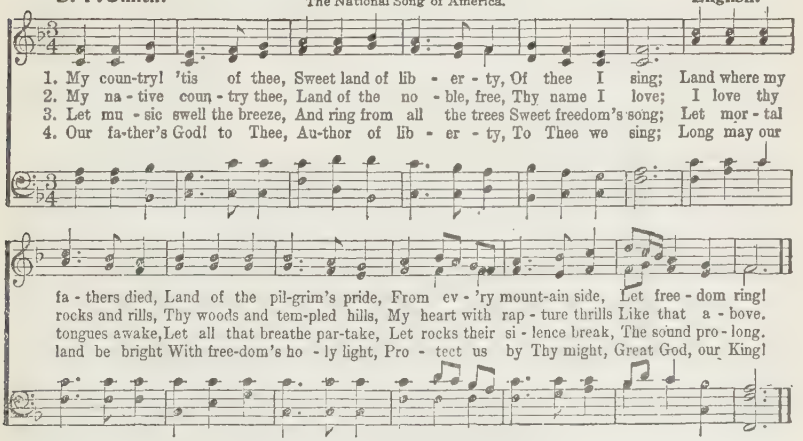
1 Faith of our fathers! living still
In spite of dungeon, fire and sword:
O how our hearts beat high with joy
Whene'er we hear that glorious word
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

2 Our fathers chained in prisons dark,
Were still in heart and conscience free;
How sweet would be their children's fate,
If they, like them, could die for Thee!
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

3 Faith of our fathers! we will love
Both friend and foe in all our strife:
And preach Thee, too, as love knows how,
By kindly words and virtuous life:
Faith of our fathers! holy faith!
We will be true to Thee till death!

No. 311. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib-er-ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
2. My na-tive coun-try thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor-tal
4. Our fa-ther's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib-er-ty, To Thee we sing; Long may our
fa-thers died, Land of the pil-grim's pride, From ev-'ry mount-ain side, Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem-pled hills, My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake, Let all that breathe par-take, Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound pro-long.
land be bright With free-dom's ho-ly light, Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 312. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

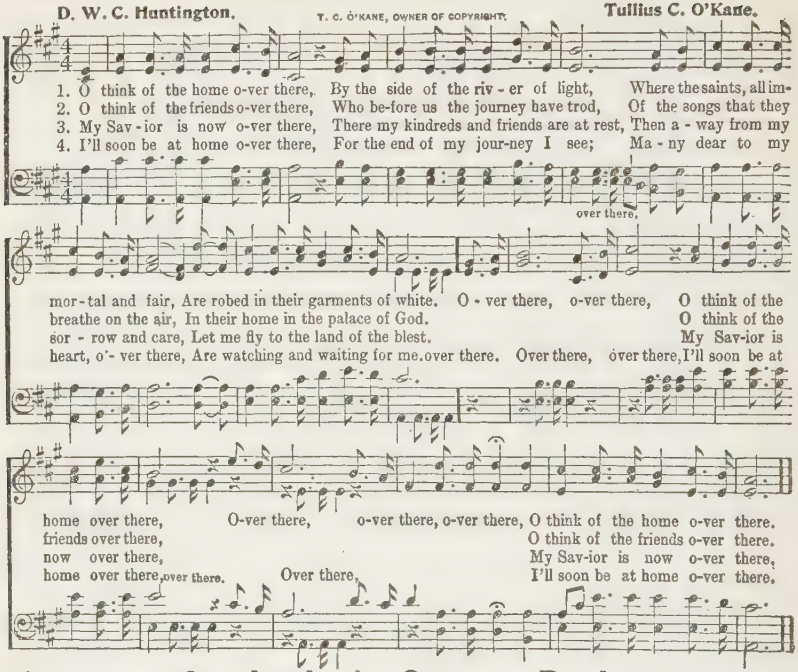
1 God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King;
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the King.

2 Thro' every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King,
Long may he reign;
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause,
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

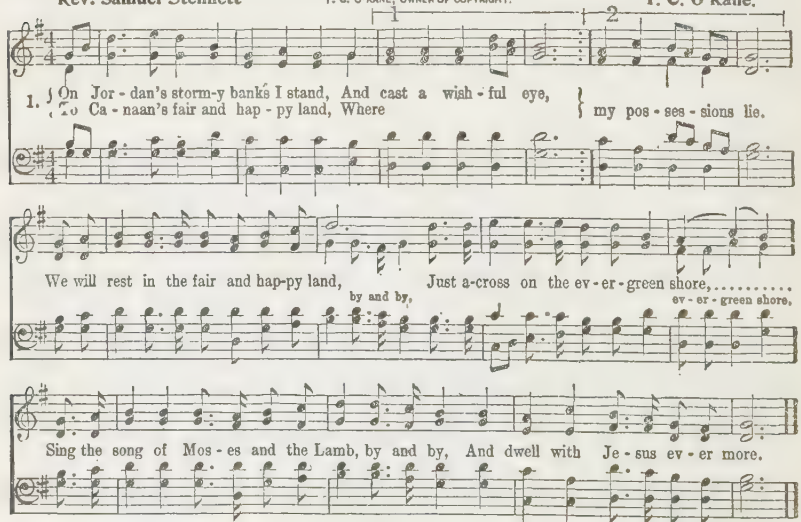
No. 313. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, all im-
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that they
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from my
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to my
over there.
mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of the
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of the
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-ior is
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon be at
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver there.
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver there.
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver there,
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there.

No. 314. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. T. C. O'Kane.


1
2
1. { On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye,
{ To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-cross on the ev - er - green shore,.....
by and by, ev - er - green shore.
Sing the song of Mos - es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er more.

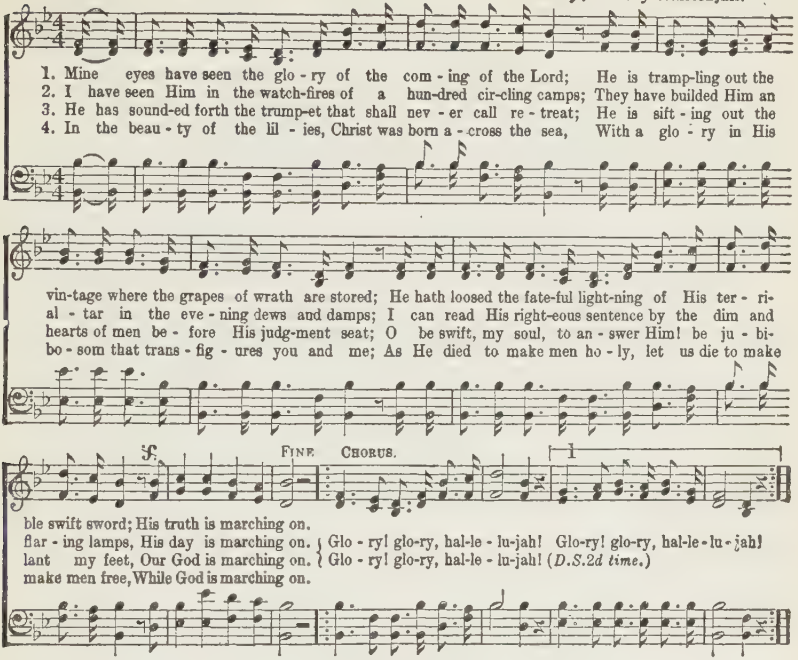
2 O'er all those wide-extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

3 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in His bosom rest?

4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 315. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."


1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His
vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make
FINE. CHORUS.
ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (D.S.2d time.)
make men free, While God is marching on.

No. 316. God Be With You.

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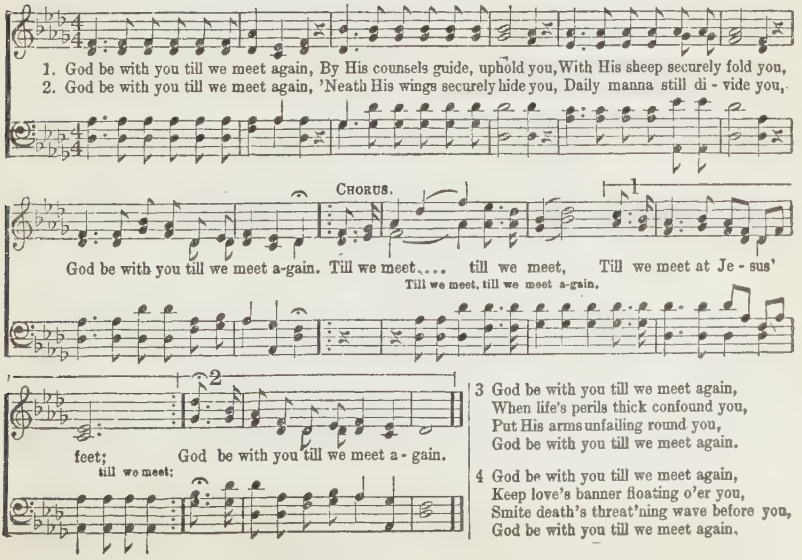
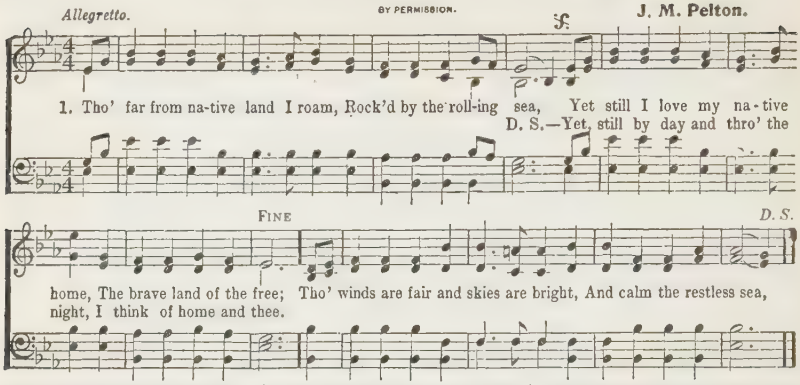
J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.


1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,
CHORUS.
God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.
feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 317. The Sailor's Home Song.


Allegretto.
BY PERMISSION.
J. M. Pelton.
1. Tho' far from na-tive land I roam, Rock'd by the roll-ing sea, Yet still I love my na-tive
D. S.—Yet, still by day and thro' the
FINE
D. S.
home, The brave land of the free; Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright, And calm the restless sea,
night, I think of home and thee.

1 Tho' far from native land I roam,
Rocked by the rolling sea,
Yet still I love my native home,
The brave land of the free;
Tho' winds are fair and skies are bright,
And calm the restless sea,
Yet, still by day and thro' the night,
I think of home and thee.

2 When stars pale out the eastern sky,
And dew-drops melt away,
When o'er the hills the sun mounts high,
Bright ruler of the day;
When shadows long shine in the west,
And stretch across the lea,
When beast and bird have sunk to rest,
Then think, oh, think of me.

3 When moonlight silvers o'er the plain
And all is hush'd in peace,
When silence reigns in all the main,
And still is every breeze,
When clouds rise dark and lightnings flash
And show the threatening lea,
And o'er the surges thunders crash,
Then think, oh, think of me.

No. 318. Home.

Tune below.

1 'Mid pleasure and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

2 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,
And feel that my mother now thinks of her child;
As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,
Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

3 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call;
Oh, give me that peace of mind dearer than all.

No. 319. Heaven.

Tune below.

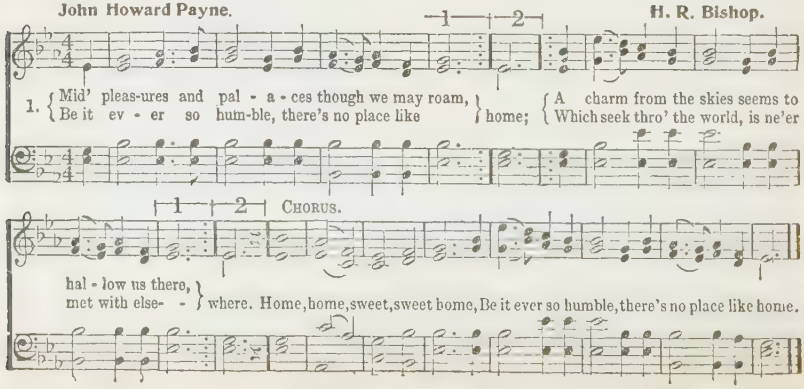
1 'Mid scenes of confusion and creatures complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with saints!
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

CHO.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Prepare me, dear Savior, for heaven my home.

2 An alien from God, and a stranger to grace,
I wandered thro' earth, its gay pleasures to trace;
In the pathway of sin I continued to roam,
Unmindful, alas! that it led me from home.

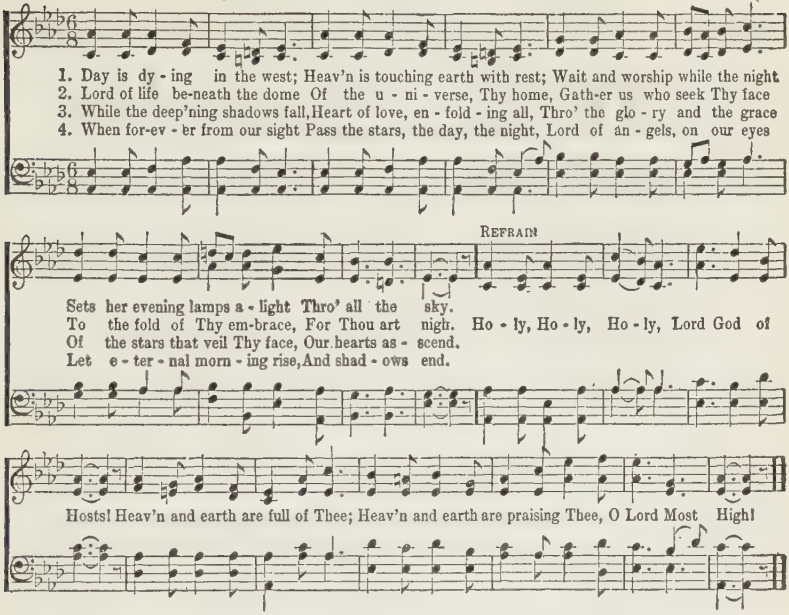
3 The pleasures of earth I have seen fade away;
They bloom for a season, but soon they decay;
But pleasures more lasting in Jesus are given,
Salvation on earth and a mansion in heaven.

No. 320. Home, Sweet Home.


John Howard Payne.
H. R. Bishop.
1—2
1. Mid' pleas-ures and pal - a - ces though we may roam,
Be it ev - er so hum-ble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the skies seems to
Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er
1—2 CHORUS.
hal - low us there,
met with else- - where. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

No. 321. Day is Dying in the West.

Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life be-neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en - fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace
4. When for-ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes
REFRAIN
Sets her evening lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - scend.
Let e - ter - nal morn - ing rise, And shad - ows end.
Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord Most High!

No. 322. How Great Thy Name.

Psalm 8. Tune above.

1 Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast [frame,
How exalted is Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

REFRAIN
Lord, our Lord, in all the earth,
How great Thy name!
Who hast set Thy glory bright
Far above the heaven's height,
How great Thy name!

2 From the mouth of children young,
From the infant's lisping tongue,
Thou hast needed strength ordained
Thus Thy vengeful foes restrained.
How great Thy name!

3 When Thy heavens I survey,
Which Thy fingers' work display,
When the moon and stars I see
Ordered all by Thy decree.
How great thy name!

4 What is man that in Thy mind
He a constant place should find?
What the son of man that he
Should be visited by Thee?
How great Thy name!

5 Thou his station didst ordain
Just below the angel train;
Glory Thou hast o'er him shed,
And with honor crowned his head,
How great Thy name!

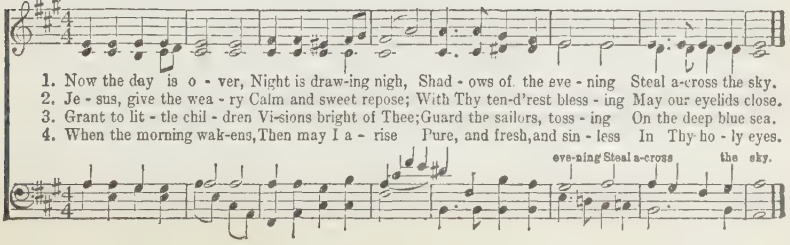
6 Thou hast given him command
O'er the creatures of Thy hand;
And beneath his feet hast laid
All the works which Thou hast [made;
How great Thy name!

7 Flocks and cattle, every tribe,
Beasts that in the field abide,
Birds that thro'the heaven's roam
Fish that make the sea their home
How great Thy name!

8 Every living thing that strays,
Thro' the ocean's secret ways
Lord, our Lord, o'er earth's vast
How exalted is Thy name: [frame
How great Thy name!

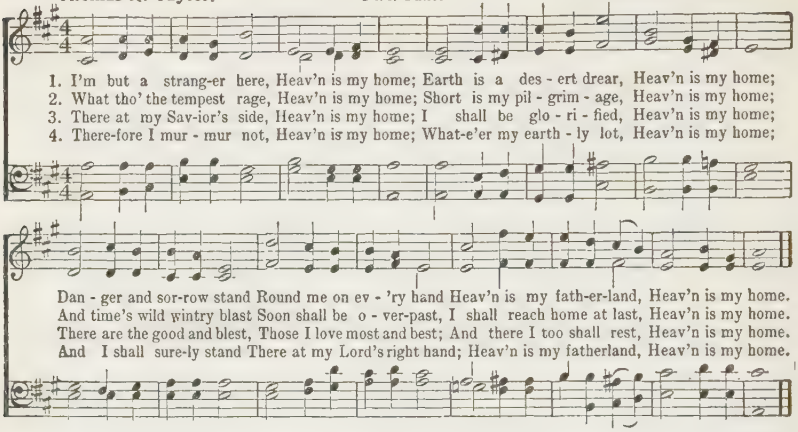
No. 323. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet repose; With Thy ten-d'rest bless - ing May our eyelids close.
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi-sions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
4. When the morning wak-ens, Then may I a - rise Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve-ning Steal a-cross the sky.

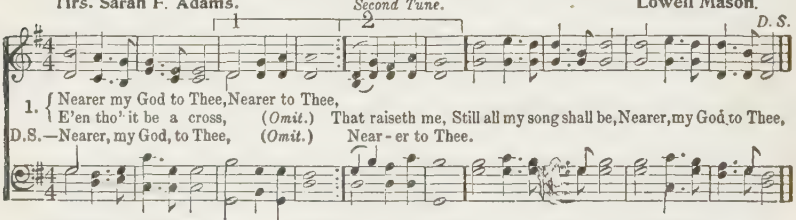
No. 324. Heaven is My Home.

Thomas R. Taylor. *First Tune.* Sir Arthur Sullivan.


1. I'm but a strang-er here, Heav'n is my home; Earth is a des - ert drear, Heav'n is my home;
2. What tho' the tempest rage, Heav'n is my home; Short is my pil - grim - age, Heav'n is my home;
3. There at my Sav-ior's side, Heav'n is my home; I shall be glo - ri - fied, Heav'n is my home;
4. There-fore I mur - mur not, Heav'n is my home; What-e'er my earth - ly lot, Heav'n is my home;
Dan - ger and sor-row stand Round me on ev - 'ry hand Heav'n is my fath-er-land, Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be o - ver-past, I shall reach home at last, Heav'n is my home.
There are the good and blest, Those I love most and best; And there I too shall rest, Heav'n is my home.
And I shall sure-ly stand There at my Lord's right hand; Heav'n is my fatherland, Heav'n is my home.

No. 325. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1
2
D. S.
1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

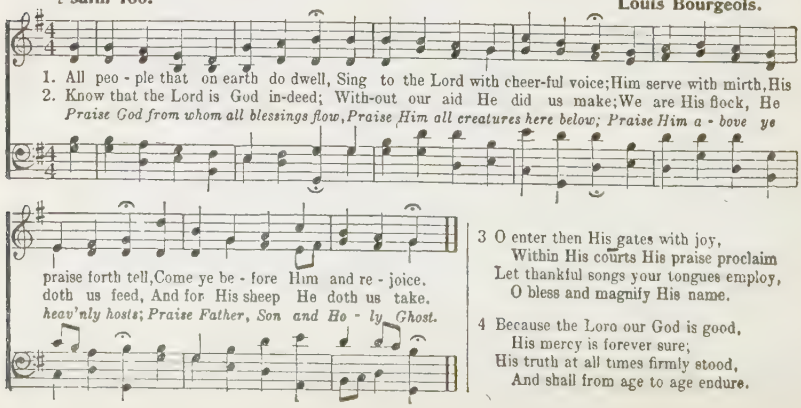
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 326. All People that on Earth do Dwell.

Psalm 100. Louis Bourgeois.


1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice; Him serve with mirth, His
2. Know that the Lord is God in-deed; With-out our aid He did us make; We are His flock, He
Praise God from whom all blessings flow, Praise Him all creatures here below; Praise Him a - bove ye
praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
doth us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
heav'nly hosts; Praise Father, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

3 O enter then His gates with joy,
Within His courts His praise proclaim
Let thankful songs your tongues employ,
O bless and magnify His name.

4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

—A—

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